OCTOBER 1951

COMMENTARY

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Study of Man— Hail, Meeters! Greeters, Farewell!	REUEL DENNEY

BOOKS IN REVIEW

Judah Goldin — Allen Mandelbaum — Kurt H. Wolff
George Lichtheim — Isa Kapp — Edward N. Saveth

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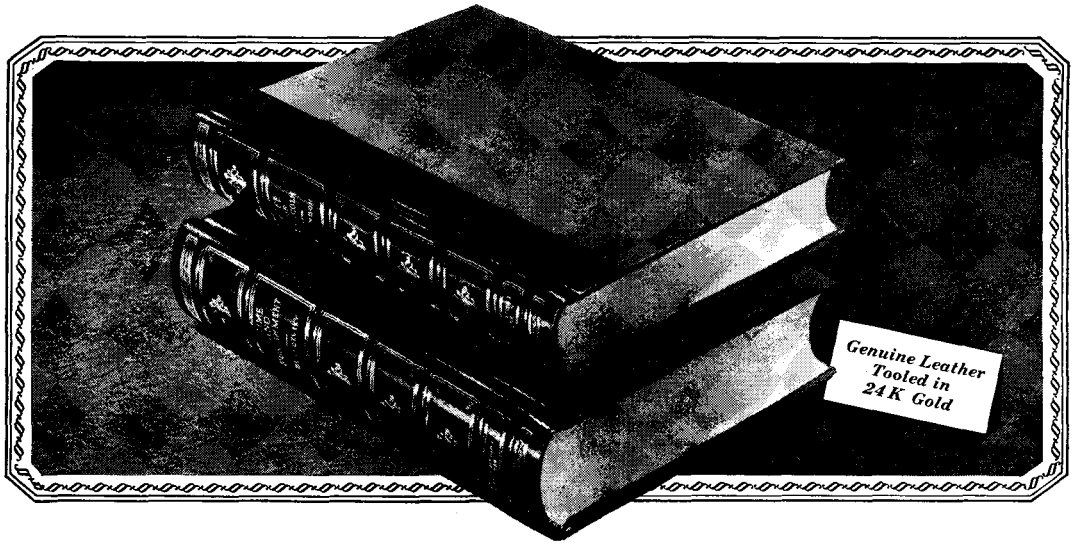

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IN FORTHCOMING ISSUES OF

COMMENTARY

American Zionists Resist "Ingathering" *J. L. Teller*

To many seasoned observers, the recent World Zionist Congress in Jerusalem marked, if not the end of Zionism, at least the close of an epoch. J. L. Teller weighs the significance of the public declaration of American Zionist leaders that they do not consider themselves "exiles," and that this country is their home—now and from now on.

Gambling: America's Sixth Industry *Daniel Bell*

Last spring's national excitement over the Kefauver Committee investigations, still kept alive in such local reverberations as Mr. Harry Gross's stormy appearances in a New York courtroom and Mr. Rudolph Halley's emergence into New York politics, raises questions as to the social implications of gambling, a great industry that happens also to be illegal.

The Last of the Proletarian Novel *Granville Hicks*

In the middle 30's a number of American critics, including Mr. Hicks, hailed the beginning of a new epoch in American literature—in which proletarian characters and proletarian themes were to replace the aristocratic and middle-class subjects that had so long held a monopoly in fiction. Looking now at the latest—perhaps the last—representative of the proletarian novel, Mr. Hicks reviews its history and meaning.

The Foreman *Charles Reznikoff*

In recording the early struggles and triumphs of his father in the days when he worked as foreman of a shop making "ladies' wrappers," Charles Reznikoff tells a story that thousands of American Jewish families will recognize as their own. In the department "From the American Scene."

The Social Structure of Franco Spain *Franz Borkenau*

Is Spain a fascist state? A clerical despotism? An "old-fashioned" dictatorship? In the current debate over whether the democratic countries should accept Spain as an ally, these questions are of real importance. Dr. Borkenau, a leading historian of the Third International and of the Spanish Civil War, provides the material for some answers.

What Labor Wants, 1951 *A. H. Raskin*

Organized labor still stands, for the most part, outside the defense production set-up, disgruntled. Has union leadership, as many allege, been too intent on protecting labor's share to take responsibility in problems involving the nation's good and welfare? The labor reporter of the New York *Times* writes from intimate experience.

Thomas Mann: A Father Image Revisited *Heinz Politzer*

An examination of the career of a great novelist, and especially of the relations of his mind and work to the centers of political and other power in his lifetime.

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COMMENTARY

THE JEWISH COLLEGE STUDENT: 1951 MODEL

Is the Old Idealism and Zeal for Learning Gone?

MORRIS FREEDMAN

IN 1895 Morris Raphael Cohen passed his entrance examinations to the College of the City of New York, receiving a gold medal for having made the highest mark of all the candidates. He reported the event as follows in his autobiography, *A Dreamer's Journey:* "Even when I went home I could not realize that I had actually passed. My mother at that time was bedridden, and when I told her that I had passed the examination and was thus admitted to college, a flood of tears came into her eyes. . . . When one of my aunts remonstrated with my mother, 'You cannot afford to send your boy to college,' she replied, 'If need be I'll go out as a washerwoman and scrub floors so that my Morris can have a college education.'"

At the same college I recently heard the story of a bright youngster who was removed from school by rich relatives shocked to learn that he had been wasting his time studying books. With his parents' approval and his own wholehearted assent, the relatives put him to work as a salesman learning their business.

Between the extremes of the immigrant turned scholar and the native son saved by the business world from the fate of a college education, falls the history of the Jewish student in America. The avid "grind" reaching out to embrace diverse fields of learning (Cohen spoke authoritatively on law, logic, philosophy, history, literature, mathematics, and—if his contribution of a question to the radio program "Information Please" was more than a gag—baseball) has given way to the college man of as few intellectual parts as he can get away with, choosing his career with calculation and shrewdness but not heart, instinct, devotion, or a sense of sacrifice.

Morris Raphael Cohen became for the generations of the 20's and 30's a veritable folk hero. He was the Paul Bunyan of Jewish intellectuals, and tales of his gigantic mental prowess were recounted with loving exaggeration, as though anything could be true of him. The heroes of today are the practical men, the rich, the successful: Billy Rose, perhaps, or the department store mag-

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IN RECENT years, it has seemed to many that the classical type of Jewish student, the passionately devoted searcher after wisdom and learning, has been dying out; and it is often charged that the contemporary Jewish student takes a cool view toward the eternal values his forefathers sought. Is this merely a malicious illusion of middle age in the face of youth? Or is it in accord with the facts? It was in an attempt to answer these questions that MORRIS FREEDMAN spent several months speaking to college officials, teachers, and students, trying to find out if there had really been a major change among Jewish students, and if so, why. Mr. Freedman has been for some years teaching English at City College—a strategic observation point for his survey.

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nates, or Bernard Baruch, especially in his role as financier (students at one of the branches of City College have been talking about having the name of their school changed to carry Baruch's name). Even the college intellectuals seem to be more aware of the popular successes—Arthur Miller, Norman Cousins, Clifton Fadiman, Abe Burrows: the men whose accomplishments may be directly measured by their celebrity or income—than of such "highbrows" as Lionel Trilling, Ernest Nagel, Alfred Kazin, or Sidney Hook.

JEWISH students have attended almost every college and university in the country. But it may be claimed with good reason that the typical Jewish student in America during the 20's and 30's—insofar as there can be a typical Jewish student—was the one who attended New York's free City College. For many years now, probably since the 20's, CCNY's student body has been about 80 per cent Jewish, and it has been estimated that fully one-third of America's present Jewish college graduates attended City.*

The composite image of the City College student is of an argumentative intellectual, a sometimes brilliant, loquacious, rather truculent young man, who is partial to radical politics, disrespectful of authority, and whose erudition is as catholic and unselective as it is occasionally superficial. During the "golden age" of City College, roughly the 20's and 30's, he is supposed often to have known more on any particular subject than many of his teachers. Certainly in the 30's, he was the select of the select. There probably has never been such a large student body in history that was winnowed so carefully for scholastic ability as the one at City College during that period. The depression was a perfect time for young people to go to college; there was little else to do. The minimum high school average for admission to City College kept rising, as more and more applications came in, until it hovered somewhere around 90 per cent. And in those days, a high school average, like so many things, was worth more than today.

THE concentration on classroom accomplishments made for the rigid, and sometimes snobbish, exclusion of other than purely academic pursuits. The Jewish student was concerned about his grades with a fierce, concentrated competitiveness. His favorite sports were chess and ping-pong, the football team was a joke, and for many years only the business students were understood to know or care about the basketball team. He was careless in dress (often out of poverty), worked at various jobs after school (for the same reason), and was quite gauche in worldly matters—City being, until recently, an all-male school at its main campus.

He was emotionally sensitive and was therefore often especially drawn to such subjects as literature and art. He was known to work his intellect for the sheer exercise of it. Philosophy classes would frequently degenerate into Donnybrook Fairs as insults, defi-

* When the Brooklyn and Queens municipal colleges were created to supplement City, many Jewish students entered the new schools, but then these new institutions took on much of the character of City College itself. New York University, a private institution with regular tuition fees, began in late years to attract Jewish students whose parents had some money. It was felt that a degree from NYU had more value because it was paid for and did not carry the "stigma" of coming from a "Jewish" college. The irony of this is that, outside New York City, NYU and CCNY are generally confused. Some Jewish students went to one of NYU's colleges (which has a somewhat lenient scholastic standard for admission) because they couldn't get into one of the city colleges, which—since only a limited enrollment could be accepted—have had to maintain higher entrance requirements. Columbia University, too, always had a substantial number of Jewish students in its undergraduate colleges, and of late the proportion has increased greatly. In the great private universities of the East—notably Harvard, Yale, and the University of Pennsylvania—a large proportion of the Jewish students were from "the town," and perhaps were not strikingly different from the "City College type." Elsewhere outside of New York, various municipal and state colleges have had substantial numbers of Jewish students. It is hard to say how much these did or did not conform to the City College type; at any rate, they certainly weren't so numerous or so homogeneous as to create their own stereotype.

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nitions, and counter-definitions were violently tossed around. Those students who hadn't committed themselves to an ideology might argue passionately on various sides of a question, trying ideas on for size. Intellectual chaos was accompanied by emotional confusion. Students were often involved in messy personal relations, at home, with their girl friends, with their teachers. A small number of Jewish students majoring in English, when they came to read Gerard Manley Hopkins' poems, were so overcome by his compelling ecstasy that they toyed, at least in talk, with the idea of Catholicism—which offered discipline, security, guidance, and, to judge from Hopkins, an emotional life of high intensity and beauty.

Of course, there were students and students. Not totally uncommon was the quiet, shy boy who was attentive in class and who plodded through his school work with a minimum of interference from irrelevant activities. And there were also the "Joe College" rah-rah boys: interested in dates, sports, fraternity life, and the like. These latter made some noise and were always coddled by the administration, who saw them as forming an island of normality in a sea of alienation. But it was a small island, with few settlers.

Writing anonymously in 1930 in the *Menorah Journal*, a prominent American writer gave this description of Jewish students at Columbia University:

"One of [the] Jewish types that has worked itself into legend is the 'student.' He is a man who is solely interested in his work, a skeptical searching man, absorbed in text or tube, not only indifferent to but incognizant of the social appurtenances of eminent academic scholarship; crusty, without the amenities, armed with a mighty scorn of the world's estimate of his work. There are Gentile scholars of such sort, of course; but the type, the 'pure intelligence,' the almost disembodied mind, is something that has been identified with the Jew. . . ."

EVERYONE agrees that the Jewish student has since changed; but it is almost impossible to get meaningful statistics to document the matter.

Many of the college officials I consulted made a great show of not knowing or caring whether or not their students were Jewish. This exhibition of indifference might have a point in an institution where Jews do not constitute somewhere over 75 per cent of the students. Where they do, such self-imposed ignorance, however honorably motivated, seems rather pointless. A dean of one of the city colleges wrote me that ". . . we do not ask our students whether they are Jewish, Mohammedan, or whatever else," and then sent me a highly detailed sociological examination of the student body in which just about every other question was asked. The study was made with the object of helping the administration understand its students better.

In spite of its studious avoidance of any question on Jewishness, and though some non-Jewish students are included in the statistics, this study does offer a number of interesting facts about today's Jewish students. Only a little more than half of the students covered by it have parents both of whom were foreign-born; in the 20's and 30's, the proportion was closer to 100 per cent. (I remember an instructor in history once asked our class how many had parents born in Europe. Every student raised his hand.) The family income of the majority ranges between three and five thousand dollars a year, a good deal higher, probably, than that of the families of yesterday, even taking into account the general inflation. The improved economic status of today's student may be seen dramatically in the hundreds of students' automobiles that are parked daily in the streets around City College.

There has been a major shift in the occupations of the students' fathers. In the 20's and 30's immigrant fathers were concentrated in the garment and the unskilled trades. Today, almost 20 per cent are retail merchants; about 12 per cent are salesmen; 10 per cent, professionals; 12 per cent, garment workers. If a knowledge of English is considered a sign of integration in American

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life, the shift to the first three occupations mentioned, in which some facility in English is required, would seem to indicate an increasing integration. Almost 90 per cent of the fathers attended school for some period; 11 per cent were graduated from professional schools; 4 per cent from college; 16 per cent from high school; and 17 per cent from elementary school. (These figures are not overlapping.) About 80 per cent read two or three English-language newspapers a week, magazines occasionally, and have been more than once to legitimate theaters. Many have visited various sections of the United States; a few have been abroad. Only 26.3 per cent of the families attend religious services regularly. In the 20's and 30's, the newspaper of the immigrant parents was likely to be Yiddish; there were few English magazines in the home; the parents visited only the Yiddish theater; they spoke English with some difficulty; their traveling was limited to summer visits to the Catskills or the Coney Island and Rockaway beaches.

The dean of one of the undergraduate private colleges in the East said to me: "I would say that you can almost no longer distinguish Jew from Gentile among the students. Jewish boys are not exclusively the 'greasy grinds,' as all were once thought to be, although one or two may still be; yet on the whole they still seem to be superior in their studies. They belong to all types of organizations, their interests being as widespread as those of other students. They major in every subject. Most student-newspaper editors and reporters, however, still are Jewish, just as in the old days. The Jewish boys wear the same soiled white shoes, the same mixed coats and jackets, have the same crew haircuts, and attend the same social affairs as everyone else. As a matter of fact, the social mixing at the dances is as complete as mixing in the classes.

"It's hard to say whether this leveling of differences is an altogether good thing. While it is probably a good thing that Jewish young men are showing an interest in a much wider choice of professions, most of them do not have that burning compulsion to learn that marked the boys of yesterday and perhaps inspired those around them. Today, I would say Jewish boys show little if any difference from their fellows in their attitudes toward education."

THE war, which interrupted the academic careers of many students, created the interesting laboratory situation, when the veterans returned, of students who normally would have got their degrees in the 30's or 40's being placed side by side with boys fresh out of high school. The age gap between the two groups was often as much as a dozen years, and there was little contact between the youngsters and the older men. The groups constituted two nations, firmly separated.

The veterans—yesterday's students—were serious about their learning to the point, sometimes, of being stuffy. A good number had dropped out of college some years before the war, in the late 30's, and had come back with the aid of the GI bill of rights. A college education to most of them was in no sense a buffer between adolescence and the real world of maturity. Nor did they consider a college degree merely an asset in job hunting, although some were at college coldbloodedly for this reason alone. (Some, it must be admitted, were in school purely to collect benefits.) Most of the veterans were curious and eager with a nervousness and impatience reminiscent of the students of yesterday, and instructors who had almost forgotten what it meant to have their mettle tested found themselves invigorated and stimulated.

The younger students, who for a time after the war were in the minority, contrasted sharply with the veterans. This came out in several of my classes in English literature and composition. While the veterans occupied the center of the room, the others sat themselves in the corners, turning their chairs audience-fashion to watch the show. The veterans did their work conscientiously, frequently exceeding the assignment; they brought in outside material to illustrate or

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challenge a point; they accepted instruction only after a serious analysis, learning slowly (after all, they had been out of school for years) but perceptibly. The youngsters, some of whom had a genuinely native skill and fluency, kept up a rather simple-minded heckling of the whole purpose of the course when they participated in class work at all. What good can composition or literature be to an accountant or businessman?—a stenographer can take care of communications. Why bother with learning anything but the jargon in a particular trade? They suspected the motives of the interested veterans, whom they accused, quite wrongly, of "bucking for grades." A somewhat similar contrast exists still between day and evening session students, those going at night being older, more mature, and generally more like previous day session students.

THE typical young student of today is considerably less "disturbed" than his brother of yesterday. The students of the 20's approached maturity in the "jazz age," with all of its manifold confusions; those of the 30's were the children of the depression and potential "cannon fodder," as we were told over and over again. In 1939, a professor at City College had his students set down their feelings about the world and make a prophecy about their future. *Life* magazine was present ten years later when the sealed envelopes were opened. "Brought up in hard times," *Life* wrote, "their prophecies were anything but bright. Three talked about suicide." The 1939 statements were self-consciously pessimistic, gloomy, overflowing with *Weltschmerz*. While these students may have constituted a special group on the campus, being all in one professor's class, their sentiments were not untypical.

They were anxious (using the term in its clinical sense) about various things. Many were uncertain about their careers. One of the students planned to be a chemist. "In ten years," reported *Life*, "he has been a civil service employee, a New York City policeman, a salesman, a metallurgical engineer, and an engineering officer in the Navy. Now he has decided on the career of a dentist and is in dental school at New York University." Another wanted to be a poet; today he is a public accountant. Still another collected BA, BBA, MA, MBA, LLB, and JSD degrees, and now teaches business administration at a Southern university. Yesterday's students were anxious about security (in the late 30's a $25-a-week job represented the end of the rainbow: a princely income for a bachelor, an adequate one for marriage); about politics; about religion (denying it often with the zeal more appropriate to a believer); about their Jewishness (I recall one impassioned and rather ugly boy, carried away with his argument, demanding that Orthodox Jews be forced to cut off their beards, for such an "exhibition," he felt, harmed all Jews in America).

Today's student is rid of at least one important fear; he is politically freer than the student of the 30's. Anyone who has not lived through it, and in some way been scarred by it, cannot fully appreciate the intellectual terror (inquisitorial in its refinement and thoroughness) that the Communists exercised on the campus.

Always small in number, they were the most dedicated and fearless of missionaries. In the basement alcoves at City College—that dingy substitute for a student union—the party adherents held regular sway with booklets on tables, placards announcing rallies, speeches going on to nobody in particular. In this atmosphere, it took unusual courage or unusual apathy to remain outside the church, especially since joining up was supposed to be a practical demonstration of idealism and humanism. If you didn't join, you might be branded loudly and venomously as a fascist, a trotskyite (the party line was to use lower-case letters for epithets), and, worst of all, as an ivory-tower aesthete or wishy-washy liberal. There were no conservatives in those days.

In the face of the Communist assault, there were only three ways open to students, none, as it turned out, satisfactory. You could join the movement, actively or pas-

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sively (the bulk of the students adhered passively: it was easiest on the personality); resist the movement (in which case you became a pariah, spoken of with contempt and disgust); or just stay outside the political arena altogether, which meant excluding a major realm of interest, acquaintance with which was necessary to a full education and a mature growth.

The Communists imposed their own Nuremberg laws on the intellectuals of the time, one of the most important of which was that Jews should never be distinguished in any way from other Americans. (The widespread disinclination to ask questions about Jewishness, when such questions may be completely free of ill will and may even be crucial in contributing to progress and understanding, is to some degree, one supposes, strengthened and encouraged by this prohibition.) For Jews, this meant they could pour out their sympathy for the downtrodden Chinese, Spaniards, Indians, and other victims of imperialism. Hitler, of course, depending on the moment, could be attacked, but not too specifically, on the basis of anti-Semitism—his anti-Semitism was depicted purely as a device of capitalism to divide the people, to offer them a scapegoat for their resentments, and so on.

At the same time, and to the Communist mentality not at all paradoxically, anti-Semitism in America (always tied tightly together with anti-Negroism) was played up for all it was worth. By joining the Communists, or agreeing with them, Jewish students could thereby simultaneously lose some feeling of their Jewishness (most Jewish Communist leaders of the time changed their names) and maintain a bitterness toward a world that insisted on mistreating Jews.

Bitterness was probably the dominant quality in the personality pattern of very many of the students of the 30's—a powerful, soul-corrosive, deeply imbedded bitterness, in its lighter moments manifesting itself in cynicism, in its heavier moments in a suicidal despair. The question of Communism was often the specific irritant. Close friendships split because of doctrinal disputes; teachers (and, in the outside world, historians and poets and musicians) were generally judged—and then sentimentally lauded or viciously dismissed—entirely in relation to their "political maturity." How could one grow up with a healthy independence of mind in such an atmosphere? It is significant, I think, that no worthy novels have yet come out of this so very rich and varied world, if one thinks of the novel as representing an integrated, developed understanding of a milieu and the people in it.

IN LARGE part, of course, it was the depression that was responsible for the radicalism. The children of the immigrants were in their teens and twenties when the dream of America suddenly fizzled. Disillusionment and cynicism and a turn to radicalism were only the immediate reactions. More deeply, the depression instilled a lasting sense of insecurity, a diminution of confident self-reliance, a disbelief that by hard work and intelligence and ambition one could achieve what one wanted. The American world showed itself then in another dimension, and, since adaptability is perhaps fundamental in our nature, the Jewish student went forth to meet the world on its terms.

The bluebird for many Jewish students became a "depression-proof" job: in a government agency, with "tenure" written into the law; in the "expanding" professions like accountancy; anywhere, that is, where the vicissitudes of individual initiative might be minimized. Creative abilities, whether in the arts or in business, were inhibited. Young writers turned to government posts, or to routine teaching, or to lucrative but unsatisfying hack magazine writing; artists and creative musicians did much the same. For Jewish students the depression was probably more meaningful, more permanently shocking, than the war was to be.

IN THE 20's, students concentrated on a full education because so many jobs might be had on graduation; in the 30's they did the same because there were so *few* jobs to be had (students were then so "impractical" as

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to register for Greek). In the 40's, there were jobs, but chiefly for "experts," and so pinpoint specialization became the fashion.

Of course, the meaning of a college education has changed for the world at large. More students are attending college these days than in the 20's and 30's. Since a college degree, regardless of what has gone into it, has become a *sine qua non* in the most unlikely places (department store salesmen and office boys in advertising agencies, for example, often need baccalaureates), too many youngsters who are simply without the motivation for an education (and often without the intellectual equipment) crowd the classrooms of even the best schools for merely vocational reasons.

The changing attitudes in America toward Jews have also probably accounted for vocational shifts among Jewish students. The 20's saw an immense output of Jewish physicians from American medical schools; the quota system, strictly applied at the end of the 20's, began to channel Jewish students into allied fields like dentistry or into foreign medical schools or out of medicine altogether; today a slow swing back to medicine seems to be taking place as the *numerus clausus* becomes less and less respectable. Relaxation of barriers against hiring Jewish college instructors has sent many Jewish young men into graduate work. The Columbia University graduate English department has never before had so many Jewish students preparing for doctorates.

Changes in feeling among Jewish families themselves certainly must have contributed to changes in vocational plans. I remember hearing the derisive comment that only *goyim* became engineers (probably true at that, since the profession did exclude Jews at one time). And what was an accountant after all but a fancy bookkeeper? Today, both engineering and accountancy are considered quite respectable fields among Jews. At City College, more and more students plan to go into their fathers' businesses, which represent no longer drab poverty but a comfortable career. (Currently, one hears that the sons of the rich, graduated from colleges like Dartmouth and Princeton, are in many cases turning away from their parents, in the direction of the theater, ballet, the "little magazines"—often out of personal aimlessness rather than artistic or intellectual dedication.)

THE major wish for their son of most Jewish immigrant parents was, at one time, that he *not* follow in his father's footsteps, that he *not* become a garment worker or carpenter or tailor. The Jewish student was thus forced to look for an American surrogate-father among his teachers, one who could impart the formula of how to fall into place, neatly, gracefully, in the American scene. The utter naivety in this situation of most of the teachers, usually Gentile, with no inkling of the peculiar needs of their Jewish students, helped produce a brooding antagonism between student and teacher.

Deliberately, the parents cut the student son off from themselves—for his greater glory, of course, and possibly for their own. But while the son was cast out in this area, he was at the same time made fast with multitudinous silver cords of another kind, his private life carefully scrutinized, carefully circumscribed. He was so firmly staked to the home that few ever broke away to go to out-of-town colleges, even when funds were available. After the war, when the government made it possible for veterans to go to college anywhere, it was startling to discover how many New York Jewish boys preferred to go to the city colleges so that they could live with their parents.

The parents participated with intense feeling in their children's successes and failures in school; there was no greater joy than the publication in the Sunday *Forward's* rotogravure section of a photograph of the son in academic cap, titled "A College Graduate at 18," or "A Doctor at 23." (Some overanxious parents took to sending in pictures with exaggerated details of accomplishment, so that the *Forward's* editors were eventually constrained to require documentary proof of achievements and awards before running photographs.)

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TODAY'S student appears less smothered by his family life. He is also calmer about his Jewishness. In the 20's and 30's, Jewishness for students was not only a handicap but a vestige of the old country to be discarded. Their indifference to Jewishness was also encouraged by some of the Old World ideologies of their parents, many of whom had been Bundists or of some other persuasion of socialism and had cast off Orthodox ritual. While attendance at City College dropped at Yom Kippur (partly because many instructors, Jewish and non-Jewish, let it be known they wouldn't meet their classes), the drop did not indicate the relative proportion of Jews at the college. Name-changing was common shortly before graduation. Only a handful of students belonged to the religious or Jewish nationalist societies, and these boys were considered eccentrics by the others who flocked to the political and literary, language and science organizations. When these non-committed students married and had children they gave them typical Hollywood or "American" names: Dennis, Linda, Kenneth. . . .

Today, probably fewer Levines are becoming Lanes; fewer Cohens, Kanes. Just as once there were students who made a point of not celebrating even the most important Holy Days, there are now students who make as much point of not attending classes on even the minor holidays. The feeling seems to be that non-attendance is at least a gesture of affirmation of one's Jewishness, whatever that Jewishness may consist of. (In most cases, religion has nothing to do with it.) One of the sources of names for the most current crop of babies is again the Old Testament. Hillel, the national Jewish student organization, has expanded tremendously in the last several years, at some campuses boasting membership around a thousand. Many students, it is true, belong to Hillel and attend Hillel affairs only for the social possibilities, but participation on even such grounds would have been frowned upon in the 20's and 30's.

Perhaps the most essential difference is that yesterday's Jewish students were the children of proletarians—of workers who were either Orthodox or self-consciously secular; today's Jewish students are the children of middle-class parents—shopkeepers, businessmen, professionals, who are neither passionately Orthodox nor devoted to any this-worldly ideology. The children of the last generation inevitably had intellectual problems in the natural course of their development—problems relating to religion, to their attitude to Jewish culture (Yiddish, *shul*, and *cheder*), to political outlook. The children of today's parents, on the other hand, are brought to consciousness of Jewish and general problems less by an inevitable conflict between generations than by events in the larger world. The Jewishness of the students of the 30's, insofar as it existed, was something internal and personal; the Jewishness of today's students appears to be public and impersonal, expressed in Hillel and in an attitude toward Zionism, just as the crucial Jewish events in their lives have shifted from the intimate stage of the home to the public stage of the world.

Obviously, today's Jewish student feels more secure in America—and in part this, too, relates to his middle-class status. But the drive to security seems to have brought with it a further feeling that there is never enough security.

There is, for example, the case of the Jewish basketball players who were quite willing to accept money from gamblers to throw games—for a future "security," for a "nest egg"—at a time when there are fewer problems about gaining economic security in America than ever before. Even more ambiguous was the reaction of the students at City College to the overwhelming disclosures. Many students defended the players: they were young, their heads were unsettled by their unprecedented success (the winning of the two national tournaments in 1950), they were tempted. Some students reacted with deep emotion, violently demanding extreme penalties for the accused. A good number of these were much concerned about what would happen to their chances for jobs as a result of the new blow

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to the college's reputation; rather plainly they were motivated by fear.

While the student reaction was not uniform, an indefinable, deep-seated, emotional shock was unquestionably felt by everyone. The basketball team had represented the emergence of City College, long the archetypical image of the underdog (at least in the minds of the students), as the equal, even the superior, of Ivy League schools and Midwestern universities. It hadn't been enough all these years to know that CCNY was the intellectual peer of other schools in the country (a feeling rather excessively, even aggressively, held); it had to be equal on "American" terms: athletically. (Proposals to adopt the University of Chicago's intramural athletic program were always rejected.) Perhaps if the team had not *lost* games—the gamblers would have been satisfied if it had won, so long as it kept within a given point margin—there might have been no substantial group which would not have wanted to protect the players.

Does this prove that the students are simply dominated by a spirit of "materialism," as many outsiders (alumni as well as instructors) believe? I don't think it is materialism in any simple sense that guides them, or that influenced the members of the team. After all, none of the basketball players went out on spending sprees—they put their money away for the future, and all of it was returned to the authorities. Again the security question. The basketball team, many students felt, had undone its own good work in public relations that had succeeded decades of Communist publicity and a generally bad press. The process of adjustment to America had been disturbed.

YET if we take any long view, this is surely only a temporary setback—if, indeed, it is one at all—in the integration of these students into the American scene, an integration which serves to make the older type of Jewish student a dying species. The Jewish student no longer feels he is on the fringe of society or altogether an outcast; his brains are no longer his only asset. The depression seems to belong to a different age, and prosperity, together with Selective Service, has pretty much eliminated the problem of getting a job.

Today the Jewish student must often consider with his non-Jewish brother, in the traditional American manner, whether he should reject dad's offer of a job in the bank, in an accountancy office, in an advertising agency, in the factory, in the retail store. The Jewish student is today tempted by the American financial reward for diligence, ambition, intelligence, independence. "What boots it with uncessant care to tend the homely slighted Shepherds trade," when the same application in the business world can bring adequate returns with a lesser expense of spirit, with a lesser dedication? And Milton's answer that "fame is the spur" (either in this world or the other) doesn't count for much with a new generation that seeks its contentment in the traditionally pragmatic American fulfillment of personal and family security. Of course, there may be something other than the traditional American pragmatism at work. It may well be that there has been a shift since the 20's and 30's in the ideals of the American younger generation and in the climate of the campus generally—and that the Jewish student is but barometrically registering the change. More than one observer has noted the preoccupation of recent graduating classes with security—the "safe berth," and the steady income —contrasted with the more vaulting ambitions of their elder brothers; and a general slackening of "idealism" and of vital interest in the intellectual life and movements for social betterment.

Of course, not all Jewish college students have abandoned the intellectual pursuits traditional to the halls of ivy. But those who remain are not driven by their own and parental and social compulsions to be "geniuses" and get their names in the papers. There are fewer dedicated Jewish students today; they are becoming much like other middle-class young Americans. One hardly knows whether to be saddened or heartened by this. Perhaps, to some degree, both.

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GERMANY'S GENERALS STAGE A COMEBACK

The Terms for Their Cooperation with the West

PETER DE MENDELSSOHN

IN MARCH of this year there appeared in Western Germany a new monthly called *Europäische Sicherheit* ("European Security"), subtitled "A Review of the Military Sciences." The first magazine in postwar Germany to deal exclusively with military matters, its publishers are the long-established firm Ernst Siegfried Mittler, which after the First World War held almost a publishing monopoly in the military field. Under its imprint appeared memoirs of many prominent generals; later its list had a fair share of Nazi items; and more recently it has published the war books of Ernst Jünger and other right-wing ideologues. The magazine's editor is one Martin H. Sommerfeldt, who published a fulsome biography of Goering in 1933, and followed it up with a number of other books in praise of the Hitler regime.

The magazine's editorial offices are at Bonn, with a postoffice box in the Bundeshaus, the Federal parliament building. Its first number prints part of a recent speech by Dr. Adenauer, the Federal Chancellor, welcoming the French plan for a European army. The same number also contains appreciations of Generals Hans Speidel and Adolf Heusinger, the two German military experts representing the Bonn government in its current discussions with the Western powers on the German contribution towards Western defense. And the Mittler house has also just put out a biography of General Eisenhower, by Heinz von Arndt, that openly attempts to create sympathy among Germans, especially ex-soldiers, for the man whom "we have so far known only as an enemy and conqueror."

Puzzling? Perhaps not more so than the question of German rearmament itself, and certainly not more than might have been expected when the German generals made their bow on the postwar scene.

NOTHING at all was heard from German military experts during the first postwar years. Military literature in the technical sense was prohibited by the occupying powers, but it was not even circulated secretly—simply because there was neither need for nor interest in it. Not even war memoirs of a comparatively innocent and sentimental nature appeared in any number. This was an indication of the degree to which the German army and all it stood for had become discredited among the Germans themselves, the veterans included. It seemed clear that the German military leaders of the Second World War—unlike those of the First—would have trouble in reestablishing enough prestige among their former troops to give them a claim on their further trust and loyalty.

In the spring of 1949, the first attempt at a comeback by the generals was made. There appeared, in Munich, a 64-page pamphlet

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IN A flood of recent books, Germany's professional soldiers are seeking once again to foster the legend of an honorable and far-seeing army "betrayed" by the politicians, while at the same time carrying water on both epaulets as to such crucial questions as their own loyalty to Hitler. In the context of German rearmament, this development is a matter of great importance to the democratic world. PETER DE MENDELSSOHN, who here reports and analyzes the German generals' version of recent history, has published political analyses in magazines here and abroad, and is the author of numerous books, including *Japan's Political Warfare* (1944), *The Hours and the Centuries* (1944), and *The Nuremberg Documents* (1946). He has also served as press officer with Allied Supreme Headquarters in Europe during the war and with the occupation authorities in Germany. Mr. de Mendelssohn was born in Munich in 1908 and attended the University of Berlin.

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called *Hitler als Feldherr* ("Hitler as War Lord") that became a best-seller overnight. Its crudely designed black and red cover bore a full-length photograph of Hitler in his well-known wartime attire; there was nothing in the outward appearance of the book to distinguish it from one of Dr. Goebbels' publications and much that unashamedly reminded one of them. The cover was deceptive—by intention. Its author turned out to be a man with a grievance and, far from trying to glorify Hitler as "war lord," he aimed to destroy the legend of Hitler's military genius. He was sixty-five-year-old General Franz Halder, chief of staff of the German army from September 1938 until September 1942, when he was dismissed for his refusal—or failure—to carry out the Fuehrer's orders in Russia.

Halder's thesis is that the German general staff was at bottom a sound, businesslike organization, and well able to finish off the Russians but for Hitler's amateurish interference. He insists that the officers and men of the Third Reich's army have nothing with which to reproach themselves, either morally or militarily, but a great deal with which to reproach Hitler. "He was a blunderer," Halder says, and proves it by an analysis of all the main campaigns. "He was a bandit and marauder. He hated professional officers because of their deep inner ties to Christianity, professional ethics, and tradition." Hitler lacked "the freely creative genius of the genuine war lord. He had ideas, but there is a great difference between having ideas and being a divinely inspired military leader." He went to rash extremes because he lacked "divine inspiration and blessing for his undertakings, that humble obeisance before God" which characterized men like Bismarck, Moltke, and Schlieffen, the war lords whom Halder holds up as shining examples.

The meaning is clear: the Second World War was in itself not necessarily a bad thing, and could have been a success had the professionals been allowed to run it. Halder's pamphlet warns young Germans itching to be soldiers not to entrust themselves to a godless adventurer next time, but only to God-fearing professionals who know their jobs. They will then remain in the "true German tradition." Halder's pamphlet appeared in May 1949, and it misjudged the psychological situation. Although tension between East and West had sharpened and, with the blockade of Berlin, very nearly reached the exploding point, there were no young Germans itching to be soldiers again. Nevertheless, the pamphlet had one important result: it brought the discussion of military affairs back to the attention of ordinary citizens. It was the opening move in the campaign for the remilitarization of political thinking in Western Germany.

But even so, things got under way very slowly. General Hans Speidel's sober, restrained, and rather elegant account of the Allied invasion of Western Europe, *Invasion 1944*, which was published in the autumn of 1949, did not repeat the crudities of Halder's argument, but its main thesis was broadly the same. This book's main interest lay in the portrait it drew of Rommel, and the position it assigned to the officer corps in the struggle against Hitler's uncontrolled "amateurishness." Speidel showed sympathy with the conspirators of July 20, 1944, indicating that Rommel had been in contact with them, but was careful not to identify his own circle too closely with the actual plotters. How much deliberate calculation there was in all this is hard to say, but in the harsher light of 1951 the care with which Speidel skirts tricky issues does not seem accidental.

The books of Halder and Speidel caused little more than a ripple. Then the Korean war broke out, and the parallel between a divided Korea and a divided Germany was too close to be ignored, while the problem of Western Germany's contribution to its own and European defense brought remilitarization into the open. Suddenly, that well-known figure, "our military correspondent," reappeared in all the larger respectable newspapers of Western Germany. Nor were the generals far behind.

The last twelve months have released the generals' writings and memoirs in a veritable

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spate, and it ought not surprise us that this vast and splendidly published literature is received with more interest than it would have been a year ago. The aim of most of these books is perfectly clear. If the Federal Republic is, after all, to participate in the defense of Western Europe, it will need officers. It is all very well for the Western powers to declare that there will be no German general staff, or for Dr. Adenauer to state that he does not wish to fall back on any of the top-ranking leaders of the last war. The fact remains that outside the Speidels, Heusingers, Schwerins, Westphals, Manteuffels, and Guderians, Dr. Adenauer has few men of military authority and experience to offer the West. And these generals have announced that they are available.

THE generals, on the whole, agree with Chancellor Adenauer that the defense of Western Europe is one and indivisible, that neutralism would be futile, and that the Federal Republic is not only under a moral obligation to assume its share in joint defense but that it would also be well advised to claim it, since along with this would go an important, if not decisive, voice in military planning councils. They are also agreed with the Chancellor that German participation in Atlantic defense can only proceed on a basis of fully restored national sovereignty and complete political equality. The military men undoubtedly advocate political equality because it would clear the way to the reestablishment of a German fighting force. The Chancellor, on his part, probably insists on a German share in Atlantic defense—which he may not regard as particularly desirable in itself—because it would clear the way for Western Germany's full political equality among the nations. The question is: who is driving whom at Bonn?

The question has no obvious answer, and in any case, for the moment, these ex-generals and politicians still find themselves distressingly isolated. They know that were they permitted today, or even asked, to raise a German army, the vast majority of their potential recruits would turn away with a shrug. Some would refuse unconditionally because they did not want to serve in an army again under any circumstances. Some would insist on first having their reputations as honorable fighting men officially restored and recognized by their own political leaders and by the Allies. Some would refuse because they had lost all confidence in their former leaders, either feeling that these had been Nazi tools who "betrayed" them in the field, or else suspecting that it was they who had "betrayed" Hitler.

It is these latter doubts, especially, that have to be cleared up before a start can be made by the German military men and before the Bonn government can have an indispensable counter in the diplomatic game. The present tide of military memoirs is designed exactly to defend the generals and admirals against two contradictory accusations: that they stabbed Germany in the back by blindly following Hitler, and that they stabbed Germany in the back by sabotaging Hitler's war effort.

This literature displays much self-assurance and no little skill in the double-talk required. Compared with it, General Halder's path-breaking pamphlet appears crude, short-sighted, unintelligent. More daring than Halder, these later writers aim at proving not only that Germany's military leaders were blameless for the outbreak of the late war and its subsequent suicidal conduct, but also that they are today, morally and technically, the best men for the new job at hand.

GENERAL SIEGFRIED WESTPHAL is a professional soldier who served under the Kaiser, the Weimar Republic, and Hitler, advancing from ensign to lieutenant-general. In the last war, he was successively chief of staff to Rommel in North Africa, Kesselring in Italy, and Rundstedt on the Western invasion front. His comparatively short book, *Heer in Fesseln* ("Army in Chains"), falls into two parts; the first deals with the development, structure, and general mentality of the German army during the last thirty years; the second, with the author's three main campaigns. The latter is of little interest

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since it contains no factual information not already known from other sources. The first part is all the more instructive.

Westphal has a sure instinct as to how much his average German ex-soldier reader is prepared to swallow, and where and when not to tread on any particular corn. Unlike Halder, he abuses no one. He despises Hitler but does not call him names. He is contemptuous of Keitel but does not insult him. He is critical of the Western Allies, but readily concedes that some lessons can be learned from their war record. He bestows praise but glorifies no one, not even Rommel, whom he genuinely admires. Intriguingly enough, he has not a single word of comment on the Soviet Union.

Westphal makes no stupid claims. He studiously refrains from even so much as implying that Germany ever had a chance of winning the war but for Hitler's blunders. He makes a passing reference to "threats from Poland and Czechoslovakia"—which is indispensable if he wishes to catch the ear and gain the confidence of the German refugees from these countries—but he stops there. For the rest, he makes no bones about Germany's having been the aggressor throughout, but asserts that her army, especially in the case of Poland and Russia, was unaware of this and genuinely believed that it had been attacked or at least provoked.

The title of his book states the general's alibi: the German army was "in fetters," and never free to play its appointed role as a loyal servant of the nation. It was fettered in two ways—by its own ill-conceived and misguided "tradition," and by Hitler. The second followed logically from the first. The army's ill-conceived tradition had its roots in an exaggerated interpretation of General von Seeckt's originally sound thesis that the soldier must be a strictly non-political animal. The result was an army that blindly obeyed the political leaders of the state, no matter who they were. This non-political education, argues the general, "led to indifference and complete lack of judgment with regard to political matters among even the highest-ranking officers. What was only right and proper, and even beneficial, under the Weimar Republic was to have unforeseeable and fatal consequences under the dictatorship." It prevented the army from recognizing Hitler for what he was, and Hitler in turn revealed himself "as a master at exploiting the political naivety of the army for his own ends." Seeckt could not have foreseen that the army's "sense of duty, complete devotion to the nation, and absolute subordination to the authority of the state would one day be abused in this manner." Hitler managed to trap the Wehrmacht in its own tight-fitting and all too rigid code of honor, and finally strangled it.

THIS is the key argument expounded more or less by all current German military writers. By no means does it explain everything, but it does explain just what the German ex-soldier wants to have explained, and it does so adequately to the purpose. This ordinary German soldier acted "in good faith and to the best of his conscience and belief; for him there could be no distinction between a 'just' and an 'unjust' war. He fought and bled not for the aims of the Nazi party, but felt bound, like the soldiers of all nations, to serve his country." Where Westphal differs from some of his writing fellow officers is that he does not offer the same excuses for the top-ranking military leaders as for the common soldiers. "The duty of army commanders does not exhaust itself in strict military obedience. Over and above this they are charged with a higher, political responsibility towards the nation." In other words, it is their duty not only to act but also, on occasions, to think, and in this they failed.

Westphal goes down the whole list of questions likely to be raised by his ex-soldiers, and tries to answer them all. On the responsibility of the officer corps for the war itself, he quotes the well-known verdict of the Nuremberg Military Tribunal that the German general staff and supreme command could not be regarded as criminal organizations guilty of conspiring and planning for war, and he adds that "it was the tragedy of the German officer corps that it was forced

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into a war which it desired just as little as did the German people." But he is even more specific and emphatic in answering the charge that the army was betrayed by its leaders—an indication that this is a sore point with many ex-soldiers. He terms all stories of sabotage, connivance with the enemy, or open betrayal in the field, "fairy tales, results of the whispering propaganda of the Nazi party, or concoctions of an overheated imagination."

All this leads him to make an interesting point in connection with the attempt of July 20, 1944 on Hitler's life. It is true, he contends, that Germany suffered particularly heavy losses during the last six months of the war, and that it would have been spared these if the attempt to unseat Hitler and bring the war to a quick end had succeeded. But, he says, "it is to be feared that the majority of the German people would soon have forgotten the great advantages of an earlier end of the fighting and would have blamed the Wehrmacht for the hard fate the German people would have had to endure in any case. It would have been said then that the Wehrmacht had betrayed the nation in its most critical hour, and this legend would have prevailed over the truth."

It is a shrewd argument that very ingeniously takes into account the desperately ambivalent attitude of those it is trying to persuade, who must, somehow, clear themselves of the charges both of being responsible for Hitler and of being disloyal to him.

General Adolf Heusinger, who with Speidel represents the Bonn government in the military discussions with the West, is, like Westphal, a professional soldier. In Hitler's army he was chief of operations in the army general staff, a key position for the observation of the moral climate of the army during the critical years. He was present at the conference of July 29, 1944 in Hitler's headquarters at Rastenburg, at which Colonel Stauffenberg's bomb exploded. Heusinger was knocked unconscious, recovered to be arrested for suspected complicity, and was later released for lack of evidence.

His book itself, *Befehl im Widerstreit,* is a curious literary hybrid. Its title alone defies translation and is well-nigh meaningless even in German. *"Befehl im Widerstreit,"* if it means anything at all, may mean "Conflicting Orders," or it may mean the moral conflicts aroused by orders that one is in duty bound to obey, but which hurt one's sense of honor. It may mean both, and it may mean neither. This semantic confusion faithfully reflects the muddleheadedness of the author and his book—a series of nearly one hundred movie-like scenes and dialogues tracing the fate of the German army from 1923 to 1945.

But the book's cloudiness, which accords so ill with military language, may be deliberate, and it is possible that the general's readers will respond gratefully to his articulation of their confusion. An abundance of equivocation is especially useful when discussing the plot of July 20, 1944.

This is really the issue at the bottom of all these *apologiae.* The July 20, 1944 plot has established itself as a kind of tuning fork of German political and military morality, and it vibrates through all the memoirs of the former diplomats, politicians, and military leaders of the Hitler regime. All other problems are inextricably tied up with it, radiate from it, or tend to be drawn towards it. What the moral code of the future German army will be like, what its position within the framework of the state and in relation to its civilian government is going to be—in short, what the value of a future West German fighting force will be to the Atlantic powers in terms of genuine devotion to the common cause—it is not too much to say that all this very largely depends on how the crucial questions of basic loyalties and national ideals bound up with the July 20 attempt are finally decided in the German mind.

The legend that the German generals stabbed Hitler's army in the back is certainly in contradiction to the known facts. The same legend, with the Jews and Socialists as villains, was also in contradiction to the known facts after World War I. Contradic-

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toriness did not kill the legend then, and it does not kill its successor, though it seeks new villains. It is stirring again—rather violently—on the extreme right wing; and, significantly, the writing generals do not dare attack the legend wholeheartedly. Which only shows that, in the mind of the common ex-soldier whom General Remer—the man who put down the July 20 revolt in Berlin—is trying to attract to his neo-Nazi German Reich party, the issue is still far from settled. Remer and his associates have publicly referred to the plotters of July 20, 1944 as *"diese Lumpen"*—"those scoundrels."

There is no doubt that, in the words of a Munich paper, "a major subterranean propaganda machine is being geared up for the task of libeling the men of July 20 and blaming them for Germany's defeat, of accusing them of being traitors to their country, and demanding that they be denied the right of political activity." What, asks the Munich paper, is the object of this campaign? It cannot prove that the German armies were not defeated. But it can suggest that those who supported Hitler to the end were the "best" Germans, and that the political, and thereby, implicitly, the military future should lie with them, rather than with those opposed to Hitler. This is, undoubtedly, the prime purpose of Remer and his friends. The survivors of the Resistance are discovering, as all evidence from Germany now shows, that the majority of Germans, in spite of their protestations of disgust with Hitler immediately after the war, still identify themselves with the Nazi version of the rightness of the German cause. And if this is how most of the men who are to be "soldiers of Europe" still feel about this crucial issue, what are Generals Westphal and Heusinger going to do about it? The answer is: while seeming to do much, they scrupulously do nothing.

General Westphal refers but briefly to July 20, 1944. He explains the fact that most of the conspiring generals belonged to the general staff by the "unbridgeable differences" between this department of the army and Hitler. "These men were inspired by the best of motives. They risked and sacrificed their lives for Germany. Yet it must be very strongly doubted whether they estimated the feelings of the people and the Wehrmacht correctly. What was their attitude? Many soldiers were in despair over the dilettantism of the supreme military leadership. For many reasons they would have welcomed a change in the political system. But it never occurred to them to bring it about themselves. In 1944, furthermore, Hitler still enjoyed much support among the people. The majority of the nation certainly did not regard him as a criminal. Even if the attempt had been successful it is very doubtful whether the navy and Luftwaffe would have joined the conspirators, and large sections of the army would have likewise refused to follow them. For all these reasons, even a less inadequately prepared and more successful putsch would in all certainty have led to the disintegration of the Wehrmacht, civil war in the interior, and most likely to general chaos. Nor is there any indication that less onerous conditions would have been imposed on Germany if she had collapsed in the middle of 1944 through internal revolt. Mistrust of those allied against us and mistrust in our own ranks were much too deep-rooted for that."

So what does Westphal say? He says precisely nothing at all. Whichever way the cat finally jumps, he won't be found altogether on the wrong side.

Heusinger touches upon July 20 in the last of his flowery little one-act plays. A dismissed general discusses the question of further resistance with a leader of the Volkssturm, an elderly man, in April 1945. Says the Volkssturm commander: "You're telling me to offer no further resistance. All right. But why did the high-up military leaders do nothing to bring the fighting to an end long ago, before we came to this pass?" The general's answer runs briefly like this:

"I have been expecting this question. This is the reproach that will be made against us tomorrow and in the future. There were two possible lines of action for those among the generals who had a more or less compre-

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hensive view of the over-all situation. They could either try, faithful to their sworn oaths, to avert the disaster by giving sound, expert advice—this depended on whether and to what extent the supreme leaders were prepared to listen to them—or they could use violence against their own supreme commander, in defiance of the laws of military obedience. Many officers have tried the first way, without success. In a manner never before experienced, Hitler abused their loyalty, which was founded in simple soldier's ethics. There remains the way of violence. It is questionable whether a forcible removal of Hitler was still actually possible after the army had quietly accepted the murder of Schleicher in 1934 and the dismissal of Beck and Fritsch in 1938. Once the war had begun with overwhelming successes for Hitler, such an act of violence would undoubtedly have led to civil war. Yet some officers chose this path. It led to July 20. They acted in order to save the people from further suffering. But they knew that the mass of the people condemned their action because they still believed blindly in the Fuehrer. Not only that. The majority of soldiers at the front rejected this step. They visualized their salvation only through a determined common stand against the external enemy, and Hitler was the symbol of this determination.

"And finally: the officer acts against his oath of loyalty. How can he then demand obedience from his subordinates? He breaks faith. Who is then to keep faith with him? In the eyes of many he sullies his honor. How can he hope for honorable behavior among his men? He has sworn an oath. True, the man to whom he has sworn it has grossly abused it. But is the officer thereby released? The oath is more than a formality. It was sworn before God. But can God demand that such an oath should be kept? Did not the terrible ordeal of our people require that that faith, so grossly misused, should be broken? This is where the conflict of conscience lies. Everyone had to solve it in his own heart. There was no solution in principle, valid for all—only tragic, insoluble contradictions of duty."

The dramatization of the conflict, we see, does not much advance its solution. General Heusinger remains true to the traditional German saying: whatever one does is bound to turn out wrong. Or right—as the case may be.

Vice-Admiral Kurt Assmann takes a similar, even more non-compromising stand. His *Deutsche Schicksalsjahre* ("Years of German Fate") is an operational history of the Second World War, the first of its kind to appear in Germany, and probably about as full and objective an account as one could hope to get from a German military pen so soon after the end of hostilities. Assmann's verdicts on political issues, however, are almost always naive.

He does not possess the gift of skepticism. It is almost alarming to watch him take one tall statement after another of Hitler's at face value and burst into righteous indignation when they turn out to be bluff, propaganda, or just uncontrolled, maniacal raving. It is, of course, not Assmann's fault that Hitler was not an honest politician; but can he escape blame for never quite getting round to finding this out? And how many will share his view that "it was the higher historic mission of the German intervention in Norway to bring about the inclusion of the racially related Norwegian people in the Germanic community of fate, which rested on a common spiritual and ethical basis"?

Nevertheless, the scholarly virtues of the admiral's book have won it wide acclaim, and what he has to say with regard to the events of July 20, 1944—especially since, like Heusinger, he was present at Hitler's headquarters when the bomb exploded—and its underlying moral issues will undoubtedly have influence.

In certain serious cases, the admiral argues, revolt by the armed forces against the head of state can be justified in time of peace. But in war the armed forces of any state on earth have but one task: to achieve victory. Anything liable to deflect them from this is immoral and reprehensible. Assmann admits that "in the higher regions where politics and

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the conduct of war are gradually merging, additional responsibilities, besides purely military ones, are placed on an officer, especially in the political sphere"; and that cases can arise in practice "where dire need compels him to deviate from the principle." The salvation of the people and the nation must rank above everything else, and the admiral pertinently quotes Hitler's own *Mein Kampf*, which says plainly: "If the instruments of governmental power are driving a people or nation into disaster and annihilation, the rebellion of every individual member of such a people becomes not only his right but even his duty."

Assmann insists, however, that the oath of loyalty given to Hitler by the army and navy was a great stumbling block for such action. To break this oath was a betrayal, and he adds: "Politicians gladly make use of any betrayal but they invariably despise the traitor. We may rest assured that in the future our former enemies will prefer to deal with Germans who kept their oath rather than with those who broke it."

This is the operative sentence in the admiral's book. He makes it clear that, personally, he condemned the attempt of July 20 for "ethical reasons" and also because its ultimate purpose, which might have justified it despite these ethical objections—namely, the preservation of the German people from threatened annihilation—could no longer have been attained in view of the Allied demand for unconditional surrender. And he ends by paying tribute *both* to those whose consciences demanded that they should break their oaths and to "the great masses of those who placed their oaths above all else."

General Heinz Guderian, another professional soldier, commanding officer in two world wars, creator and leader of Hitler's armored divisions, and his last chief of the army general staff, a bluff, crude, bellowing technician of war, does not involve himself in any such subtleties. Throughout the 450 pages of his *Erinnerungen eines Soldaten* ("Memories of a Soldier"), the problem of the oath of loyalty does not rise to bother Guderian at all, nor does the whole tangled conflict of conscience raised by the revolt of July 20 exist for him.

"Personally," says the former Panzer general, "I reject murder in every form or shape. Our Christian religion lays down an unequivocal command in this respect. For this reason alone I cannot approve of the attempt. But apart from this religious consideration, it is clear to me that all political prerequisites were lacking for the successful outcome of such an attempt. One thing is certain: at that time a large part of the German people still believed firmly in Hitler, and had the attempt succeeded they would have been convinced that the conspirators had eliminated the only man still capable of bringing the war to a tolerable end. And the onus would have been on the officer corps, the generals, and the general staff, during the war and afterwards. The hatred and contempt of our people would have turned against the soldiers. I have seen German soldiers in two wars. The way they fought, faithful unto death, faithful to their oaths despite threatening defeat—that is the way I wish them to remain. Only through such faithfulness, through such sense of sacrifice and quiet heroism can a strong and healthy nation and state be reborn."

There is little Dr. Adenauer can do with that answer, as indeed there is not much he can do with anything Guderian writes these days. But Dr. Adenauer and his military advisers are likewise aware that it is upon their own answer to the question of the bindingness of the oath of loyalty to Hitler that they will finally be judged—by their own people as well as by their prospective allies and equals. For Adenauer the issue takes on an additional complication: what sort of oath of loyalty can the future German soldier of an Atlantic army—who may at any time find himself firing on his kin on the other side of the Elbe—be asked to swear and be expected to keep?

Europäische Sicherheit, in a recent issue, attempts in a lengthy article on "The Spirit of a German Contingent," by Dr. Robert Knauss, to solve the difficulty. The author

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explains to his ex-soldier readers that they must revise their ideas. There can be no question of resurrecting the old molds and spirit of the Weimar Reichswehr or the Third Reich's Wehrmacht. Dr. Knauss says that the Weimar Reichswehr was "a state within the state" and "instinctively rejected parliamentary democracy"; he calls it plain, downright "militarism if the armed forces exercise decisive influence upon policy, if the hand holding the weapon . . . presumes to the right to lead the body of the state." Two basic things must therefore be asked of the future West German soldier. First, he must unconditionally accept the overriding authority of the political leadership as embodied in a civilian defense minister responsible to parliament. The rejoinder, that soldiers and generals followed Hitler's policy so abjectly precisely because they accepted his overriding political authority, is countered with the second demand, that the "new German soldier must be imbued with the firm conviction that, despite all its deficiencies and shortcomings, the democratic state and parliamentary forms of government are, in the last resort, always preferable to a totalitarian leader state."

Such a program, emanating from the Bonn government, appears reasonable enough, and is doubtless similar to what any American or British statesman would answer if asked about a soldier's responsibility. The trouble is in finding anyone in Germany to believe in it. General Guderian, for one, does not.

In addition to his war memoirs, Guderian has published two solid pamphlets dealing with postwar military affairs. In the first, *Kann Westeuropa verteidigt werden?* ("Can Western Europe Be Defended?"), he discusses mainly the defense plans of the Atlantic powers; in the second pamphlet, which bears the emphatic title *So geht es nicht!* ("It Can't Be Done That Way!"), he lists the conditions for a successful defense of the West. These naturally include a number of German claims.

Guderian presents himself, rather loudly, as the spokesman of the German common soldier, whose case, in his view, is being cynically ignored by those who now want to reenlist him. Here, as in the field of technical warfare, he feels that the time has come now for the expert—who will eventually have to cope with the results of all this bungling loose talk anyhow—to speak out and correct the perspective. Guderian asserts that against Russia's 175 fighting divisions, which in case of war can be expanded to 500, the continental Western European powers have a mere 18, and these but on paper, for only eight of them would actually be available on a central front. Only an enormous increase in the strength of the Western occupation troops, plus a very substantial German contribution, can, says Guderian, alter this depressing picture and overcome the "crisis in European defense." Allied preparations so far amount, he thinks, to no more than "road-blocks against an oncoming pursuer," and the French idea of holding a line until the mass of the Allied armies is brought up is plainly laughable, whether that line runs along the Elbe or the Rhine. In other words, nothing can be done without the Germans—but, with them, everything may yet be saved. What, then, should the conditions be on which the German soldier could consider fighting?

The demands Guderian sets forth are political, military, economic, and psychological. None of these, he claims, has so far been met. Public opinion in Germany must cease to play the Allies' game by "slandering" German veterans. "If the Federal Chancellor expects the old soldiers to support his policy of making a German contribution to the defense of Western Europe, he must see to it that there is no more of this infamous defamation." What is more, he must see that the veterans are given proper pensions and not left to rot and ruin—else he will get "not really efficient soldiers but merely a handful of mercenaries and poor unemployed beggars."

So much for the veterans. As for the younger generation, if Dr. Adenauer wants willing volunteers, he must "convince them that they will be defending *their* Germany, *their* mothers and sisters, *their* homes and

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their property, not merely the Rhine or the Pyrenees or some other remnant of an as yet wholly unreal Western Europe." There must be full sovereignty, of course: the Federal Republic must be accepted into the Atlantic community as an equal partner, but there must also be—this is only implied—a German government in which the soldiers can have confidence. Guderian, although he nowhere says so explicitly, leaves little doubt that the present Bonn government does not answer this description.

Guderian has no use for Eisenhower, either. He does not quarrel over military matters, but picks a political bone with him: "General Eisenhower suggests that Germany should receive equality ultimately and when she has proved that she has deserved it. He tries to comfort us with noncommittal prospects for the future. That is no use to us whatever." Then, after massive diatribes against Britain, France, Bonn, everybody and anybody (with the careful exception of the Soviet Union, about which and against which not a word is uttered), he ends up with a plea—to the United States. He appeals to her "to secure for Germany full and unqualified equality in every respect here and now; to make no important decisions affecting Germany without the cooperation and approval of Germany; and to enforce the decisions taken in our favor against the resistance of other powers—because we are convinced that only in this way can Western Europe be saved, if need be, against the wishes of the Western Europeans themselves!"

GUDERIAN'S war memoirs did not disturb the Bonn planners much, but his two pamphlets have actually frightened them. With cautious severity, *Europäische Sicherheit* takes him to task. His technical advice, an editorial suggests, would undoubtedly be valuable were it not offset by his unwarranted "incursions into the political field." That is militarism, it declares, which has nothing to do with soldierly ethics. But whether or not it actually does have something to do with the soldierly ethics of the new German army we shall probably not have to wait too long to find out.

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THE FRUITS OF MODERN JEWISH EDUCATION

Where Techniques Reign and Heritage Suffers Neglect

MIDGE DECTER

IN THE 20's and 30's, the American Jewish community began to take stock of its educational facilities and program. The compelling life of America had taken its toll. The Talmud Torah (the afternoon, three-to-five-days-a-week school in which American Jews tried to teach their children a capsule version of the classic curriculum of the East European *cheder*) stood quiet except for the pre-Bar Mitzvah drone of a few twelve-year-old voices, faltering now and then before the intricacies of Hebrew letters and Bible tropes. The cheder itself, the East European "country schoolhouse" where children from the age of four sat from dawn to dusk studying Bible and Talmud, was of course out of the question for American Jews. And though the Talmud Torah struggled valiantly, it could not withstand the after-school back-alley handball games.

Something had to be done To Save Our Youth from the indifference and rebelliousness which marked their attitude to the after-public-school Jewish education. For, reasoned the educators, it was in the Hebrew school that there would take place American Jewry's last-ditch stand against the onslaught of indifference toward traditional Jewish studies that was destroying, one by one, every institution brought over from Europe, and which made of sons and fathers complete strangers. For the Jewish *group* to remain the *Jewish* group, there had to be some sort of organic continuity and some recognizable tradition. Only a successful educational system could tie together the stray ends of that tradition to salvage that continuity.

No one could have challenged this thesis. The traditional repetitive method of the Jewish classroom clearly could not hold American children. And once the method became problematic, then in some way, gropingly, falteringly, but nevertheless irrevocably, the content of that education was also called into question. Indeed, the very notion of "Jewish content" suffered a transformation. Education was no longer envisaged as a process by which a student learned to know and appreciate a specific body of wisdom sanctioned by centuries of Jewish history. Instead, it became a technique for assuring certain psychological attitudes on the part of the individual child—chiefly an identification with the Jewish group—that would guarantee the survival of a Jewish people.

MORDECAI M. KAPLAN was perhaps not the first to decide that radical changes in the content as well as the method of traditional Jewish education were necessary if the Jewish people were somehow to survive. Certainly, however, he articulated the problem more lucidly and unequivocally than other writers; and, regardless of the opposition that developed to him and to the modernizing tendencies of his Reconstructionist movement, the educational implications of his radically reformist approach are today shared by all the various schools of thought influen-

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IN JEWISH education, as perhaps in all education, it is easy to find out what the educational planners think, and almost impossible to find out what the students think. Somewhere in the middle are the teachers; MIDGE DECTER, who is one of them, finds herself disturbed over the fact that, after being trained in the Jewish tradition to study the Hebrew Bible and the other classic texts that have been the sole curriculum of Jewish education for two thousand years, she is now expected, in the now dominant progressive tradition, to teach children to cut paper dolls and sing songs. Born in St. Paul, Minnesota, Mrs. Decter attended the University of Minnesota and the Teachers' Institute of the Jewish Theological Seminary; she is now in temporary retirement from teaching, raising some students for the Jewish school of the future.

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tial in American Jewish life (excepting, of course, intransigent Orthodoxy).

"In the first place," Kaplan has written in *The Future of the American Jew* (1948), "it is essential to realize that our tradition, as it has come down to us, belongs to a universe of thought that was radically different from our own. *We are bound to fail in our effort to revitalize that tradition, if we yield to the temptation to ignore the wide gap that divides us from the ancients in the general outlook on life.*" (Kaplan's italics.) The teacher who—like Kaplan—can no longer believe in the absolute divinity of the Bible but who is interested in Jewish survival, must not teach the Bible as absolutely divine: "Where the content of education consists chiefly not of objective facts but of ethical and spiritual values, any mental reservation which prevents forthrightness in teaching is bound to have a corroding effect on the character of the pupil. It undermines his integrity and develops in him a contempt for the subject matter."

Two important and related theses have grown out of this analysis of the radically new situation of the modern Jew. The first is that, because they are not entirely assimilated to the contemporary environment at the same time that they obviously are alienated from much of their tradition, Jews must seek in their education the means for reestablishing an internal equilibrium felt to have been lost. Every tendency in Jewish education (again, excepting right-wing Orthodoxy) agrees that the function of Jewish education is to make children "adjusted" as Jews.

The second thesis has been perhaps the more crucial one for the school. It concerns an evaluation of the worth of the content of traditional Jewish teaching for the modern educator and the modern child. For the modern educator, a large part of the Jewish tradition—toward which he might yet feel a nostalgic loyalty—is considered as having become irrelevant. The bulk of the Hebrew texts, which were the entire curriculum of Jewish education, are God-centered, and involve a sense of covenant and mission which assigns to each Jew, and to the entire people, an essentially religious role. Today it is generally conceded that the modern Jew, being a modern man, has lost his personal and ever watchful God; and in America, covenant and mission, when not rejected, have suffered a sea-change. So the pupil can no longer, as his grandfather is supposed to have done, study the Torah and rabbinic law as a system of literal prescriptions for the good life. Jewish education has suddenly presented itself as contentless—except for the inculcation of "belongingness."

Now it is true that all this is a problem for the educator, as it is for any man. That it is also a problem for the child, however, cannot be so gratuitously assumed. Such an assumption, when it is made, leads to that horror of all pedagogic horrors—the answering of the unasked question.

Though in the East European cheder the *conchik* (a sort of cat-o'-nine tails) was liberally applied to those who had the temerity to question the literal truth of any text passage, the child—and the teacher, too, for that matter—did not necessarily "believe" in the six-day creation of the world, revelation to Moses at Sinai, etc. In fact, what was crucial to the old cheder was that the question of belief simply did not arise. The child *learned*. And today, as then, the child in a classroom situation neither doubts nor accepts on any serious level. He *learns*. His mind, untroubled, and therefore undulled, by Kaplan's preoccupation with Reason, takes it all in with aesthetic immediacy. The child might possibly be able to sense a lack of conviction on the part of the teacher who would attempt to teach the literal *truth* of the text. (It is hard to believe that he will be less sensitive to the strained disingenuousness involved in the efforts to "interpret" traditional materials so that they infallibly anticipate and echo the selfsame modern platitudes with which he is already familiar.) But, on the other hand, why cannot the educators accept the notion that the child senses and responds to a teacher's genuine conviction of the profound *value* of the text, as reflecting wisdom and goodness and beauty, regardless of literal truth?

I remember a teachers' training class in

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"observation and teaching techniques" in which the teacher posed the following question: When telling the story of Abraham's sacrifice of Isaac, should one, in conclusion, admit that the whole story is a "fairy tale"? The class discussed this for a while, and came to the conclusion that one should say: "It is a legend," and should then define the characteristics of legend. But who, I was impelled to comment, asked you?

The problem is really a simple one. Either the material has enough value to stand on its own—and the value here need not be defined or rationalized, but only accepted on some level—or it should not be taught. The writer of this article, at least, felt no sense of loss about most of her childhood literature when she grasped, much later in life, the concepts of drama and allegory. There was no sense of having been the victim of a hoax. That which, for whatever reason, was acceptable to her imaginative sense of fitness and reality has remained.

WHATEVER pedagogic formulations have been arrived at by ambitious Jewish educators—Orthodox (God created the world, children; so it is here written), non-Orthodox (It all depends on what you mean by "God"), secular (Sit down, kiddies, I am going to tell you some stories about real heroes, Jewish heroes . . .)—whatever schools and individual teachers have decided their attitudes to be with respect to the countless questions raised by this most difficult task, the rearing of "real" Jews, the development of practice within the schoolroom is following everywhere the same modernizing tendency.

The new Hebrew school has gone "progressive," and, as a concomitant of this, a new streamlined version of a heretofore sadly neglected figure has emerged on the horizon of Jewish life—and demands attention. It is the new Hebrew teacher. In assessing the successes and failures in the recent trends of American Jewish education, two crucial facts must be kept in mind:

1) The New Hebrew Teacher is a woman.

2) Each New Hebrew Teacher is perforce a philosopher of Jewish education.

The significance of this total break with Jewish tradition, this *reductio ad absurdum* of the Americanization and feminization of Jewish community life, namely, the emergence of the woman as transmitter of the Law, has been too little noted. Quite apart from the complex reorganization and reassignment of social roles to which it testifies, this new fact of life is having an enormous influence on the direction of Jewish pedagogy.

Why it is that women are taking over the reins in Jewish education is much too complex a problem to be dealt with adequately in these pages. But the years I spent in one of the foremost academies for the training of Hebrew teachers convinced me that it actually is the case. Female students far outnumbered the male, and most of the men present, when asked about their future plans, replied that they were taking this training to prepare themselves for other work requiring a Jewish background—Hillel, Jewish group work, etc. The same situation seems to obtain in the three or four other major teachers' training schools.

This new maternalization of Jewish education has resulted in an education "down" rather than "across," in which the Hebrew teacher proudly announces that she teaches children, not subjects. Since children are assumed to be special beings—not merely fledgling members of the human species at the beginning of a long process of growth and decay—something special is involved in teaching them. This attitude is shared by all exponents of progressive education, and has led, in all fairness, to some genuinely admirable gains: for instance, the abolition of traditional maltreatment of young bodies in the schoolroom by forcing them to sit stiffly in little seats, preventing them from moving freely, obligating them to seek permission to leave the room when necessary, etc. It is an attitude, however, that can become very dangerous, particularly to Jewish education. The average child in today's American progressive schools (private or public), who studies mathematics by playing store, science by looking at waterfalls, and English by promiscuous, unsupervised reading, can, if he has at least

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learned to read English, overcome these shortcomings by and by. But it is a specific peculiarity of Jewish education that *there is no Jewish education without the traditional Jewish texts.* And there is no way of learning these texts aside from studying them.

INSTITUTIONALLY, American Jewish education is wide open. Education committees—even associations for "audio-visual" Jewish education!—are everywhere being established. Within the past few years there has been a slight but ever increasing Westward movement on the part of Eastern-trained teachers. The medium-small and small communities in Ohio, Illinois, Minnesota, and points west, annoyed at being supplied with "material" directed primarily at the unorganized, uncommunized Jews of a New York or Philadelphia, have become very eager to control their own Jewish destinies. And it is in these communities, just as much as in offices on upper Broadway, that "philosophies" of Jewish education are being made. This puts the new Hebrew teacher in a peculiar position. She may at any moment be called upon to be an "educator." She may theorize. She may produce original "text material." She must in any case decide policy: what shall be the attitude of the school toward the synagogue, toward the speaking of English in class, toward God, toward Israel, toward America.

It is presumably easy for her to know and decide, because she "understands children" as only a woman can, and because parents, so long troubled by a sense of guilt for leading the children into an activity whose value they themselves really question, are happy at last to see results. And results she can give them, highly tangible ones. Within six months their houses can be decorated from end to end with clay menorahs, with painted Seder plates, and with red and blue pictures of David killing Goliath. She takes a maternal pleasure in seeing infants making mud pies. And if they are Jewish mud pies, why then she can exclaim with Molière's gentleman: "I've been speaking prose all my life!"

So this is how the Jewish child has been saved for Judaism! In place of the nuance and poetry of *B'reshit* (Genesis) or the satisfaction of mastery of Rashi—who asked a child's questions and gave a child's answers, and who, if properly taught, can be a delight—the child now plays "Simple Shmeryl" (a sort of Hebrew spelling-bee) and colors in the outlines of the paper crowns, plates, and masks which are heaped on the front counters of every Hebrew bookstore.

BY THE time she has finished four or five years of training in a teachers' institute, the new Hebrew teacher has acquired a rather schizoid attitude toward the task before her. She has been given, all things considered, a rather solid education, particularly in the Hebrew Bible, and she has been introduced to the study of the commentaries and codes that stem from it. She has come to feel more and more—partly because of a basis in fact, partly from social tension (rabbis, until very recently, were noted in her circles for choosing untutored wives), partly as a result of her struggle for status in the community, as woman and teacher—a goodly contempt for the rabbi and particularly for his failure in education. She feels, and often proclaims in bull sessions and classes, that she must undo the damage of the "Bar Mitzvah factory."

She has, at the same time, participated in the institute's "educational training" program, where two years of "art" and "music," sometimes dance and dramatics, are required. She has (at her age!) been subjected to the indignity of making paper Purim masks, clay relief maps of Palestine, perhaps even finger-painting on Jewish themes, and playing in a rhythm band. She has learned innumerable little songs from Judith Eisenstein's *Gateway to Jewish Song,* or some such collection. She is, in short, armed to the teeth with technique.

As a freshman, she may have rebelled against the clay-and-play regimen. Her task is to create Jews, her kind of Jews, and is not this foisting of *Kitsch* (if she recognizes that *Kitsch* it is) merely a sop to parents and to the community? But she is told, and she learns herself from supervised student-teaching, that this is nothing less than "method,"

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not only for teaching but for making her school a happy place.

The first time she teaches a class of children to sing: *"Voom, voom, voom Ani devorah U'dvash matok Ani osah"* ("Voom, voom, voom, I am a bee and I make sweet honey"), her doubts melt away. The children respond. ("And in a foreign language, too!" said one of the parents in a Bronx school.) As anyone who understands the enormous rote aptitude of the very young might expect, they sing. They remember. It is, after all, a Jewish song. . . . The teacher begins to appreciate the "method." She forgets her allegiance to and love for the texts she so arduously studied. Her school becomes a round of holiday celebrations, where the classes go from Rosh Hashanah, to Succoth, to Chanukah, to Pesach, according to the project method. Each holiday has a story which must be told, appropriate art work, and an assembly program.

She may yet feel, when she reminisces about her own childhood schooling, that it was not "creative discussion" which brought *her* to the point of an intensive, four-year study. That she finds herself in a blind alley —for those in the generation she teaches will require only a mastery of the eight-tone scale and papier-mâché to carry on after her— may occur to her. But she, of course, is atypical. She has often been told so. The twinge passes. God will provide. . . .

And there is always the Hebrew question. The Hebrew question is of paramount importance to the new Hebrew teacher. Among the Jews of not many generations ago, Hebrew was *lashon kodesh* (the holy tongue). By this it was meant to indicate that much of sacred text was written in Hebrew, and neither the language nor its use was to be taken lightly. In the Enlightenment and post-Enlightenment Zionist periods, Hebrew became *lashon hageulah* (the language of redemption). It became a medium for cultural salvation, and, later, for national redemption. For the new Hebrew teacher, however, Hebrew is *lashon kishuf* (the language of magic). To teach it is a mission, to learn it is a confrontation of destiny. There is no question that *they* learned it, too, the dark-eyed boys with ear-locks, the broken little creatures of the cheder. But it was abortive learning; it was learning for immediate translation into Yiddish (oh, abomination!). They did not study by the "natural method"; nor could they speak it. (They merely knew Torah and Mishnah.)

The little children in the new Hebrew school will know Hebrew. There is some indication that the new techniques of Jewish education are keeping the children for a longer time in the Hebrew school. If this trend continues and grows, we can expect the next generation—if not the whole generation, at least a more satisfactory representation of it —to speak Hebrew with what would now be considered surprising fluency. The teacher may not consider the language an end in itself—after all, the ability to study texts depends on a knowledge of Hebrew—but is there not a dangerous glint of maternal satisfaction in her eye when the child makes his first complete, independent sentence? Will not her maternal view of the child bring her to find Hebrew speech a sufficient accomplishment in itself, as his mother did the crude beginnings of his English speaking? And the pupil, on his part, whose knowledge of anything must be strongly influenced by the framework of its learning, will he not find that eating in Hebrew, playing ball in Hebrew, going to the bathroom in Hebrew—all the best accepted pathways to language according to the "natural" method or the "organic" method or the "functional" method—determine for him the horizon of Hebrew usage?

All the techniques for aiding the child to gain a basic sense of the structure and syntax of the language through conversation, as worked out by such men as Scharfstein, Chomsky, and many of their colleagues in Palestine, might, under different circumstances, facilitate reading. But somehow, for these gentlemen just as much as for the teachers, Hebrew conversation *per se* seems to have become the compensation for a general failure to get beyond it.

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At this point, inevitably, the Hebrew-teacher-turned-educator then tries to find justification for the fact that her students know all the words for vegetables in Hebrew even though they may never read the Bible. Hebrew conversation, she asserts, is to become the great bridge spanning the Atlantic and Mediterranean to the child's little Israeli brother. How this comes about, how the eight- or ten-year-old acquires a feeling of affinity for his contemporary in another, somewhat different culture, and in a place so many miles away, simply by using the same word for peanut butter, has never been set down in detail. There was a time, after all, when Jews felt an overpowering affinity with one another, scattered as they were physically and culturally, merely because they had a common history and destiny. And why is it not just as important that the child come to know his ancestor—the cheder-boy—as he knows his brother, the *sabra*?*

WHAT, then, are we to do?

It is not enough to say that the new Jewish school is one more "reflection" of the condition of the entire community. Such pronouncements are for the most part meaningless and evasive. It would, nevertheless, be just as futile to blueprint an alternative new Jewish school, pure in structure and adornment, with no regard for the soil on which it is to be set.

But one thing Jewish educators must do. They must call a spade a spade. They must be willing to investigate, and face, the implications and consequences of what they have been doing. They must cease pretending that they are the exclusive agents of a Jewish religious and cultural heritage while attaching the label "Jewish" to any tasteless, diluted, patented product. They must present an honest balance sheet to Jewish parents: *We have buried the Jewish classroom: with it, the Jewish school. We have erected in their place the Jewish playroom. And we are prepared to defend ourselves for this before the court of Jewish survival.*

And if they are not prepared to defend themselves for the reduction of all Jews to the level of *amcha* (simple folk), for not merely condoning but actively aiding in the abrogation of the principle of the aristocracy of Jewish learning, and for their self-conscious, intentional destruction of the People of the Book, if they are not—and all public statements and documents attest to the fact that they are not—then it would seem to be time for exploring other paths that pay more than lip service to "Jewish content."

In the consideration of these new paths I might suggest the following: that the author of this article, and many, many more of her generation, educated under far from favorable pedagogic circumstances, managed somehow to come to a point of compromise with Jewish text—at least to the point of adult dissatisfaction with her own ignorance. She was often bored and rebellious, sometimes amused, sometimes awed—but what she learned has remained, quite independent of her attitude at the time of her learning it. That she was "well-adjusted" she will not dare to claim. Whether a child is "well-adjusted" or not as a Jew (whatever that means), depends on a host of factors. But whether or not there should be formal Jewish education ought, one would think, to depend only on one's decision that it is or is not valuable for Jews—adjusted or maladjusted—to be thoroughly familiar with such matters as Bible, Mishnah, Talmud, medieval and East European ghetto literature, etc. That such a decision be made is as essential today as it was for the Jew after Ezra and for the Jew of Lodz or Vilna. Upon it depends whether the Jewish child is really to possess his Jewish heritage and whether the Jews are to continue, in fact as well as in mere name, to be Jews.

*There have been, and are, schools more or less successful in the teaching of the traditional texts while at the same time "creating a milieu." They are, for the most part, all-day or parochial schools. The Yeshiva of Flatbush and Ramaz Academy, in New York, for instance, are Orthodox schools which have produced generally well-trained pupils. There may be a few others. But their future is a doubtful one. Their sources of students are rapidly drying up. And, whether the opposition be in principle or merely in practice, the all-day school can have appeal for only a limited group.

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HUNGARY'S JEWRY FACES LIQUIDATION

Again the Concentration Camps

BÉLA FABIAN

"STALIN will succeed where Hitler failed: he will finally wipe out the Jews of Central and Eastern Europe," came the warnings from my friends behind the Iron Curtain in 1949. "If the West does not intervene in time, the Communists will deport the remaining Jews of Eastern Europe to the slave camps of Asia."

To the best of my powers I tried to communicate this message to American Jews. But just as in 1942, when reports smuggled out of Auschwitz and Warsaw fell on uncomprehending ears in the West, these new reports were received with disbelief. They were too fantastic. Today, there can hardly be any question that they were sober truth. The Jewish community of Budapest, which had in large part survived Nazi occupation, thanks to forceful intervention by the King of Sweden and President Roosevelt at a time when Hungarian Jewry was being shipped off en masse to Auschwitz, will soon cease to exist: the community leaders, political leaders of Jewish origin, lawyers, doctors, writers, and intellectuals, former businessmen, manufacturers, and shopkeepers, even many workers and Communists—thousands have been shipped off eastward, to camps in northeast Hungary, or beyond to the Soviet Union. Only the pressure of world opinion and Western government action stands between them and complete liquidation—and the hour is very late. However incredible the story, the facts are indisputable, and we can no longer turn our eyes away from them.

IN OCTOBER 1948 the first rumors of new dangers threatening the Jews of Hungary began to circulate in Budapest. At that time, there were about 150,000 Jews in Hungary, two-thirds of them in Budapest. They had suffered terribly in common with all other middle-class elements; but perhaps even more terribly because they included many aged people who found it difficult or impossible to seek new occupations. The new rumors spoke of instructions from Moscow calling for the removal of Jews from government offices and the dissolution of Jewish organizations; and they called for a further onslaught on the economic position of Jews, and their elimination from economic life.

The leaders of Hungarian Jewry, who then still had excellent connections with circles close to the government, tried in vain to get definite information; but what they heard led more and more of them to join the stream of illegal immigrants who at the time found it possible to slip out of the country without too great difficulty.

There seemed no doubt, these informed Jews believed, that a new wave of restrictions and attacks on Jews was to begin, though there was no apparent motivation for it. All that could be said was that it seemed to be an extension of the anti-Semitic policies which became evident in the Soviet Union in 1948, and whose main impulse seemed to be fear of the "international" and "cosmo-

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ALARMING reports have been coming out of Hungary in recent months about large-scale deportations of "undesirables"—about 50 per cent of whom turn out to be Jewish—to the slave labor camps of the Soviet Union. BÉLA FABIAN, former president of the Hungarian Independent Democratic party and for seventeen years a member of the Hungarian parliament, here summarizes and analyzes the reports, both published and unpublished, which add up to a picture of mass terror hardly surpassed by the record of the Nazis themselves, and in many respects frighteningly similar to their program of liquidation on racial lines. An earlier article by Dr. Fabian, "Hungary's and Rumania's Nazis-in-Red" (May 1951), revealed the important role played by "reconstructed" Nazis in Eastern Europe's newest "new order."

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politan" orientation of Russian Jews, even after twenty-five years of isolation from world Jewry. When Golda Meyerson arrived in Moscow in the summer of 1948 as Israel's envoy, a large number of Moscow Jews had demonstrated before her hotel. Spontaneous public demonstrations are unheard of in Russia, and it is known that this one aroused the concern of the authorities. Shortly afterwards, the first violent attacks on "Jewish chauvinism" followed; the Politburo had apparently become doubtful of the single-minded devotion of Russia's Jews to the regime.

While events and policy changes in Russia, let alone the motivations of its rulers, remain shrouded in darkness, the same cannot be true of countries like Hungary. With such a large postwar emigration of Jews, including many communal leaders, from the country, it was impossible for any major development affecting the Jewish community to be completely hidden from the outer world for long.

At first the Jews of Hungary were in some confusion as to whether to ascribe the misfortunes of 1948 to an intensification of the existing official policy of "liquidating the bourgeoisie" or to a new official anti-Semitism. In any case, the confiscation of privately owned business, which had begun with large-scale enterprise, now reached the level of small wholesale business, and as an inincreasing number of Jews were made destitute, the atmosphere of violent attacks on "Zionism" intensified. After many deliberations, the Budapest Jewish community decided to request an audience with the Premier, Matyas Rákosi. Rákosi received the delegation February 7, 1949.

"We are here to discuss the following vital problems," a member of the delegation said: "The rapid decline of city Jews to beggary; the growing hostility of the Hungarian Communist party to the Jews, whether or not they are party members; the government's new policy toward Zionism and against the emigration of Jews to Israel."

Enraged, Rákosi accused the Jews of disloyalty, and threatened that their condition would grow worse, not better: "The government will shortly dissolve by a stroke of the pen all Zionist recruiting offices, schools, organizations, denominational and nationalist underground movements. We shall tolerate no longer the Zionist machinations in Hungary. Minister of the Interior Kádár will remove the illness of the Hungarian Jews by an operation." A similar justification of the increased misery to be visited on the Jews was formulated in an address of the Councillor of the Ministry of Welfare, Réthi, to a meeting of the Jewish community of Budapest. "No wonder the regime distrusts the Jews," he declared, after attacking the ingratitude of Jews who wished to emigrate. "Until the Nazis invaded Hungary in 1944, Hungarian Jews were well treated, and up to the Nazi invasion Hungary gave refuge to the persecuted Jews of Hitler's satellite countries. . . . You cannot divide your loyalty between Hungary and Israel."

THE attack on the Jews became more clearly political, and its anti-Jewish nature more apparent. By the end of 1949, 1,721 retail stores had been nationalized (confiscated), 1,504 of which belonged to Jews. Of 491 buildings confiscated, 383 belonged to Jews. In 1948 and 1949, 648 lawyers were listed in the official gazette as disbarred on political grounds: 439 were Jews. Hundreds of Jewish businessmen and intellectuals who had lost their sources of livelihood were arrested for "vagrancy" and sent to the concentration camp of Kistarcsa. Almost all the Jewish employees of the Ministries of Industry and Reconstruction, which were headed, respectively, by Istvan Kossa and Josef Darvas, both of whom have anti-Semitic records, were fired. Between May and December 1949, 310 Communist party section leaders and other functionaries were ousted in various purges: of them 209 were Jews and 47 converted Jews. However, some measure of illegal emigration of East European Jews to Israel through Bratislava, Czechoslovakia, continued. During a period of some months beginning November 1948, the Hungarian government took no notice of

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the transports. Then at the end of July 1949, the Hungarian secret police demanded that the Czechoslovak authorities return a group of escaping Jews. The Czechoslovak authorities complied; and violent fighting occurred between the emigrants and the frontier guards.

Finally, the illegal emigration was stopped completely in October 1949. At the same time, discussions on emigration which were being held between the Israeli minister and the Hungarian government resulted in an agreement with the Israeli representative that 3,000 Jews in certain special categories would be allowed to emigrate legally. However, even those who left under this limited agreement met many obstacles, and were required to pay large sums.

After the Rákosi conference all Zionist bodies had been dissolved. Now, at the beginning of 1950, the remaining Jewish organizations of Hungary of no matter what description and character were *gleichgeschaltet* into a single Jewish organization under the community's leader, Lajos Stockler—presumably under the totalitarian principle that it is easier to watch, or lop off, one head than many.

The Jewish community, bound, destitute, and cut off from emigration, now awaited the last stage in the tragedy. It was not long in coming.

On November 5, 1950, visitors to the Kistarcsa camp, most of whose inmates were Jews, received a shocking surprise. The prisoners of this camp had been allowed to receive a visitor once a month, who was permitted to bring a 10-pound package. The relatives of 800 prisoners had received visiting permits for November 5. No less than 650 of the visitors were unable to find any trace of their relatives! The guards declared that they knew nothing and withheld all information. The relatives of the missing began to make inquiries at prisons and internment camps, and a few of the internees were found in the jail of Vác. The rest had simply disappeared.

At the same time, rumors circulated throughout the country that the major part of the internees at the camp of Vésztö had also disappeared. It soon became known that the missing persons had been taken toward the East, in sealed cattle cars. These cars were traced as far as Rahó, in the Carpathian Ukraine. It was obvious that they were traveling toward Soviet Russia.

Up to this point, many Hungarians, Jews and non-Jews, had been deported to Soviet Russia, but these were political prisoners, opponents of the regime. Now, for the first time, deportation threatened those unfortunates who had committed the non-political "crime" of "vagrancy," of having lost their means of livelihood. It was reported that all those who had received prison sentences of more than two years, or were confined in internment camps for an indefinite period, were to be deported to Russia.

Soon, those who had so far escaped internment camps were threatened.

In May 1951 a wave of evictions and expulsions began in Budapest. On twenty-four hours notice, or less, anyone was liable to eviction. In a single month, nine to ten thousand Jews (together with about as many non-Jews) were removed from their homes and sent to small villages in Eastern Hungary. Panic seized Budapest Jews, as reflected by the flood of desperate letters received by Americans of Hungarian origin—over real, as well as assumed, names and addresses For since people were now being punished for what they were—intellectuals, former businessmen and professionals, "international" Jews (without evidence of disloyalty or "international connections")—it hardly mattered what they did.

The deportations began with former dignitaries—ex-ministers, deputies, retired generals, aristocrats—but soon spread to all middle-class elements, and were carried out with complete brutality. Not individuals, but complete families were removed; and young children were taken from the deportees to be placed in institutions.* A large

*More specific information has since become available on the treatment of deportees' children in a letter to the New York *Times*, September 19,

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proportion of the unfortunates were aged: yet all were required to do hard agricultural labor in the villages of Eastern Hungary to which they were sent, and to attend "educational meetings" after their day's work.

"Since the evictions began on May 16," one letter records, "the entire country is obsessed by panicky fear and despair. Nobody knows when his turn will come. Since May 16 over 2,000 persons have taken their own lives in Budapest." Another letter reports that poison can no longer be bought, even on the black market. Dated May 28, it reads: "I am unable to obtain poison and lack the courage to throw myself into the Danube. I envy the people who have sufficient strength of mind to jump from the top floor of a building or into the river. Poison is unobtainable; even the simplest drugs such as cold tablets or headache powder are not available. Those who succeed in taking their lives may be considered lucky. They at least escape the agony of death inevitable in deportation."

Hungarian Jews did not doubt their ultimate destination was Soviet Russia: "The persons evicted from Budapest are crowded into cattle cars at the suburban stations. Many police agents handle them roughly, as they did in Nazi days; others, themselves disgusted, show more compassion and often have tears in their eyes. For the time being the evicted persons are concentrated in camps and villages. Many camps are already full. But everyone knows these are only temporary arrangements. There are many signs pointing to deportation. So for instance, when the child of an evicted family which had to leave before the end of the school term asked the headmaster of his school for a certificate he received the curt reply: 'What for? You won't need it.' Other signs are that most of the camps are situated in the eastern part of Hungary. Furthermore, persons entirely unfit for work are also placed in such camps. The Jewish Home for the Aged and other charitable institutions have not been spared and their occupants have also been evicted. Before the Nazis began to deport their victims to the extermination camps of Poland and Germany, they, too, concentrated them first in camps inside their own country. It is to be feared that eviction is only a prelude to deportation, or that these camps are nothing but gas chambers operating at a slower speed."

WE HAVE even received messages from the villages to which the evictees have been sent: "Judging from the present conditions, we guess that we shall only stay a short time in this place and then we will be taken farther East, in silence, without any publicity. It is remarkable that there is a great number of Jews among us, from all professions and occupations; the great majority of Jews are 'class aliens.' There is also a Communist party member here who was active up to his seizure; he was taken away from his office. There is also a former state employee who has been a factory worker for five years."

"For the time being we live in a windowless shack which served formerly as a pantry, with a concrete floor. We hardly receive anything to eat, and are virtually starving. How this will end we do not know."

"While the weather remains good I can manage somehow, but I cannot imagine winter in this place. I still have hope, and hope withheld me from committing suicide.

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by Geza B. Grosschmid: "Not only are . . . boys and girls under eighteen separated from their . . . families for the purpose of re-education and for possible use . . . in time of war. It has been revealed in numerous letters smuggled out of Hungary that deported children under six are also taken from their families.

"The children are placed in so-called 'Rakosi Children's Homes' because, in the authorities' opinion, they cannot be properly cared for by their deported parents. The real purpose, however, is to . . . make them forget their origin and to train them to become fanatic Communists. There are also indications of name changes and of destruction of documents in order to cut every possible link between parent and child.

"This procedure is not a Russian invention. The Janizaries consisted at first of Christian youths who were taken to Turkey every year from their parents. . . .

"The same idea was adopted successfully by the Nazis. . . ."

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But I do not know how long I can still feel hope."

"Eviction struck us so suddenly; we hardly had eight hours for packing our belongings. We traveled twenty-three hours in crowded cattle cars and during this whole time we were forbidden to leave the car. You can imagine the condition in which we arrived. Now they have crowded six families into this small peasant's cottage. There is only one cooking stove and no fuel. Milk is unavailable, prices are high, and we are living upon our last resources. On the same train on which we were evicted, over 600 persons were evicted from the capital. Most of them were old and there were many invalids among them."

What was the meaning of these developments? Were the deportees needed for the slave labor camps of Russia? Perhaps. But then why were so large a proportion of the deportees aged persons useless for labor? Were they being deported, as the Communist press in Hungary asserted, and as apologists in this country explained, to make room in the overcrowded capital for more "desirable" social elements? This too must have played a role. But unquestionably, one of the main reasons for the deportations was the desire to remove from Hungary, close to the border of the free world, any persons who might have any sympathy for, any connections, however tenuous, with the world beyond the Iron Curtain.

Indeed, as a worldwide clamor arose over the deportations, and the official Hungarian Communist press finally was forced in some way to acknowledge the reign of terror in Budapest, this was the explanation that could be read between the lines: *Szabad Nep* reported on July 14, 1950: "Fascists, Nazis, and previously convicted bandits have been removed from frontier territory where they had been supporting Titoist provocation and had been the allies of Titoist spies."

International protests called a halt after two months, but only temporarily. On July 15 the International Congress of Free Trade Unions, meeting in Milan, demanded UN intervention. On July 27 President Truman announced that the United States government would "render the Hungarian government accountable before the world for its crimes." On August 1 Secretary Acheson asserted the American government was keeping full records of all those participating in the deportations. Meanwhile, the issue had been raised in the British Parliament and in the Economic and Social Council of the UN. However, on August 22, the deportations were resumed, and they continue today.

THE parallel to the policy of Nazi extermination is almost complete: the only difference is the denial that "Jews as Jews" are being mistreated, and the fact that, at the end of the line, instead of the extermination camps of Auschwitz and Treblinka, there are the slave labor camps of Karaganda and Kolyma and the cotton fields of Tashkent and Alma-Ata.

Indeed, the parallel may well be even closer. Minister Istvan Kossa, charged with the handling of ecclesiastical matters since the beginning of May 1951, is a convinced anti-Semite. Lieutenant General Laszlo Piros, charged with the supervision of deportation and of frontier control, was one of the infamous participants in the Miskolc pogrom, in 1946. For this he received a severe prison sentence in 1946. Today he is handling the technical end of deportation.

Many reports of the despairing resistance of Budapest's Jews have been received. Many Jews walked silently into the streets with the yellow stars of the Nazi occupation sewed on their clothes, in protest—the wearers were immediately seized and deported. A delegation of Budapest Jewish leaders, under Menyhért Spiegel, head of the Orthodox Jews, tried to see Rákosi, to request that survivors of the Nazi deportations be spared this new ordeal. They finally saw Ernst Gerö, the second most powerful Communist minister. Not only was their request denied—Spiegel himself, and his delegation, were deported.

With grim humor, the Communist government forced the leaders and rabbis of the community to announce to the outer world

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on July 16 that no Jews were being deported "as Jews." The world did not know that 120 community leaders had been arrested on July 1 and only released after they had signed the declaration. But a gruesome footnote was soon added to it: Doctors Geza and Josef Szücs, fifty-six-year-old twin brothers who were nephews of Lajos Stockler, the leader of the Hungarian Jewish community, and who were themselves active Jewish leaders (Geza was head of Joint Distribution Committee activities, Josef was general secretary of the Jewish community organization), jumped to their death in Budapest: at the same time their aged aunt committed suicide by taking poison. Notes they had left behind were seized by the police: but we know from European sources that before their death letters from them were widely circulated in the Jewish community that made it clear they were dying, as Zigelbojm had died in London during the Warsaw uprising, to arouse the conscience of Western Jewry and the concern of the Western world. The Jewish community of Budapest planned a large public funeral for the Szücs brothers; at the last moment, the ceremony was banned by the government, and they were buried in silence. Unfortunately, heroism in totalitarian countries is muted—we do not have the messages they left, all we have is the brute fact of their suicide to serve as message.

PERHAPS 70,000 persons have already been deported, and put to forced labor under conditions which can only mean death for many of them. How many of these are Jews we do not know—perhaps half. Meanwhile, there is no sign the deportations are at an end.

Hungary—not to speak of the Jewish community—will scarcely recover from the loss of so many distinguished political and intellectual leaders. But we have already seen that repeated protest, in the gravest and most serious terms, even from the despised Western world, has consequences in Hungary—and in other countries behind the Iron Curtain. The speed with which Communist leaders in the captive countries hasten to answer these protests testifies to their recognition of their influence; and more than once in the past they have modified their actions for fear of a similar ultimate retribution to that visited upon the Nazi criminals. We have seen how this operated in their temporary suspension of deportations after the Acheson statement in July. It must never be forgotten that the Communist puppet leaders feel themselves far more insecure in the seats of power than the Nazis did.

Some Jewish organizations have been cautious in their protest because they feel that the hundreds of thousands of Jews behind the Iron Curtain are hostages for their "good behavior." But this is thoroughly to misunderstand the situation. The Jews behind the Iron Curtain, who are surely in the best position to weigh consequences, have pleaded in no equivocal terms that their fate be broadcast to the world and protested in every possible way. This was the message the Szücs brothers hoped to send out.

Not only should general protests against Communist inhumanity be intensified; they should be backed by specific demands. First of all, the Hungarian government should be asked to allow the aged, who are obviously useless for agricultural labor, to leave the country. The Netherlands has already indicated its willingness to accept Hungarian refugees; the Israeli minister in Budapest long ago asserted that Israel would take any Jews the Hungarian government would release. If the Western world acts promptly and energetically, it may yet save many whose origins alone now doom them in Communist Hungary. If it does not, soon even the remnants that survived the Nazis, and continued the history of once great Jewish communities, will cease to exist.

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WHAT HAPPENED TO AMERICAN SOCIALISM?

Appraising the Half-Century's Record

WILL HERBERG

THIS year's fiftieth anniversary of the Socialist Party of America will hardly be celebrated with high heart by the members of either the party or its "right-wing" offshoot, the Social Democratic Federation, not to speak of the thousands of unaffiliated who still think of themselves as somehow connected with the "movement." For it is simply a fact that half a century after its founding in Indianapolis, in July 1901, the Socialist party as a political entity is virtually nonexistent. A bare skeleton of an organization remains: a few "old-timers" and younger militants continue to work for the cause; statements from official Socialist quarters appear occasionally in the press; token candidates for office are sometimes put up—but aside from such anomalies as Bridgeport, Connecticut, and Reading, Pennsylvania, where Socialists actually get elected to office, there is little sign of life in a movement that a generation ago seemed destined to become an important and permanent part of the political scene, like its counterparts in Europe.

What has happened to bring American Socialism to this sad pass? Is reaction so rampant, has the nation swung so far to the right, that there is no longer any room for a vital Socialist challenge in this country? There are radicals in Europe, and some even in America, who are fond of picturing the American situation in terms of this familiar stereotype. Yet American reality so obviously belies them as to make nonsense of such simplifications. For at the very time that Socialism was disappearing from the American scene as an organized political force, the Socialist program was being translated into law and social practice to an extent far beyond the expectations of its early protagonists. Here, if a failure, is surely a successful failure; and the end of the movement's achievements is not yet. Paradoxically, as the Socialist party lies dying, its "idea" goes marching on.

How was it that the Socialist idea became dissociated from the organized Socialist movement to continue as a vital, though much transformed, force in American life? Why is it that Norman Thomas enjoys such wide respect as a spokesman of social liberalism and yet can get no more than a handful of votes when he runs for the presidency? What happened with Socialism in America that its fate should have turned out so very different from that of Socialism in democratic Europe?

FROM its very inception, American Socialism, as embodied in the Socialist party, was a strikingly different movement from its Continental prototype. To put it quite bluntly: American Socialism never was really a

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ONE of the striking differences between the American and European political scenes is the absence in this country of any significant socialist party or party of labor. Yet this was not always so; in 1912 the Socialist party polled nearly a million votes out of a total of fifteen million, and many perceptive political observers were ready to predict its rapid rise to major influence and power. By now, Socialism is no longer a factor of any consequence; how and why did this happen? WILL HERBERG is director of educational and research activities for the dressmakers' organization of the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union. He is author of "The Political Theory of American Socialism," in the forthcoming two-volume work *Socialism and American Life*. During the past five or six years, his writings on religion have won him wide recognition in that field; his book *Judaism and Modern Man: An Interpretation of Jewish Religion* has just been published by Farrar, Straus and Young. Mr. Herberg has been a frequent contributor to COMMENTARY, most recently with an article in our December 1950 issue on the German Jewish thinker Franz Rosenzweig.

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workers' movement. At its best it was a reflection of the older middle-class radicalism that runs through so much of American politics. Other strains and tendencies merged into it from time to time, but in its days of greatest vitality and promise American Socialism was essentially Populism gone Marxist. And we should remind ourselves that Populism largely reflected the grievances of farmers and small business against the rising dominance of big business and finance: there was in it an evangelical, apocalyptic strain somewhat akin to the revolutionary appeal of Marxism. In any case, it is significant that in 1912, when the membership and vote of the Socialist party were at an all-time high, "the highest number in proportion to population"—Professor William B. Hesseltine points out—"were found in the Western states. . . . Rural Utah had relatively more Socialists than industrial Pennsylvania; Kansas, more than Ohio; Texas and Florida, more than New York. In Oklahoma, there were five non-Socialists to every Socialist; in New York, the figures were twenty-two to one."

There were indeed groups of workers who showed some affinity for the Socialist party. In New York and other large Eastern cities, the party included numbers of foreign-born workers, particularly Jewish, who were good trade unionists and Socialists of the more familiar Continental kind. Morris Hillquit, the longtime party leader, was representative of this element. Then there were the half-proletarianized laborers of the West—lumberjacks, agricultural workers, metal miners, casual and migratory laborers—less than a generation away from the frontier. These men were insurgents, violent, deeply resentful of the discipline of modern industrialism; primitive anarcho-syndicalism just about suited their temperament and ideas. They formed the bulk of the IWW and also a large part of the strength of the "left wing" in the Socialist party. "Big Bill" Haywood, who ended up as a Communist, was their natural spokesman, and Debs himself was in many ways associated with them.

These two worker groups—the immigrant trade unionists and the indigenous semi-proletarians of the West—pulled in opposite directions, but on the whole it was the latter, reinforced by the dominant middle-class Populists-gone-Marxist, who set the tone and defined the attitude of the party. And that attitude was not such as to make an appeal to organized labor particularly promising. Debs was throughout his career hostile to the AFL: indeed, he took a leading part in the founding of the IWW as a "revolutionary" dual-union center. The best efforts of the Socialist trade unionists met with little more than local success; no real rapprochement between the Socialist party and organized labor ever took place in this country.

THIS leads us to a basic cause of the Socialist party's failure to attract the American worker. In Europe, especially on the Continent, modern Socialism made its first big impact upon the workers by its vigorous championship of democratic rights as well as economic reform. When Socialism first appeared on the scene in Europe, the workers were almost everywhere disfranchised, without political or civic rights. In Italy, universal manhood suffrage did not come until 1912; in Holland, not until 1917. In Germany, on the eve of the First World War, the three-class system of voting still prevailed in Prussia. Even in Britain, widespread suffrage was not granted until the last quarter of the 19th century. Under such circumstances, Socialism could convincingly come forward as the banner-bearer of democracy, the spokesman of the disfranchised masses, and the masses accepted it as such. The bond thus established served European Socialism in good stead; thereafter nothing could draw the most active sections of the working class away from the movement. In time, Continental Socialism reached out far beyond the working class, but the working class always remained its sure base. This hegemony, which Continental Socialism very early established over the working class, it owed to the *backwardness* of European conditions which enabled it to act, virtually

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unchallenged, as the champion of the working people in their striving for a legitimate place in modern society.

Very different were the conditions which Socialism had to face in this country. Here, the democratic reforms Continental Socialism advocated had long been part of the established order, for the white population at least. However unsatisfactory their conditions, the American workers were not, and did not consider themselves to be, a disfranchised, unprivileged class. They had the ballot; they had their political rights; they had their recognized, legitimate place as "free and equal" American citizens. And even the immigrant industrial workers in the process of their "Americanization" very soon fell into the same pattern.

Socialism, as Professor Selig Perlman has shown, never understood American labor, never understood the actual American trade unionist. It saw everything through European eyes and judged everything by European standards. It therefore looked down upon the American workers as "backward" and "immature" because they refused to follow the Continental pattern and insisted on building their movement in their own way, according to their own lights. The Socialist was always waiting for the American workers to "develop," to "come of age"; but when, after 1935, it seemed as if they had at last really done so, and labor consciousness and militancy rose to flood tide, the Socialist party engineers were unable to harness this new dynamic to their political machine.

THE sum of it seems to be that the American Socialist was assiduous in learning everything about America except the one crucial fact, that America was not Europe. America was never a replica of Europe; and despite superficial and conjunctural appearances, American "capitalism" and Europe's have become less and less alike in the past half century. The chief distinguishing features relevant to our analysis, over and above such well-known elements as the historical role played by the frontier, class mobility, and immigration, are: (1) the immense resources of American capitalism, and (2) the great elasticity of the American political system.

Operating on a vast continent with unrivaled natural assets at its command, American capitalism has shown a capacity for satisfying the needs of the people and for reforming itself that would have amazed its eulogists of two generations ago almost as much as its detractors. An economy that can effect an increase in individual real income of 350 per cent in the course of a century (1850-1949), with a simultaneous decrease of 45 per cent in the length of the work week—so that the average worker, who earned $14 (in terms of a dollar of constant purchasing power) for a 66-hour week in 1850, now earns about $62 for 36 hours—is hardly the kind of capitalist economy envisaged in Socialist theory. But it is emphatically the kind of economy in which "Gompersism," with its policy of "More, more, here and now," makes sense. This policy, incidentally, sounds more "materialistic" than it is, for along with higher wages and shorter hours, and a widening measure of "industrial democracy" through collective bargaining and other labor-management arrangements, it has achieved better education, more leisure, and broadening cultural opportunities for the masses of workers.

Even more significant, perhaps, has been the capacity of the American economy to remain essentially capitalist and yet transform itself politically and institutionally almost beyond recognition. Under the pressure of forces and tendencies generated from within, the American economy, while retaining and even reasserting the time-honored slogan of "free enterprise," has accepted a degree of public control, trade union participation, and social responsibility that must amaze any impartial observer. The process of transformation was spectacular under the New Deal, but it began before and has continued since. European labor men, coming here as part of ECA teams, have noted it with wonder and appreciation, and even a number of European Socialists have found themselves forced to compare it favorably with what often passes for socialism in their lands. How-

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ever it may be evaluated, the reality of the change simply cannot be denied.

In relation to American Socialism, the significance of this change is double. In the first place, the actual development of capitalism in this country has sensationally belied the Marxist prognosis. In almost every respect, especially in matters affecting the life of the workers, the outcome has been utterly different from the Socialist expectation and warning. Practically all the evils that the Socialists said were inherent in capitalism and therefore could not be eliminated without a Socialist reconstruction of society—such things as low wages, long hours, economic insecurity, child labor, denial of educational opportunities—have, in fact, been eliminated or much mitigated by capitalism itself. Indeed, and this is the second point to be noted, virtually the entire traditional "minimum" program of the Socialist party—that is, virtually the entire program aside from the "ultimate" demand for the "social ownership and operation of the means of production"—has now become a reality. This "minimum" program, it will be recalled, included such demands as an 8-hour day, a minimum wage, unemployment and sickness insurance, old-age pensions, workmen's compensation, the abolition of child labor, and graduated, direct taxation.

To be sure, the "ultimate" demand—nationalization of the means of production for which these other measures were to prepare the way—is still unrealized. But this "ultimate" demand is no longer put forward with much assurance, even in Socialist circles. The experience of Soviet Russia, and in part too of Nazi Germany, has forever shattered the dangerous illusion that the "abolition" of capitalism and its replacement by economic collectivism automatically leads to the salvation of society. "I have come to recognize," Norman Thomas confesses, "that of itself, [social ownership] does not mechanically answer our economic problems, and that democratic controls will not come automatically but must be thought out." The totalitarian potential in collectivism has not escaped even the most devout Socialist. In democratic Socialist circles in this country, the very concept of Socialism has been undergoing far-reaching revision, which has brought it quite close to the notion of "mixed economy," or the "middle way," held by non-Socialists. Some Socialists might not concede this, but Norman Thomas himself recognizes that the lines are no longer clearly drawn. "The contrast between the existing capitalist hell and any probable Socialist heaven," he admits, "is less absolute than it seemed in Gene Debs' day."

If the development of American capitalism has belied Socialist prophecy, the reality of the American party system has simply made mincemeat of Socialist politics. To the typical American Socialist, as to his European comrades, the two-party system was essentially a device for perpetuating capitalist rule. The "old" parties were merely "twin agencies of Wall Street," with neither of which class-conscious labor could decently have any dealings. The AFL "non-partisan" policy was denounced as a fatal error since nothing but "betrayal" could be expected from "capitalist" parties. Conscientious Socialists, under the influence of European stereotypes, refused to give heed to realistic thinkers who pointed out how the American party system actually worked and in what ways it differed from European political structures.

But organized labor understood this well enough, in experience if not in theory. Its instinct proved correct: time demonstrated that the two parties were not solid phalanxes under the command of Wall Street but were in fact loose coalitions of regional, economic, and other special-interest blocs, held together by political patronage machines. The widest variety of interests were always represented and wielded influence in each, and by skillfully utilizing its voting strength, labor could make it worthwhile for the party bosses to sponsor its legislative demands. In such a set-up, "third" parties could have their use—to bring to the fore issues which the "old" parties were loath to face, and thus force them to take a

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stand—but in the outcome, it was action by the major parties that counted. American labor, it turned out, understood all this: in other words, it understood the quite illogical flexibility and comprehensiveness of the American party system, with its wide opportunities for pressure politics. Labor understood it, but the Socialists did not.

The AFL's "non-partisan" pressure politics, so unlaborlike by Socialist standards, paid off rather modestly in the first part of the century, but with the New Deal it hit the jackpot. Here, too, despite the fear and confusion engendered by the 1929 crisis, despite huge unemployment, labor instinct proved thoroughly sound in its refusal to espouse revolutionary political solutions. Almost overnight, working through the Democratic party, organized labor became a major political force, a vital part of the New Deal political machine. Its legislative demands, and more, were taken over and quickly enacted into law. Reforms which labor had demanded for decades were now a reality—brought into being by a "capitalist" party, upon the demand and under the direction of a professional "old-party" politician. Is it any wonder that this incredible experience—something that according to Socialist theory simply could not have happened—left the party shattered and demoralized?

THE New Deal just about completed the destruction of the Socialist party. Decline, indeed, had begun to set in long before, as far back as the First World War. The high point in 1912 had hardly been reached when hostilities broke out in Europe, and in 1917, the United States entered the conflict. The impact of the war on the Socialist movement was deep and permanent, although it was not immediately obvious. For one thing, the radicalized Populist element, which had been such a source of strength for the party, melted away, its discontent partly allayed by wartime prosperity and its insurgency finding more congenial expression in the Non-Partisan League movement. The anti-war position adopted by the Socialist party at its special convention in April 1917 won the acclaim of middle-class pacifists, but alienated large sections of organized labor.

Then came the Communist crisis. From 1919 to 1921, the party was torn apart by the fiercest internal struggle. Wholesale defections took place, and large sections of the membership, particularly foreign-born groups, went over to the Communists.

Barely a decade after the great victories and high hopes of 1912, the party found itself disorganized and confused. In 1912, Eugene Victor Debs, running for the presidency, received some 900,000 votes, or about 6 per cent of the total cast. Four years later, Allan Benson received less than 600,000. In 1920, Debs, making his campaign from a federal prison where he was serving a term for his anti-war activities, got 919,000 votes, but by this time the electorate had been doubled through the granting of women's suffrage, so that in fact Debs's percentage was only half of what it had been in 1912. In 1924, the Socialists supported La Follette's third-party candidacy, and in 1928, when Norman Thomas for the first time headed the Socialist ticket, his vote was only 267,000.

The decline in the Socialist vote was disastrous, but even more disastrous was the loss in membership. The high point, here too, was in 1912, when the party boasted 118,000 members in good standing. By 1920 the membership had fallen to 27,000 and by 1926 to 12,000, less than in 1903.

Communism remained a source of bedevilment through the ensuing years. From the middle 1920's on, the Socialists were caught between two millstones. They had to suffer, on the one hand, the attacks of conservatives and the suspicions of the unthinking over their presumed inherent kinship to Communism and, on the other hand, the abuse of "liberals" who were indignant at their skepticism over the "Soviet experiment" and their lukewarmness to the idea of violent revolution. But what took the heart out of Socialism in the 20's and early 30's was the success of Communism in convincing whatever left-thinking people there were

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in America, especially the radical-minded youth, that it was the real inheritor of the militant traditions of "revolutionary" socialism, that it was indeed the only authentic socialism in the new era of "wars and revolutions." The standard "liberal" reading of history tended to make this claim plausible. German and Austrian Social Democracy had "betrayed" the revolution, while British Labor was hopelessly stodgy and bourgeois-minded, wedded to half-measures and ready to abandon even these under the least pressure. Noske and Scheidemann, the "hangmen of the German Revolution"; Ramsay MacDonald and J. H. Thomas, the "betrayers of the British workers": these were the stereotypes that dominated the liberal and radical mind of the 1920's. The American Socialist party, which before the First World War had worshiped at the shrine of German Social Democracy and afterwards looked to Britain for inspiration, was deeply involved in the disrepute into which these "compromising," "class-collaborationist" European movements had fallen.

The "Russian experiment," on the other hand, captivated the liberal and radical imagination. The Russian Bolsheviks were "putting socialism into action," while the Social Democrats and Laborites were "kowtowing to the bourgeoisie." The American Communists made effective use of their emotional stock in trade; they played up the dynamism and "socialist initiative" of Soviet Russia in a thousand variations and confidently proclaimed themselves the men of the future. The Socialist party they either contemptuously brushed aside as a futile and obsolete relic of the past, or denounced as a "counter-revolutionary instrument of imperialist reaction." Communism seized the initiative and, with some lapses, was able to retain it until almost the end of the 40's.

IF THE Socialist party lost its ideological dynamic to the Communists, it was robbed of its program by the New Deal. In 1932, on the eve of the New Deal, the party, though depleted in membership, was in a fairly militant mood. The internal dissension which a few years later was to lead to a split between "right" and "left" wings was already beginning to be felt, but the entire organization united behind the candidacy of Norman Thomas. The country was in the depths of the great depression; unrest and discontent were rife, and everyone felt that this was at last the opportunity for the party to stage a comeback. In that year, Norman Thomas did indeed get 882,000 votes, but out of an electorate of 39,000,000 this amounted to about 2 per cent. The discontent and unrest had gone to elect Franklin Delano Roosevelt president.

At this point, the party was composed of a number of diverse elements with hardly any cohesion—stalwarts in the Socialist unions; fairly significant municipal organizations in Bridgeport, Milwaukee, and Reading; and a heterogeneous collection of middle-class liberals who looked to Norman Thomas for inspiration. The New Deal played havoc with all these groups. The spectacular speed and scope of the New Deal reforms, achieving almost overnight what labor and Socialism, each in its own way, had so long been striving for, effected a profound political reorientation on all sides. The Socialist unions, without even having to make much change in ideology, passed over into the New Deal camp and became an integral part of the "Roosevelt party." Scores of bright young Socialists trooped to Washington to man the new agencies that were springing up as part of the recovery program. Socialist organizations with sufficient strength to amount to something politically found it both expedient and rewarding to tie up with the Democratic forces in their states and localities. And the non-Communist liberals, while of course full of the highest regard for Norman Thomas and his ideals, found a natural place in the New Deal.

It would be wrong to consider these defections as desertions from the cause. They were merely an acknowledgment, under the impact of a tremendous political convulsion, of the great fact that the American party system was not like Europe's, that in America

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it was possible to pursue Socialist goals, or at least such goals as the Socialist party had been advocating for decades, in and through the two-party system. And not merely to pursue them, but to achieve them too. At a great rally in New York, Abraham Cahan, veteran editor of the Socialist *Forward,* openly and enthusiastically hailed Franklin D. Roosevelt as a "Socialist." Despite the scandal this gave to more orthodox souls, Cahan was substantially right. Roosevelt was not a Socialist, of course, but he was doing the things the Socialists had dreamed and talked about doing for decades. Cahan and others could glory in the victory that history had so strangely and unexpectedly brought to the Socialist cause—but it was a victory that only speeded the dissolution of the Socialist party. "By his domestic policies, Roosevelt advanced his country toward a pragmatic Socialism," Norman Thomas soberly comments, "but he left a weakened Socialist organization in a powerful and bewildered country."

Yet paradoxically enough, American Communism was not weakened—if anything, it was rather strengthened—by the New Deal. This difference in effect emphasizes how utterly different the two movements had become in outlook, spirit, and practice. For the Socialist party, its distinct Socialist principles, with their ultimate aims and goals, were its point of honor and reason for existence. In reacting to the New Deal, therefore, Socialists had only two courses open to them: either to attack the New Deal in line with their principles and thus alienate all but the most orthodox; or else to admit their principles were irrelevant and work with the New Deal—and this usually meant dropping their party affiliation.

As against this, the Communists, whose only "principle" had long been the paramount obligation of unswerving loyalty to the Soviet Union, could—and when ordered, did—take the new situation in their stride. For nearly two years after Roosevelt's election, it is true, they continued the ultra-revolutionary line initiated in 1928. But in 1935 came the famous "new turn." Operating under cover of the Popular Front, designed of course as a device for promoting Soviet interests in the democratic world, the Communists now developed a double strategy. On the one hand, they dumped their formal program and hailed the New Deal as precisely the kind of thing they had been striving for all along; on the other, through their underground apparatus and connections, they assiduously infiltrated New Deal agencies with secret party members and fellow-travelers. To not a few "liberals" already pro-Soviet in sympathy the Communists succeeded in passing themselves off as respectable American "progressives." They were, in fact, able to make of the New Deal a front for their operations, to the acute discomfort of genuine New Dealers who saw what was happening but could not do anything about it. As long as Stalin's foreign policy required it, the Communists quite unembarrassedly continued to pass themselves off as the most zealous of New Dealers. Such "flexibility" was simply not available to the Socialists.

IT HAS been Norman Thomas's destiny to preside at the dissolution of his party. It is not the least of the paradoxes which mark the history of American Socialism that the leader of the party at the time of its decline and insignificance is the one Socialist figure in this country who has won a measure of regard and esteem that transcends political and class lines. Hillquit was an astute party leader and brilliant lawyer; but he was essentially a *Socialist* leader of Socialists. Debs was beloved by his followers to the point of idolatry; but his appeal, too, was limited: he was through and through *the proletarian*—to the point, indeed, where he could never understand, or establish any communication with, the very unproletarian-like American trade unionist. But Norman Thomas enjoys a status altogether different. His pronouncements are given ample and respectful coverage in the New York *Times*; he was recently installed as commentator on a large Western "capitalist" paper; and his name has been mentioned of late in the best circles as one whose appointment to a high diplomatic

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post would bring great credit to his country. He is, indeed, one of our "elder statesmen," a kind of liberal-left Bernard Baruch.

A Socialist's Faith, Norman Thomas's latest work, from which I have quoted several times in the above paragraphs, offers us a clue to this paradox and an insight into the strength and weakness of the kind of Socialism which Thomas represents and which he has, to a very considerable extent, impressed upon his party. The "faith" to which he stands witness is a faith in Socialism as the "policy of plenty, peace and freedom"; yet he himself acknowledges that "'right,' 'left,' 'capitalism,' and most of all 'socialism,' have become badly battered words far from self-defining; every day brings new evidence of the way in which our vocabulary tends to hinder our grasp of reality or logic." At the same time, he goes on talking about "capitalism" and "socialism" in the time-honored Socialist manner, with little regard for current institutional change or the newer economic thinking. He makes some eminently sane comments on the world situation as affected by the menace of Soviet aggression, and then trails off into some fantastic scheme of universal disarmament in a world that is, and for many years to come is obviously going to remain, an armed camp. Even Socialists, he says, "had to admit that it was no longer true that the difference between his [Truman's] 1948 program and the Republicans' was only a difference between Tweedledum and Tweedledee," but he still goes on scolding the voters for their "obsession with the two-party system." He makes eloquent exhortations to preserve and extend our freedom, and yet seems very little disturbed by the totalitarian implications of an extensive collectivism. He recognizes that "if democratic Socialism is to prevail . . . it must unite the social actions of men of varying beliefs," but yearns for a new Socialist "synthesis" that will serve as the "universal ground" of thought and aspiration, in other words, for a new Socialist religion. At every point—and more instances could be cited—there is the same discrepancy: what one hand gives in the way of social realism, the other takes away.

For Norman Thomas is essentially an idealist, in the literal sense of the term. He came to Socialism from the liberal ministry and social work, and for all the vast revolution in his views, the texture of his thought has not essentially changed. He is high-minded, well informed, and of sensitive social conscience. But he is thoroughly impatient with reality when it does not coincide with his principles and too easily tends to lose sight of this reality in the rational charm of his ideals. His anti-interventionism in the years preceding Pearl Harbor, which cost his party so dear, his equivocal position on the North Atlantic Treaty, his strange preoccupation with disarmament, the detached benevolence of his attitude to the labor movement, reflect a cast of mind that has a certain appeal to middle-class liberalism but stands in the way of any genuine contact with the realities of social life or with the real forces at work in contemporary society. His integrity, his high ideals, his obvious devotion to the common good, give him the public eminence he so well deserves, but they are not enough for political leadership.

To the American trade unionist, if he is known at all, he is known as a well-meaning but rather impractical "friend of labor," like some social-minded clergyman or philanthropist. He is not part of the labor movement, in the sense in which a Socialist leader must be if he is to fulfill his function, in the sense in which Hillquit or even Debs was. Even those who share his ideals cannot bring themselves to vote for him because somehow voting for him does not seem to have any relation to the realities of political life. He is at his best precisely when, like an "elder statesman," he speaks from beyond and above the political battle to recall his errant fellow countrymen to a sense of the eternal social verities. This is an exalted function, but it is not exactly the function of a party leader, not even the leader of a Socialist party. It is this short-range irrelevance and long-range utopian idealism which has reduced the American Socialist party to its

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present insignificance. The party never really got off to a proper start, and it never could make contact with decisive sections of the American people, least of all with the labor movement. It refused to see America with American eyes and it therefore never, even in its heyday, enjoyed more than a peripheral existence. It had so little of a sound foundation that it could weather neither affliction nor success: the quasi-socialist New Deal proved as damaging to it in the 1930's as war and Communism had a decade and a half earlier. To the Socialists, the American labor movement always seemed deplorably crude and backward; yet on the crucial questions the labor movement, as we have seen, proved much more nearly right than the Socialists. In these matters, the criterion is ultimately pragmatic, and by this criterion American Socialism has been found wanting.

And yet, despite everything, American Socialism is not simply a failure. Its party organization is shattered, but the Socialist idea has survived and still retains surprising vitality. I do not refer to the blueprint for the "social ownership and operation of the means of production," itself no longer accepted unequivocally by any thinking Socialist. The Socialist idea, in a more basic sense, is something hard to define: it may be thought of as the conviction that the welfare of the masses of the people is a prime social responsibility and that in modern society this responsibility is not likely to be met unless the masses of the people—the wage-workers, the farmers, and other "functional" groups—themselves organize to act politically on behalf of their interests and the interests of the community at large. This conviction was in fact at the heart of the Socialist movement in America as elsewhere.

This idea has triumphed, as events show. The entire body of social and labor legislation, constituting the best part of what goes under the name of the New and Fair Deals, is a standing tribute to the Socialist idea and to the leadership that over the years raised the banner and educated public opinion in support of this program. So, in a different way, are such organizations as Americans for Democratic Action, the Liberal party of New York, and the political agencies set up by the AFL and CIO. Norman Thomas is not claiming too much when he states: "If we Socialists have not accomplished what we hoped, we at least have contributed to the development of political consciousness in the ranks of labor." In this sense, the Socialist vision may be said to permeate advanced trade-union and liberal thinking and thus to exert a significant influence in national life.

YET that cannot be the whole story. It is not enough to record Socialism's positive achievement and ignore the fact that, with so much remaining to be done, not only is Socialism as an organized force broken and powerless, but it has left no successor. For all the advances America has made, the fundamental problems of a responsible society have *not* been fully solved by any means; indeed they can never be solved with any finality. American democracy, as the editors of *Fortune* have recently pointed out, is the nearest thing to a society in "permanent revolution" the world has ever seen; but to remain such, it must be kept dynamic. Every day brings its new tasks and responsibilities, its new conditions and directions. Old injustices and abuses take on new forms, and new ones emerge. To deal creatively with the problems continually thrown up by a dynamic society, the Socialist idea, or something akin to it, which can move and inspire many men to consider day-to-day problems under the influence of a larger vision, will always be needed. Looking about the current scene, it is hard to discern where the high purposes, challenging ideas, and crusading ardor that Socialism once contributed to American politics and social thinking are to come from.

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ISRAEL'S LAND: HABITATION OF GOD

The Zionism of Rabbi Nahman

MARTIN BUBER

The Hasidim and the Holy Land

RABBI NAHMAN OF BRATZLAV, great-grandson of the Baal-shem-tov, the founder of Hasidism, has become the symbol of everything that the generations living in the Diaspora have thought and dreamt of Israel.

In Rabbi Nahman we see the great inheritor who disposes grandly of his patrimony. It was his distinction and his mission to create, without any literary intention, by means of converse with his students, a new literary genre—the symbolical tale. In Nahman's tales ancient esoteric traditions are reworked and brought to consummate glory. And if we wish to illustrate the attitude of the Hasidic movement toward Palestine, Rabbi Nahman is our best example: all tributary movements unite in him. At the same time we sense in him something new, something that seems to anticipate peculiarly our own struggles and problems.

The Hasidic movement, that sudden awakening of the Jews of Eastern Europe in the middle of the 18th century, must be considered the last energetic attempt to rejuvenate a body of doctrine within a religion. The decline of the movement during the last hundred years might lead us to believe that it has failed; yet not only did it furnish a wealth of gloriously devout exemplars and their transfiguration in legend, but it has sown seeds in other realms. Some of these seeds have already germinated, while others probably lie dormant awaiting their time. The best that is now developing in the Jewish community of Israel owes much to Hasidism.

The Sabbatianic Danger

THE relations between the Hasidic movement and Israel can be understood only in the light of the relation between Hasidism and Messianism, and this in turn can be understood only in the light of the reaction against Sabbatianism, the 17th-century mass movement of the false Messiah preaching the immediate miraculous restoration of the land of Israel to the Jews.

In the Sabbatianic movement the Messianic passion had broken all bounds; people believed that the consummation of creation was at hand, that they were seeing with their own eyes the marriage of heaven and earth; it seemed as though in a metamorphosed world the Law was suspended, and what had been sin under the Law became not only legitimate but hallowed. The collapse of this movement brought a threat of spiritual annihilation to the Jews whose minds had been set afire by it. The most striking instance of this peril was provided by Jacob Frank, the disciple of Sabbatai, who drew hosts of Polish Jews after him into moral chaos, giving sinister evidence of the powers a man living in self-deception may wield over a people hungry for self-deception.

It was the Baal-shem-tov who rose against this danger. As the great adversary of a seductive falsehood, it devolved upon him to restore the ailing body of Messianism. The feverish intensity of the hour needed to

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IN THE present understandable concentration on the politics of Israel, we tend to overlook the unique religious and moral values that have crystallized around Eretz Israel in recent centuries as in ancient days. In this essay on Rabbi Nahman of Bratzlav (1772-1810), MARTIN BUBER gives us an understanding of one of the most significant modern manifestations of the spiritual tie between the idea and soil of Eretz Israel and the believing Jew. At the same time, Dr. Buber continues one of his lifelong tasks: to explore the myths and legends of Judaism—and especially of Hasidism—in order to arrive, indirectly as it were, at philosophic and religious truths. Martin Buber was born in Vienna in 1878. In 1933 he left Germany to become professor of social philosophy at the Hebrew University of Jerusalem. He is the author of more than twenty volumes, many of which are now being made available in English. This essay is translated from the German by Francis C. Golffing.

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be replaced by a dedication to tradition that was both inspired and rational; the pandemonium of the emotions had to be made to yield to a wise sublimation, in which the undisciplined Sabbatianic fantasies of divine incarnation were superseded by a quiet experience of the divine in everyday life.

This change naturally brought with it a changed attitude towards Palestine. Without losing any of the mystical radiance that had surrounded it since Talmudic times, and that was so powerfully expressed in the Cabala, the land was nevertheless freed from the atmosphere of magical trickery that had enveloped it during the Sabbatianic period. To reach the Holy Land was still regarded as the first step toward redemption, and according to legend the Baal-shem-tov placed his highest hopes upon a mystical encounter that could only happen there. But early Hasidism at least put an end to all attempts to hasten the deliverance, and the disciples of the founder, who were to settle alone or with their entire followings in Palestine, were no longer concerned with the *unique miracle* but with *the security of generations.* The mystery is to remain, but it is to be incorporated into an ideal of austere conduct and the strict observance of daily tasks.

The Baal-shem-tov and Palestine

THIS furnishes us with a vantage point from which we may hope to understand the attitude of the founder himself toward Palestine. As we know little of the life of the Baal-shem-tov generally, we know little that is authentic about this attitude. But the well-known letter to his brother-in-law, who had settled in Palestine, makes it clear that he had long contemplated a journey to the Holy Land, and that even then, about eight years before his death, he had not given up hope of making the journey. There are statements by disciples giving evidence that he once actually did set out. We do not know why the journey was never completed. The legend says that "Heaven prevented him," implying a question to which the narrator was trying to find an answer. It is worth our notice that this legend, whatever apocryphal elements may have been attached to it later, was already in existence in the founder's own family in the third generation, among those who had known him personally.

The numerous versions of the legend are characteristic. It is told that even in his youth, when he was living with his wife in a hut on the slopes of the Carpathians, quarrying loam which he carted to a nearby town for sale, he was approached by a robber gang whose quarrels he had been in the habit of mediating, and that they offered to lead him through caves and subterranean passages to Palestine. But when he had already set out and was about to cross a deep morass, he beheld the spinning sword of a cherub and was forced to turn back.

Another legend has it that at a later period (his daughter and grandsons are said to have accompanied him) he went as far as Constantinople. There, according to one version, he was given warning in a dream and forced to turn back; or, in other versions, he actually went aboard ship, when a great tempest arose. And here the legends diverge once more: according to one the Baal-shem's daughter fell overboard in the storm, whereupon Satan appeared and offered to help him; he, however, resisted the temptation and decided to turn back, whereupon the storm immediately subsided. According to a different version he came with one of his disciples to a certain island, where they were taken captive. Both were suddenly struck dumb, forgetting even the words of the prayer. But the disciple managed to remember the alphabet and recited it to the master, who repeated it "with intense enthusiasm," and presently deliverance appeared and they returned home. Other versions tell similar stories.

What is common to all these legends is a tendency to warn against the use of magical practices in connection with Palestine: until the hour of redemption comes, even the elect conjure it in vain. In later Hasidism, this warning was either abandoned or hotly contended, but it is clearly marked in the Baal-shem legend.

Rabbi Nahman's Decision

IT WAS in 1798, almost forty years after the death of the Baal-shem-tov, that his great-grandson, Rabbi Nahman of Bratzlav, prepared for a journey to the Holy Land. He was then twenty-six.

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Here we do not have to depend on legend. Nahman's disciple and apostle, Nathan, has left a record of his every step, in a document which interprets some of the events symbolically but falsifies nothing.

Before he had told anyone of his intention, perhaps before he had reached a decision, Nahman visited his parents in Miedzyborz, which had been at one time the residence of the Baal-shem-tov, and where he had spent his own childhood. There something strange happened. As a boy, Nahman had often run at night to the tomb of his great-grandfather to ask him how he might come closer to God. But now, when his mother asked when he would visit the grave, he replied: "When my great-grandfather wishes to see me he may come here." One senses here an apprehension that the Baal-shem-tov, who was prevented "by Heaven" from going to Palestine, might try to dissuade him. But his ancestor appeared to Nahman during the night, and in the morning his mother knew of it without being told.

In later days he said that the vision had told him to travel to Kamieniec. The legend states that he spent the night alone in that town, which was forbidden to Jews, and that thereafter the interdiction was raised. He said afterwards that he who knew why Palestine belonged first to the Canaanites and only later to the Jews ("The husk comes before the fruit," he says in one of his sermons) also knew why he stopped in Kamieniec before going to Israel. Thus his spending the night in that Gentile town before setting forth into the Promised Land of the Jews must be taken as a symbolic act. And he believed that he had been bidden to do this by the Baal-shem-tov. Before leaving for Miedzyborz he had remarked that he did not yet know where he was going. By sending him to Kamieniec, his forebear pointed him on his way.

The Sabbath after his return, he gave a sermon on the following verse from the Psalms: "My soul followeth hard after thee, Thy right hand upholdeth me." The sermon is lost, but we can guess at its tenor: he to whom his soul had clung since childhood (we know of the boy's passionate wooing of God) had now stretched out his hand to guide him. At about this time, his little daughter died, and this experience he brought into connection with his new task; this, too, belongs in the strict sequence of events at once wholly factual and wholly symbolic.

Leaving his bath on the eve of Passover, he said to a companion: "This year I shall surely be in the Holy Land." His holiday sermon was based on the following verse from the Psalms: "Thy way is in the sea, and thy path in the great waters, and thy footsteps are not known." His listeners understood his intention at once.

His wife tried in vain to make him change his mind. What would his family live on while he was away? Let their relatives care for them, he answered, or else let them take service with strangers. He paid no attention to the weeping around him: come what might, he must set out. The greater part of him was already there, and the rest must follow. He knew there were countless obstacles in his path, but so long as he had a breath of life left he would stake his soul on the venture.

"I put my whole heart in every step of the journey," he said later.

In Rabbi Nahman's teachings, as they are preserved to us from later generations, we come again and again upon the word "obstacles" in connection with Palestine. These obstacles assume a special significance in the body of his doctrine. They are placed in the way of the man whose desire and destiny drive him towards Palestine, in order that he may overcome them. They are to strengthen and elevate his will and make him worthy of the sanctity of the land. Whoever truly wishes to be a Jew—that is to say, the man who seeks to raise himself step to step—must "break through" the obstacles. But in order to be victorious in this struggle one needs that "holy effrontery" which God delights in, for God's pride in Israel rests on that holy effrontery and stubbornness of the man of Israel for the sake of which the Torah was given. The struggle is ultimately an inner struggle; for the forces of evil pile up obstacles in order to confuse the mind, and at bottom it is in the mind itself that the obstacles exist. The greater the man, the greater the obstacles put before him, since a greater struggle is needed to bring him to a higher step.

When Nahman announced his decision he was asked on all sides for his reasons.

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Several of his answers have been preserved. One of them was that he felt it his duty to correlate those laws which can only be observed in Palestine with the rest of the laws, doing this at first in his mind, at home, but then in actual deed there. Another answer runs that, after absorbing at home the "lower wisdom," he wanted the "higher wisdom" which could only be found there. But his primary motive seems to have been a wish to come into contact with the sanctity that resided there alone, a contact that would enable him to perform mysterious labors—first there, but later at home—and to fulfill his own destiny in the highest sense. "If you would think of the greatness of the Holy Land," he said much later to his pupils, "you must not imagine it as an abstract entity, but as something that can be directly experienced here on earth; I mean," he added, "this land of Israel, with its dwellings and its houses."

Here Nahman shows a concreteness of feeling such as we seldom find in his predecessors. For him it is the actual, physical Palestine that is holy, though this holiness is not visible on the surface. In later years Rabbi Nahman recounted what had been told him by certain men who had settled in Palestine not long before his arrival. They said that until they came there, they could not imagine that Israel was actually a part of this world. From all that was written about its sanctity, they had come to believe that it was a "world unto itself." But when they arrived, they saw that the country was one among the countries of the world, that it was not essentially different from the places they had left, that its dust was the common dust. And yet they knew that the land was holy through and through. It was the same as in the case of the true *tzaddik,* who looks just like other people. But Israel is nevertheless different in every way from all other countries; even the sky above it is different from other skies. This, too, is like the case of the true *tzaddik:* only he who believes in holiness is able to recognize and receive it.

When all the other arguments to dissuade him had been exhausted, those around him urged that he had no money for traveling. "I shall set out at once," he replied, "in any case, even without money. Those who are charitable will help me along."

The Voyage

WHEN his relatives realized that nothing could make him change his mind, they procured the necessary funds, and a week after Passover he set out with one companion.

At a place where he stopped to spend the Sabbath, there appeared to him, in a dream, Rabbi Mendel of Vitebsk, who twenty years earlier had traveled to Palestine with three hundred followers, and who had died there ten years before at the beginning of this very month.* Mendel informed him that it is proper to address God as "Thou" during a sea voyage; this will smooth the waves, as the Psalm says: "*Thou* rulest the raging of the sea: when the waves thereof arise, *Thou* stillest them."

Nahman spent Shavuot at Chersor, on the way to Odessa. There he referred in a sermon to the communication he had received in his dream, using the text: "He silences the storm and the waves are at rest." On the eve of the holiday, after he had passed some time in vigil as was his

* As a boy, Mendel had visited the Baal-shem, and he had carried on the master's fight against the Sabbatianic fever both at home and in the holy land. This is borne out both in his own statements and in what is told of him. It is related that, during his stay in Jerusalem, a foolish man climbed Mount Olivet and blew into the shofar trumpet, as it is prophesied for the day of redemption. People came running from all sides, but when Rabbi Mendel heard the news he opened his window and looked in all directions, remarking, "I see nothing new." With the same holy sobriety, his companion, Rabbi Abraham of Kaliski, told the people back home of the many "changes, revolutions, and events that each individual in this country must undergo before he becomes a part of it and comes to love its stones, its dust, and its ruins . . . before the period of his initiation into the new life is over. . . . Each person who arrives at the sacred place must be carried once more in the womb, suckled, be a small child, and so on, until he is able at last to look straight into his country's face and feel his soul united with its soul."

Rabbi Mendel himself wrote to his friends at home: "My beloved, my friends and companions: I want you to know that I am fully aware that all the tribulations we have suffered these past three years are tribulations of Israel"—that is, a part of those sufferings which, according to Talmudic tradition, must be undergone if the country is to be repossessed; they are of the same order as the "obstacles" which Rabbi Nahman was in the habit of expounding. It was this man who appeared to Nahman on the first night of his migration.

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custom, he went with a companion to the bath. On the way he asked his companion a number of times whether he had heard a noise. The companion said he hadn't, and Nahman remarked finally that it must have come from a band. But the man understood: the rabbi had heard the thunderclap from Sinai.

Hitherto the Jews had avoided the sea route via Odessa as dangerous. But Rabbi Nahman undertook it, and from then on it was considered safe. Similar things happened throughout his life: it was as if he extracted the poison from all those things which he was the first to brave.

When the ship reached the high seas a thunderstorm arose and the waves washed the deck. During the storm Nahman saw a young man who had recently died in his home province walk toward him and beg him to lead his soul to redemption. This was the first of many souls to appear to him in this fashion.

At Constantinople his difficulties increased. Nahman forbade his companion to divulge his identity. He not only suffered from the Turkish officials (it was the time of Napoleon's Egyptian expedition, and there was a great fear of spies), but was met by injury and suspicion from the Jews themselves. But he kept to his incognito, and not only endured obloquy but courted it. Later he told his disciples that if he had not suffered all these humiliations he would have had to remain in Constantinople—that is, he would have died there. "Before a man attains to greatness," he said, "he must descend to lowliness. Israel is the highest greatness, therefore in order to reach it one must first sink to the deepest lowliness. For this reason the Baal-shem-tov never reached it: he could not descend to such lowliness."

But he, Nahman, abased himself. He went about barefoot in Constantinople, in a cloak of lining material, beltless, and with no hat over his skullcap, and he indulged in all sorts of foolish pranks. One day he organized war games in which one side represented the French and the other those attacked by them. This taste for self-abasement and mock foolishness, which reminds one of Buddhist, Sufistic, and Franciscan legend, became so ingrained in him that even later in Palestine he found it hard to rid himself of it.

Constantinople was visited by the plague, and for a long time Nahman could not continue his journey. Then, because of the French threat, the Jewish community forbade all Jews, both native and foreign, to leave the city by sea. Nahman defied the interdiction and persuaded many to go with him. At sea another thunderstorm arose and the ship was imperiled. All the passengers fell to weeping and praying, but he remained seated and silent. They besieged him with questions in vain; at first he didn't answer them, then he spoke to them harshly: "Be still! When you grow quiet the sea will grow quiet!" And so it happened. After further difficulties (the drinking water gave out) the ship reached Jaffa.

Rabbi Nahman intended to go straight to Jerusalem, for the Holy City was the goal of his wishes—he declared emphatically that he wished to visit neither Safed nor Tiberias, where the Hasidim had settled—but he was suspected by the port authorities on account of his strange appearance. They took him for a French spy and forbade his going ashore. It was then two days before the New Year holiday. The captain intended to ride at anchor for a few days off Jaffa, but the ship was unable to anchor because of the rough sea. The sages of Sephardic Jewry told the surprised captain that according to oral tradition this was the spot where the prophet Jonah had been thrown into the sea, and that this circumstance sometimes made it impossible for ships to anchor there. They then proceeded to Haifa and on the following evening they anchored at the foot of Mount Carmel, opposite the cave of the prophet Elijah. The next morning the Jews prayed aboard ship and then went ashore, Rabbi Nahman among them.

The Holiness of the Soil

IN LATER years he told his disciples that before he had taken four steps on the land, he had gained all that he sought. This illustrates with particular force his faith in the efficacy of *contact* with the holiness of the Palestinian soil.*

* Another utterance further illustrates his meaning. He said this soon after his return from Palestine, and it is related to his remark about the correlation of laws peculiar to the Holy Land with the others. What he said was that he had now

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In the afternoon—it was the eve of the New Year—they went to the bath and afterwards to the synagogue, where they remained until evening. When he had returned to his inn, Nahman said to his companion, "How blessed you are that you are chosen to be here with me!" He asked his companion to read him all the names of the Hasidim who had followed him at home and had given him their own and their mothers' names on scraps of paper, that he might think of them in the Holy Land, and he thought of each of them in his intense joy.

But the next morning his mood changed. An obscure sorrow had risen in him; his heart seemed shattered within him, and he spoke to no one. Immediately after the holiday, he made plans to return. He no longer wished to see Jerusalem; all he wanted was to go back to Poland. Invitations came to him from the *tzaddikim* in Safed and Tiberias to spend Yom Kippur with them, but he ignored the invitations and stayed in Haifa through Yom Kippur and Succoth.

Now something happened which, though not strange in itself, becomes strange through the manner in which Nahman related it to his students and the way in which they reacted to it. Every day as the rabbi sat at his meals, a young Arab came to the inn and sat with him, talking in a friendly, eager manner, sometimes clapping Nahman on the shoulder, and showing him affection and good will in every possible way. Although Nahman could not understand a single word of the Arab's talk, and although the ostentations of affection were somewhat embarrassing to him, he remained seated and pretended to listen. But one day the Arab turned up armed and shouted furiously at the rabbi, who, as before, was unable to understand him. Only after the Arab had gone did Nahman learn that he had been challenged to a duel. Nahman went into hiding in the house of another *tzaddik*. The Arab called once more at the inn and was furious when he learned that the rabbi was avoiding him. "God is my witness that I love him dearly," he declared solemnly. "I will give him a mule and my own horse, that he may travel by caravan to Tiberias." Thereupon Nahman returned to the inn. Once again the Arab youth called, and this time he didn't speak a word, but only smiled at the rabbi constantly; and, we may suppose, he kept his promise.

We may interpret these events as follows: The Arab had only been concerned to rent his animals, and as the rabbi had seemed to listen to him he felt hurt that he made no sign of acceptance. At last the situation was made clear to him, and now he was moved to laugh whenever he looked at Nahman. A statement by the rabbi has come down to us that he suffered more from the Arab's love than from his anger. But he also seems to hint at a mysterious danger behind the occurrence, and his disciples have interpreted this to mean that the Arab was Satan. Here we gain a valuable insight into the symbolic-legendary manner in which Nahman experienced his own life and imparted it to his disciples. The Arab renter of mules becomes a Satanic incarnation of the "obstacles." And the rabbi's previous melancholy is thus explained.

MEANWHILE Nahman allowed himself to be persuaded to go to Tiberias, where—again an event of symbolic meaning—he became ill. We are told further of a calumniator whose schemes he frustrated. There are also tales of visits to the tombs of holy men, embellished with touches of legend. He is said, for example, to have visited a certain cave in which was the tomb of a holy child. The cave had hitherto been avoided on account of a snake that was said to dwell there, but when Nahman came he found no snake, and after that the cave was frequented by all. Here Nahman appears once more as the pathbreaker.

A leader of the Jewry of Tiberias urged him to disclose the secret reasons for his coming to Palestine: surely he must have intended to perform some secret deed in the service of God; if he would reveal his purpose, the questioner would assist him in every way. When Nahman refused, he begged him to explain a little of his doctrine. But when Nahman began to speak of the secret of the four points of the compass in

fulfilled all demands of the Torah. "For even had I been sold to the Ishmaelites and gone to live in strange lands where there are no Jews, if I had had to herd cattle, and had forgotten the Sabbaths and holidays, and been without prayer shawl and phylacteries, and had no access to the Law, I should still have been able to fulfill the whole of the Torah."

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Israel, blood gushed from his throat and he had to stop. "Heaven did not permit."

Tiberias in turn was visited by the plague. Nahman went to Safed through a cave and subterranean passages, braving many dangers. Seeking passage back, he and his companion found themselves on a Turkish warship which they had taken for a merchant ship. They discovered their mistake too late. After privations and hardships of all sorts, they finally reached Rhodes, where they celebrated Passover. From there they went on by way of Constantinople and Wallachia, and at last arrived home. Here the rabbi spoke on the Sabbath at the holy Third Meal on the verse of the prophet Isaiah, "When thou travelest across the water I am with thee." In the version that has come down to us, this sermon concludes with the words: "I am with thee—see to it that you become the tool which is called *I*." He wished to reveal himself, at this hour, that on his voyage across the water he had become the tool called *I*.

This remark illuminates everything Nahman said or hinted to his disciples about his stay in Palestine during the remaining decade of his life. He told them, for instance, that quiet slumber had been unknown to him before he made the journey, because the "six hundred thousand" letters of the Torah had seemed to surround him, as though the Torah had fallen apart in an unmastered wealth of letters. But since his stay in Palestine he was no longer disturbed in this way, for he had appropriated the whole of the Torah in such a fashion that it could never again fall asunder and become chaos. Again: in his youth he had often flown into sudden passions and had had to fight against them; but to curb an evil propensity is not the same as to overcome it. The energy informing such a passion must be redirected to good ends. Only in Israel did he learn, not merely to subdue hatred, but to love what he had formerly hated with all the strength that had gone into his hatred. The same was true for all points of doctrine. He said that between the doctrines that originated in Palestine and those that originated outside there was a distance as great as that between East and West. And he authorized for publication only those sermons which he delivered after his return, none of the earlier ones.

The Earthly Way

Still more revelatory of the change he underwent in Palestine are those statements which he made nine weeks before his death on the eve of the Sabbath after the fast of the Ninth of Ab. Shortly before, he had moved into his new and last home, where, from his room, he looked upon a garden and a cemetery beyond. The cemetery held the graves of thousands of Jews who had perished in a great Cossack massacre. He looked at the graves and kept saying how good it would be to lie among those martyrs. This furnished the topic for his first sermon in his new home.

Many Hasidim, from old familiars to new followers, were assembled when he entered to perform the consecration of the wine. It was evident that he was very weak and barely able to talk. Afterwards he did not go back to his room as usual, but remained seated at table. His voice was very faint. "Why have you come to see me?" he asked. "I know nothing any longer. I have grown simple-minded." This he repeated again and again. But he added that the fact that he had been in Israel was all that kept him alive. And as soon as he had said these words enthusiasm lifted him up, and he began to speak of how, from such a state of simpleness in the *tzaddik*, a vital force may flow into all other simple people, for everything in this world is connected with everything else. The source of this vital energy was to be found in the country which, even before the revelation, before Israel entered it with the revealed Torah, was the "treasure-house of unmerited gifts," the country of grace. This source helped maintain the world in the time between creation and revelation; herein the doctrine was contained, the ten words from Sinai and the ten words by which the world was created.

This, then, was the doctrine by which the fathers lived in the Land. It is called *derekh eretz*, the "earthly path," i.e. the righteous life outside revelation, and in truth it is the path *to* the earth, to the Land. Since the power of the ten words of creation is hidden in the Land, and since the fathers lived by that power, Israel, to whom God, as to his people, has revealed the power of his works, may attain the Land through the revealed ten words. Thus the settlement

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of Israel is the meeting and union of revelation and creation. To prepare this union, Canaan had first to be in the hands of the heathen before it fell to Israel; but for this very reason the nations of the world cannot say to Israel, "You are usurpers, having taken a land that doesn't belong to you." But Israel must be deserving of this gift and consecrate the created earth with the holiness of the revealed Torah.

When Israel is forced again into exile the Land resumes the status of hidden doctrine, of the ten words of creation, of unmerited gifts, of pure grace. By this power of the Land the *tzaddik* lives when he attains simplicity, and life's energy flows into him, and from him into all the simple ones of the world, not alone of Israel but of all nations. This is why it is always necessary for him to fall for a time into this state of simplicity. However low he may fall, it is still a symbol of elevation. This holds good in some measure for all men, the enlightened and the unenlightened: no one is deprived of this source of vital energy unless he withholds himself from it. What matters above all is this: one must not despair. "There is no despair!" exclaimed Rabbi Nahman. "You must not despair, I beseech you, I exhort you, you must not despair!"

A great joy had been kindled in him. Before the guests washed their hands he bade them intone the song "I will praise the Lord," which it had been his custom to have sung only after the consecration of the bread, and latterly, since he had grown so weak, not at all. "Begin, Naftali," he said to a disciple. When the latter was embarrassed and hesitated, he cried, "Why should we be ashamed? The world was created for our sakes, what have we to be ashamed of?" And he joined in the song. "There we beheld," writes one of his disciples, "how God's hiddenness changes to grace. Through ignorance the rabbi attained to such revelation. He himself told us that his ignorance was more noteworthy than his knowledge."

Rabbi Nahman did not return a second time to Palestine. Three years before his death—in 1810—he said that he had wished to see Palestine and to die there, but he had grown afraid of dying on the way, and had this happened people would have been unable to visit his grave and tend it. "I want to remain among you," he said another time. Yet everything was permeated for him with Palestine. "My true home," he would say, "is Israel. No matter where I go it is always to Israel."

Talking of the holiness of the Land he at times reached such a profound ecstasy that he came close to death.

The Soil of Faith

Rabbi Nahman of Bratzlav was not one of those Hasidim who, like Rabbi Mendel of Vitebsk and his companions, pointed the way toward a resettlement of the country. He did not in this regard, as he did in his symbolic tales, initiate a new era. But, as the great inheritor he was, he took all the materials of tradition and fused them into a glorification of the holiness of the Land. No other figure in Jewish literature has praised Eretz Israel so variously and so consistently as he:

Palestine is the keystone of creation and the source of a future world in which everything will be blessed. It is the veritable domicile of the life spirit, and therefore the rejuvenation of the world through the life spirit will have to come from it. It is the source of joy, the consummation of wisdom, and the perfection of the world's music. It represents the covenant between heaven and earth. It aids in the perfecting of faith, for nowhere else can man give himself so completely to the infinite light and be illuminated by it; it aids in the adjustment and consummation of the Law in this world and in the subjugation of anger and cruelty. It is the dwelling place of a peace in which the opposites, grace and power, are reconciled, and in which God's unity becomes manifest. Here peace is founded in the soul of man, "among his very bones," whence comes peace between man and man, which branches out into the world until the whole world is at peace. Rabbi Nahman took up the Talmudic doctrine that while all other nations receive the abundance of heaven through intermediaries, through "supernal princes," Israel alone receives it from the hands of God. Thus, while other nations find it hard to achieve unity, Israel subsumes itself under the idea "Thou art One," and from Israel unity shall spread throughout the world of man. Eretz Israel is thus the *shekhina*, the "habitation" of God.

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It is the highest of all countries but at the same time the humblest. Canaan means *submission,* as it is written: "The meek shall inherit the earth." The highest land submits itself in deepest humility, and its dust teaches the doctrine of humility. For this reason the resurrection of the dead will have its center here. But this is also the reason why we have not yet regained the Land. "The sin of pride has prevented us from re-entering the Land." There is a special emphasis on the word *pride*: not because the *others* are so numerous, but because of our own ambition and overweeningness, we are unable to regain our own land. The obstacle lies in ourselves.

But the dust of Israel possesses also a "drawing" power; it draws people toward holiness. There are two opposite kinds and forces of dust: the dust of Israel which draws to holiness, and an impure counter-dust of the world, which draws in the other direction. Yet this counter-dust identifies itself with the pure dust and acts as though *it* were the one that draws toward holiness. "For in this world everything is mixed and confused." In reality it is nothing but a beguiling, seducing, necessitating force. It is called "the dust of the other parts." This means, in our modern idiom, that the earth wields a twofold power over man. The earth may exercise on the man who settles on it and serves it a sanctifying influence by binding him to its own immanent sanctity. In that case the spirit of man is supported, strengthened, and borne up by the power of the earth. But it can also draw man down and incite his imagination against the spirit; it can deny the supernal powers and arrogate all power to itself. Purity and impurity, consecrating and desecrating influences, oppose one another, here as everywhere in the world. The pure and sanctifying power of the earth is represented by the land of Israel.

We have said that the resurrection of the dead will center in Israel. For this reason the tomb here attains perfection, and this alone is the place of consummate burial. Tradition informs us why death was decreed for man: our imaginations are tainted by original sin, and we cannot be completely cleansed from this taint except by physical death. A good death and a good interment dissolve our impurity, and in a new world a new body will be given us. All this finds its consummation in Israel. For victory over the tainted imagination is effected through faith, and faith has struck root in this land and permeates it. It was Abraham, the father of faith, who first revealed this holy power when he acquired for himself and his people unto eternity the tomb site of the Machpelah caves.

Here, in the land of Israel, imagination becomes purified through faith. It is no accident that the words *adama* (soil) and *m'dame* (imagination) sound alike: from the soil our imagination receives the fullness of the elements. The purification of the imagination through faith can only happen by means of the holy soil, and here in Israel the soil is holy. Everywhere else sparks of faith have fallen into the confused imagination, which the earth covers. For this reason it is already said of our fathers (Exodus 13:17) that God led them out of Egypt not through the land of the Philistines, which would have been the shorter way, but in roundabout ways, that they might appropriate everywhere the sparks of faith and purify their imaginations. Thus they became worthy to receive later, in Israel, the perfection of the cleansed imagination and of faith.

The Doorway to Redemption

BUT all this, the significance of the Land's holiness as well as the difficulties besetting those who truly desire to attain it, has a still deeper meaning.

Since here in Israel faith has taken its abode, and since this is in truth the doorway to Heaven, where upper and lower forces meet, and since one can enter from the outside, and those outside join themselves with those inside, "the perfection of all worlds and all souls begins here." This perfection arises from the fact that people here dedicate themselves and offer themselves up wholly to the boundless light. Nowhere else can man absorb the light with his whole being, and be dissolved in it. But first the vessels must be perfected which are to receive the light. Once more, it is the sanctity of the country that makes this perfection possible. That is the reason why it is so difficult for people to attain the sanctity of the country: to do this they need the perfection of the vessel, and to attain the perfection of the vessel they need the sanctity of the

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country. Each is dependent on the other. Where in this circle can we find a point of attack? The key lies in the statement that the greater the man the greater the obstacles that lie in his way. He who stakes his whole soul upon entering the country breaks the circle, for the sanctity of the Land irradiates him while he still stands outside, and gives him the strength to overcome the obstacles, which are the evil forces of delusion. Thus the vessel becomes perfected and offers itself as an instrument for the perfection of all worlds and all souls.

When the sons of Israel accepted the Torah and entered the Land they were able to make its hidden sanctity manifest. When they sinned against its manifest sanctity by failing to live up to revelation and had at last to abandon the country, its sanctity reverted to the hidden state and now goes on working silently. "Israel still maintains its sanctity through the power of the hidden Torah and unmerited grace. Therefore our minds are forever bent upon a return to the country. For we know that even now the Land is ours, although it is deeply hidden."

If "the others" have robbed us of our land, we voice our protest in prayer. We cry, "The Land is ours, for it is our inheritance!" But as long as we continue to voice our protest, the possession of the Land by the others is no true possession, according to divine law. But how can we actually repossess the Land? Every man of Israel has a share in the Land, and each can have a share in its redemption. In the measure in which he cleanses and sanctifies himself will he be made worthy to seize and conquer a part of the Land. Only by degrees can the holiness of the country be conquered. But since the doing of it demands the whole of life and must involve all one's actions and all realms of life, it behooves a man to withdraw periodically from the study of the Torah and occupy himself with the "earthly path," as our sages say.

He who has been deemed worthy to settle in Israel must remember constantly what great radiance and illumination flowed from it in the days of our forefathers. He should also remember that this sanctity is eternal, and that when its illuminating power seems to be extinct, there remains still a holy trace. Toward that trace we look, always hoping that a "new light may shine over Zion."

Our Land is humble and humiliated, yet it contains the hope of the entire world. If a man settles there truly, having converse with the holiness of the Land and helping to prepare the redemption of the world, his seemingly humble life becomes irradiated with the glory of the upper spheres, which crave to be reunited with the lower. He eats "bread and salt," as our teachers have set down as the "way of the doctrine," but this bread is bread of Israel, and the grace of faith is harvested, threshed, ground, and baked into it. "In Israel the bread is so savory that it seems to contain the flavors of all the dishes in the world. As it is written: 'Thou needest not eat thy bread in poverty: thou shalt lack for nothing.'"

In one of his tales Rabbi Nahman tells of a simple-minded cobbler who, consuming dry bread for dinner, actually ate a savory soup, a juicy roast, and last a delicious cake: he lacked for nothing. Was it simply that his imagination beguiled him into forgetting the poverty of his existence, or was it not rather his faith that enabled him to taste in God's food what is hidden in it? Nahman, who, like all true masters of Hasidism, never tired of praising the wisdom of simplicity, pointed out that even the patriarch Jacob, to whom Canaan had been given (he of all the patriarchs is the veritable *receiver*, since all of his sons together represent Israel, and none need be excluded), was called "a simple man." Of the land of Israel itself, Rabbi Nahman said that it represented simplicity. Which is to say that it represents true wisdom. For it is true wisdom to taste in bread all the flavors in the world, just as it is true wisdom to recognize in the wretched, needy little country the doorway to Heaven.

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THE MOTHERS

A Story

SYLVIA ROTHCHILD

IN THE morning Kaminsky's candy store in East Flatbush was a sleepy place. Samuel Kaminsky silently handed his customers their newspapers through a small opening in his glass window without even a good-morning or a thank-you for the change.

The women who came down with hoover aprons over their nightgowns and curlers in their hair stepped cautiously on the freshly washed linoleum and left the price of a package of cigarettes on the counter quickly. Their slippers clattered on the pavement as they hurried back to their apartments before they were seen with pale, unwashed faces and eyes that were blank without mascara and eyebrow pencil.

The torpor, however, dispersed itself like a morning mist when the day wore on. By noon the street was filled with mothers pushing baby carriages and women staggering under the weight of bags of groceries and fruit. Mr. Kaminsky quickly wrapped piles of egg salad and salmon salad sandwiches in waxed paper for the luncheon trade and scowled at the children who bothered him for a penny lollypop.

At two o'clock, when I wanted to stop at the store for a sandwich and a milk shake before taking the subway uptown, it was necessary to squeeze past a row of parked carriages before I could open the heavy plate-glass door. The store was crowded and, like the street outside, seething with activity. Glasses and spoons were thrown about noisily and everyone shouted to be heard above the din of the jukebox. The atmosphere was tense and a calamity always seemed imminent. It might be a tray of dishes that would fall, a child to be spanked for spilling his ice-cream cone, or an argument about a look, a tone of voice, an accidental push.

ONE afternoon I climbed up on a revolving stool in front of the counter, which was covered with bright-blue plastic material, and looked around for Mr. Kaminsky. He was behind the cash register framed in chromium and fluorescent light, but scowling as usual. The openness of his ill humor alone made it bearable. It was no secret that Kaminsky had no love for the women and children who spent so much time in his store and they in turn had only jibes for him. But they came and he fed them as he had been doing for twenty years.

"What's yours?" he asked without looking at me.

I watched the customers reflected in the mirror that ran the length of the store, while he poured milk into the mixer. They were all women; some had little children with them. Every one of them was fat. They ate their sundaes and frappes carefully and washed them down with seltzer water. The deliberate way they savored each spoonful made me feel that whipped cream and nuts were among the pleasures of life that were not to be denied. If you die of diabetes, the devil with it!

They spoke in loud, belligerent voices that I couldn't help overhearing. It was as if they were too obsessed with their own anger to care that they were sharing their grievances with everyone around them. Someone directly behind me whom I couldn't see said, "I came home at four o'clock in the morning."

"What did Harry say?" her friend asked.

"Since when do I care what Harry says? It's none of his business when I come home."

"Oh, go on; how much did you lose?"

SYLVIA ROTHCHILD, a resident of Sharon, Massachusetts, was born in Brooklyn, attended Brooklyn College, and has worked as a director of adult group activities. This is Mrs. Rothchild's first published story.

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"Fifteen dollars less to give to the doctor. So what of it?"

I turned to see who was talking and found that she was fat like everyone else and looked as if she had been molded of foam rubber, with no skeleton to support it inside. Her face was made up as carefully as a mask. Pancake makeup filled the pores in her skin; the lashes were darkened with mascara, and her mouth was rouged in a shape that bore no resemblance to the tight, narrow lips underneath. Her hair had been set at the beauty parlor recently and she wore a beautiful spring coat of soft, yellow, velvety material.

Her friend was not so striking. She was plump too, but her face was lumpy and her features not well defined. Glasses gave her a softer look than the woman sitting opposite her and, though her hair was dyed the color of mahogany, she wore very little makeup. Her black loose-fitting coat worn over a purple-print dress was obviously not so expensive as her friend's.

"Why do you aggravate yourself?" I heard her say. "For what?"

Two booths behind them, a little boy, perhaps three years old, wearing long wool trousers and a printed bow tie, slid from the bench to the floor. His mother, whom I could see in the mirror that covered one wall of the store, screamed, "Look at your suit! Are you crazy? Get off the floor, stupid." She pulled him from under the table and tried to force him to sit up while he kicked and howled.

"Take me home, I'm all done," he wailed.

"Are you going to sit still for a minute or do I have to give it to you? For God's sake sit still a minute, do you hear, or I'll give it to you."

He half sat and half stood, as angry and stubborn as his mother. His back was arched stiffly so that his feet could touch the floor. "Then buy me a toy; I wanna toy," he whined.

"Shut up or I'll give you a toy in the head! I'm warning you Stevie, I'll murder you." Then his mother continued talking to someone in the booth with them.

THE jukebox kept playing the same song over and over again. It was a familiar Jewish dance that I had heard countless times at family weddings, but when it came out of the big machine it was called "The South American Samba." You wondered how such a mistake could be made.

Mr. Kaminsky tossed a sandwich in my direction and reached for the milk shake when the talk in the store was silenced by the loud screech of brakes and a terrifying scream outside. I jumped off the stool and ran out with a few others to see what had happened.

There was a laundry truck with its front wheels up on the curb. In the street a little boy was crying while he dusted off his cowboy suit. His mother crouched beside him and kept him from chasing his wide-brimmed hat, which rolled over and over in the dirt near the curb on the other side of the street. The sidewalk was strewn with oranges and potatoes that the woman had dropped when she ran to the boy, and some people were already kicking them as they walked by. Others picked them up, only to put them down on the pavement again when they found that the bag was torn and there was no place to put them.

I stood with a few other people watching the woman, the boy, and the driver of the truck. The driver opened the door slowly, his face bone-white and his hands shaking. He stood still, biting his lips and rubbing his hands together, not yet sure what had happened to him. When he saw that the woman and the boy were all right he leaned up against the front of the store and fumbled in his pockets for cigarettes.

"I saw it," said the man from the delicatessen next to Kaminsky's. "It wasn't your fault."

The driver shook his head and said, "Damn kids!"

The woman with the boy was short and slight. When she picked her son up, his feet dangled below her knees. She carried him to the sidewalk and put him down gently, as though he were a toddler. Then she bent down until her face reached his and without

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any warning slapped his face. "Here," she cried, "for running in the street!" She slapped him again and again and her fingers left red stripes across his cheeks. The boy stood with his legs wide apart and his mouth wide open, too stunned to cry.

"All right, that's enough," an old lady watching her said. "Enough, he won't do it any more." She grabbed her arms from behind to stop her, while she tried to reach the boy.

"It's none of your business," the mother shouted. "What's it to you? I never hit him before in his life. Yeah, he's five years old and I never hit him. So what does he do? He runs in front of a truck."

The delicatessen man lifted the little boy, who was now crying as hard as he could. He carried him into the candy store and sat him on a bench. Mr. Kaminsky put a dish of ice cream in front of him but he kept on screaming.

The older woman half led, half pushed the mother into a booth and brought her some coffee. But the more she tried to quiet her, the louder she shouted.

"I nursed that boy for a year and a half, while the other women were playing cards. I never hit him. He stood on my head, he pulled pieces from me and I didn't lift my hand. Do you know," she asked, "how much food I stuffed into this child? For what, so he should run under a truck like a lunatic?" She turned to the boy and seemed ready to slap him again.

Mr. Kaminsky stood in front of her booth, a disgusted look on his face. "Ssh," he said, "you're a lunatic yourself. Stop screaming. You'll drive everyone out of the store. What do you want from him? He's a child."

She looked up at him defiantly. "Shut up. What does a man know? Do you think he grew out of my head? What do you know? Did you ever carry a kicking child in you? Did you ever feed one?"

"Ssh, ssh," he pleaded.

"Don't shush me," she shouted. "I lost two children already. I know what I'm talking. You think it's nothing, five years can get smashed under a truck!"

The woman in the yellow coat smoked a cigarette and rolled the edge of a paper napkin nervously between her thumb and forefinger. She didn't look at the woman and boy.

Her friend, however, seemed almost sorry that she hadn't run out to see what had happened. She asked nobody in particular, "What happened? What's the matter with her?"

"Crazy," said Mr. Kaminsky, "just crazy. What's the matter, you never saw a lunatic before? Her one and only runs out in the street; and he could have gotten killed. So she wallops him good and screams and hollers as if somebody did something to her. Talk to a woman like that! You'll fall into her big mouth and never come out again."

The old lady beside the mother shook a threatening hand at Kaminsky and said, "Shah."

Kaminsky took her arm and asked, "Who is she? You know her?"

"How should I know who she is?" the old lady answered. "It's my business who she is?"

The little boy who had been screaming for a toy stood quietly in front of the crying youngster. He stood on tiptoe so that he could see over the table and looked the sobbing boy right in the face. "Why he's crying?" he asked the old lady.

"Come back here, Stevie!" his mother called when she heard his voice. "Come back here and mind your business, Stevie! Don't make me call you again. Stevie!"

Stevie went toward the door and his mother jumped up from the bench to chase him as he ran out when it was opened by a woman and a little girl coming in. She pulled him back and he collapsed and screamed as she dragged him. She paid Mr. Kaminsky while the boy thrashed in her arms like a fish and she called to her friend, "Don't forget to call me tonight."

"Will I give it to you Stevie," she muttered. "Just let me get you home. Can't I sit a minute? You can't let me live, can you?"

When I looked at the other mother and boy again, she was wiping her face with her

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handkerchief and sipping coffee. The older woman beside her stood up to leave and said, "Calm yourself now, and don't hit him like that any more. It's not good to hit a child like that. It's always better to go with good than with bad, remember."

The mother didn't answer her. The boy, watching his mother drink her coffee, began to eat his ice cream, which looked like creamed soup. Kaminsky lifted his eyes to the ceiling, while he watched the boy drip it all over himself, but his mother didn't say a word.

WHEN the boy was finished she walked over to the counter. She took some money from her purse and put it in the glass dish near the cash register.

"Never mind," said Kaminsky.

"What do you mean, never mind? I pay for what I eat."

He took the money and waited until she and the boy were out of the store before he took mine.

"God protect us from women," he said petulantly. "You can't get along with them and you can't get along without them."

The two women stood behind me. "So what have you got against women?" the eyeglassed one asked. "Some living you'd make without women, Kaminsky."

The one in the yellow coat prodded her, "Come on, let's go. We don't have all day."

But Kaminsky didn't hurry and I stood waiting for my change. "You know what should have happened to her?" he said. "The boy should have been hit. Yes sir, that's what she needed. A few bruises, a broken arm, a little something for a remembrance and she'd know when she's well off. Yeah," he said. "You don't believe me, but I'm telling you that would fix her. She'd be thanking God, not yelling like an idiot." He wiped his hands on his apron and shook his head despairingly, "A crazy woman."

I put my change away and the heavy door shut quietly behind me. Outside the sun still shone brightly on the carriages and strollers, and the women leading little children by the hand.

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WILLIAM FAULKNER AND THE NEGROES

A Vision of Lost Fraternity

IRVING HOWE

THE world of William Faulkner is neither social photography nor historical record; it is rather an appropriation from a communal memory, some great store of half-forgotten legends, of which Faulkner is the last, grieving recorder. No longer available to public experience, it seems still to live fresh and imperious in his mind, as the memory of the Civil War lives in the mind of the Reverend Hightower in *Light in August*: a tragic charade of the past. We are here confronted not with an imaginary world of which every aspect is carefully designed, but with a complicated story known in its essentials to the narrator but still unordered in his mind—a story of old, confused family records that can be unraveled only with difficulty. Behind the telling of this story there is always a desperate search for order, not merely as a strategy in narrative but also as an actual motive for composition.

What Faulkner is trying to tell us is hardly to be formulated in simple terms, nor is it at all the same as the sum of his attitudes toward the South. Malcolm Cowley has described Faulkner's social view as that of an "anti-slavery Southern nationalist," while George Marion O'Donnell, the pioneer Faulkner critic, finds him a "traditional moralist" defending the "Southern socio-economic-ethical tradition." Perhaps if Faulkner's responses to the South were kneaded into a tight ideological ball it would resemble anti-slavery nationalism, but actually his work contains almost every conceivable attitude toward the South, from sentimentality to denunciation, from identification to frigid rejection. The Yoknapatawpha novels verge in attitude from the suicidal romanticism of Bayard Sartoris to the grave ethical responsibility of Isaac McCaslin; and in the contrast of these extremes, as well as in the numerous shades between them, one can see a controlling preoccupation of Faulkner's work: the relation of the sensitive Southerner to his native myth, as it comforts and corrodes, inspires and repels. While in his earlier books Faulkner may be designated a "traditional moralist" and a defender of the old South, his work shows a gradual recognition that his values can now be realized only in *new*, untested social groups and relationships.

ALL of the tensions in Faulkner's work reach an extreme in his treatment of Negro character. Complex and ambiguous responses to the Negro are predictable, almost conventional, among sensitive Southern writers; they stem partly from an inheritance of uncertainty and partly from a ripening of heart. But in Faulkner's fiction, beneath its worried surface of attitude and idea, there is also a remarkable steadiness of feeling toward the Negro. His opinions change, his early racial complacency evaporates, his sympathies visibly enlarge; but always there is a return to one controlling image, an image of longing and childhood memory.

In *The Unvanquished* the boy Bayard Sartoris and his Negro friend Ringo eat, play, and live together. When the two boys and Granny Rosa Millard begin a long journey,

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No AMERICAN writer has been more preoccupied with the "Negro problem" than William Faulkner. Yet one searches his books in vain for any clear "view" or program leading toward improvement of the intolerable tensions between white and black in the South; at least, there has been endless controversy among critics as to what Faulkner thinks, feels, or regards as desirable in that area—a matter of even wider concern now that he speaks under the accolade of his recent Nobel Prize. IRVING HOWE's criticism has appeared in various magazines, including this one; with a critical biography of Sherwood Anderson published this year by William Sloane Associates in the American Men of Letters series, he may be said to have graduated from the class of "promising younger critics." He was born in New York City in 1920, and attended City College and Brooklyn College. He is at present working on a book about William Faulkner to be published by Random House during 1952.

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Bayard and Ringo, to whom Miss Rosa is also "Granny," take turns holding a parasol over her head. Another time, after harassing a Yankee patrol, they hide, in familiar equality, beneath Miss Rosa's roomy skirts. "That's how Ringo and I were," Bayard nostalgically recalls, "we were almost the same age, and Father always said that Ringo was a little smarter than I was, but that didn't count with us, any more than the difference in the color of our skins counted. What counted was, what one of us had done or seen that the other had not, and ever since that Christmas I had been ahead of Ringo because I had seen a railroad." Bayard is here articulating an ideal of boyhood friendship, unaffected by social grade and resting on that intuitive sense of scruple so often available to boys.

The same ideal, or a similar one, appears in other Faulkner novels. In *The Sound and the Fury* the only happy memories the Compsons retain are of scenes in which white and Negro children play together. In *Absalom, Absalom* there are no glimpses of friendship between boys of the two races, but the pioneer innocence of young Sutpen is defined as freedom from both racial feeling and economic acquisitiveness. The boy Isaac McCaslin in "The Bear" unconsciously—and then with considered assent—claims as his spiritual parent the old Negro, Sam Fathers; and a similar claim determines the relationship between Chick Mallison and Lucas Beauchamp in *Intruder in the Dust.* In the story "Go Down, Moses" an old white woman, Miss Worsham, explains her wish to help an old Negro woman, Mollie Beauchamp, by invoking a childhood friendship of decades ago: "Mollie and I were born in the same month. We grew up together as sisters would." By contrast, Joe Christmas in *Light in August* seems the most deprived of Faulkner's characters precisely because he does not have such childhood memories to fall back on: his was always the adult condition.

The most dramatic rendering of this theme occurs in the story "The Fire and the Hearth." For the white man Roth Edmonds, Mollie Beauchamp is "the only mother he ever knew, who had not only delivered him on that night of rain and flood . . . but moved into the very house, bringing her own child, the white child and the black one sleeping in the same room with her so that she could suckle them both." As a boy, Roth feels that his home and the home of his Negro friend Henry Beauchamp have "become interchangeable: himself and his foster-brother sleeping on the same pallet in the white man's house or in the same bed in the negro's and eating of the same food at the table in either, actually preferring the negro house. . . ." And then the moment of pride: Roth refuses to share his bed with Henry and lies alone "in a rigid fury of the grief he could not explain, the shame he would not admit." Later he knew "it was grief and was ready to admit it was shame also, wanted to admit it only it was too late then, forever and forever."

BENEATH the white man's racial uneasiness there often beats an impatience with the devices by which society keeps men apart. Ultimately the whole apparatus of separation must seem too wearisome in its constant call to alertness, too costly in its tax on the emotions, and simply tedious as a brake on spontaneous life. The white man is repeatedly tempted by a memory playing on the rim of his consciousness: a memory of boyhood, when he could live as a brother with his Ringo or Henry Beauchamp—his Nigger Jim or Queequeg—and not yet wince under the needle of self-consciousness. The memory—is it a longing in the guise of memory?—can be downed by the will and blunted by convention, but it is too lovely and in some final sense too real to be discarded entirely. Beneath the pretense to superiority, the white man reaches for what is true: the time when he could compare bits of knowledge about locomotives with Ringo, share food with Henry Beauchamp, not in equality or out of it, for the mere knowledge of either is a poison, but in a chaste companionship. This is what the white man has lost, forever and forever; and the Negro need never remind him of it, he need only walk past him on the street.

It is a memory fed by guilt. As a confession of failure within society, it proves that status has brought not satisfaction but grief and shame. By questioning the entirety of adult relations, it reveals a hidden weight of despair. Because it glances at the possibilities of life beyond society, the writer can imagine it only in a setting of pastoral simplicity or childhood affection. It is a plea

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to be forgiven for what is and perhaps—but here Faulkner is uncertain—must be. And it is a yearning to find release, to fall away from one's whiteness.

Touching as this vision of lost fraternity is, it also involves a wry and almost outrageous naivety. As Leslie Fiedler has remarked in a suggestive essay, the white man "dreams of his acceptance at the breast he has most utterly offended. It is a dream so sentimental, so outrageous, so desperate that it redeems our concept of boyhood from nostalgia to tragedy." Miss Worsham says of Mollie Beauchamp, "we grew up together as sisters would"—but how many decades of distance have intervened she does not add. It is as though she and Roth Edmonds and all the other whites unconsciously hoped they need but turn again to their childhood companions to find in undiminished purity the love destroyed by caste. How the Negroes themselves might look upon this violated dream they do not think to ask.

This image of the white man's longing is not, of course, unique to Faulkner; it appears with astonishing frequency in American writing, and often together with that pastoral impulse so strong among our novelists and poets. Faulkner has rendered it with a particular urgency and a profound sadness, in a setting where at best the races live in quiet rancor. That he has repeatedly turned to this image may be considered a triumph of instinct, but the shape and weight he has given it are a triumph of art.

No such singleness or steadiness can be found in Faulkner's conscious attitudes toward the Negro. One finds, instead, a progression from Southern stereotype to personal vision, interrupted by retreats to inherited phobias and to an ideology that is morally inadequate to the vision. These shifting attitudes may be broken into three stages, each symbolized by a major Negro character: Dilsey, Joe Christmas, Lucas Beauchamp.

In *Soldier's Pay*, Faulkner's first novel, a Negro briefly appears as a conventional accessory: George the train porter. In *Sartoris* the Negro servants are regarded with truculent condescension, Joby and Simon, the old family retainers, being mere comic stereotypes. When Joby lights a fire on Christmas Day, Faulkner assures us that he feels "the grave and simple pleasures of his race." And when Simon visits some Negro ladies, there is some uncomfortable low comedy:

> "Ef it ain't Brother Strother," they said in unison. "Come in, Brother Strother. How is you?"
>
> "Po'ly, ladies; po'ly," Simon replied. He doffed his hat and unclamped his cigar stub and stowed it away in the hat. "I'se had a right smart mis'ry in de back."
>
> ". . . Whut you gwine eat, Brother Strother?" the cook demanded hospitably. "Dey's party fixin's, en dey's some col' greens en a little sof' ice cream lef fum dinner."
>
> "I reckon I'll have a little ice cream en some of dem greens, Sis Rachel," Simon replied. "My teef ain't so much on party doin's no mo'. . . ."

Faulkner does this sort of thing skillfully enough, and since the speech of some Negroes does verge on self-burlesque, the passage cannot simply be dismissed as "unreal." But its reality is of a superficial order, displaying a gift for condescending mimicry rather than the moral perception and sympathy we may expect from a novelist of the first rank. Faulkner is not yet interested in looking very deeply into Negro life; he is largely content with the conventional.

In *The Unvanquished* a similar stereotyped response to the Negro soon gives way to an awareness that his mind is not quite so accessible to the white man as the latter would like to believe. Faulkner stresses the free and easy relations between white master and Negro slave in the ante-bellum South, the peculiar intimacy between a man sure of his command and another who sees no possibility or feels no desire to challenge it; and we know from historical record that, together with institutionalized brutality, such relationships did once exist. But new voices appear now, particularly the voice of Loosh, a discontended Negro who deserts the Sartoris manor for the Northern lines. "I done been freed," says Loosh, "God's own angel proclamated me free and gonter general me to Jordan. I don't belong to John Sartoris now; I belong to me and God." When asked why he has spirited the Sartoris silver to the Yankees, Loosh replies with vehemence and point: "You ax me that? . . . Where John Sartoris? Whyn't he come and ax me that? Let God ax John Sartoris who the man name that give me to him. Let the man that buried

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me in the black dark ax that of the man what dug me free."

Loosh's pregnant questions are repeated, in *Sartoris*, by a Negro of a later era. Caspey, home from the First World War, announces: "I don't take nothin' fum no white folks no mo'. . . . War done changed all dat. If us cullud folks is good enough ter save France fum de Germans, den us is good enough ter have de same rights de Germans is. French folks think so, anyhow, and ef America don't, dey's ways of learnin' em." For such "sullen insolence" Caspey is knocked down by Bayard Sartoris with a stick of stove wood and told by Simon, his father, to "save dat nigger freedom talk fer town-folks."

Neither Loosh nor Caspey is conceived in warmth: they are singled out for ridicule and distrust, and their rebelliousness is hardly taken seriously. Implicit in Faulkner's early treatment of Negroes is the assumption that they are easily *knowable*—particularly by Southerners experienced in handling them. But since Faulkner at his weakest is still an artist of some consequence, overtones of doubt and uneasiness shade his portraiture of Negroes even in the minor novels: the discontented ones are seen as absurd or loutish, but this impression is undermined by the power with which their discontent is reported.

A gifted artist can salvage significant images of life from the most conventional notions: witness Dilsey. Neither the greatest nor best realized of Faulkner's Negroes, she is still remarkable for her ability to maintain her selfhood under humiliating conditions. But the conception behind Dilsey does not seriously clash with the view of the Negro that could be held by a white man vaguely committed to benevolent racial superiority. Accepting her inferior status and surviving as a human being despite that acceptance, Dilsey is the latest of Faulkner's major Negro characters who feels that the South is a community to which she entirely belongs.

In *The Sound and the Fury* one can observe an important modulation of attitude toward the Negro. While Dilsey's strength and goodness may be acceptable to traditional paternalism, she gradually assumes a role far from traditional for the Southern Negro: she becomes, toward the end of the book, an articulate moral critic, the observer upon whom the action of the novel is registered and through whom its meanings are amplified. She is not merely the old darky in the kitchen champing at the absurd and evil ways of the folks up front; at the climax of the novel she rises to a concern with universal problems of justice. This is not to suggest that Dilsey is in any way a rebel against the old order of Southern life. She regards most of the Compsons with contempt not because they are white or representative of the dominant social group but because they do not fulfill the obligations that have accrued to their status. Judging the whites in terms of their own proclaimed values, she criticizes not their exploitation of Negroes but their moral mistreatment of each other. This judgment, held with force and purity, leads Dilsey to a principled respect for the human person as such. When the name of the idiot Compson child is changed from Maury to Benjy, she snaps: "He aint wore out the name he was born with yet, is he." When her daughter whines that "people talk" because Dilsey brings Benjy to the Negro church, the old woman replies: "Tell um the good Lawd dont keer whether he smart or not. Dont nobody but poor white trash keer dat." This sense of honor toward every person in her orbit is Dilsey's most admirable trait—and a sign, as well, of the more complicated treatment of Negroes that is to appear in Faulkner's books.

From traditional paternalism to an awareness of the injustice suffered by the Negro in Southern society—this, one could say, is the change that now occurs in the Yoknapatawpha novels. But the change is more complicated still, for the growing concern with injustice as a problem in society flows from an expansion of paternalism to its widest human limits. Dilsey and Joe Christmas are very different kinds of people, but Christmas is possible only because Dilsey already exists.

With *Light in August* the Negro assumes a new role in Faulkner's work: he is now the victim, the symbol of the lowly and the oppressed. If Dilsey is characterized by an unbreakable sense of "belonging" in a world she knows to be falling apart, Joe Christmas knows that he has no home, that he always has been and must always remain homeless. If in the earlier work the focus of attention is on the white man's feelings toward the Negro, now there is a shock of dis-

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covery—a discovery of the Negro *as Negro,* blackness stripped to pariah.

None of Faulkner's characters has been so grotesquely misunderstood as Joe Christmas; few are more important. Malcolm Cowley has called him a "villain," but Christmas is neither hero nor villain, he inspires neither admiration nor loathing. He signifies the appearance, for the first time in Faulkner's work, of a type frequent in 20th-century European literature: man as helpless victim. In *The Sound and the Fury* Benjy suffers but his idiocy forms a moat between himself and the world. Christmas, however, is entirely vulnerable, and if he were to formulate a creed he might say that the condition of his humanity is that he remain vulnerable. Though incompletely realized, he is an extraordinarily poignant image of the homeless and depressed human being trapped in a limbo between brute physicality and human consciousness.

Before he talks to anyone, before the explanatory flashbacks to his childhood, the man Christmas is defined in all his baffled aggression: working in a sawmill he keeps "jabbing his shovel into the sawdust slowly and steadily and hard, as though he were chopping up a buried snake." With Negroes he must assert himself as a white man, with whites as a Negro, for he represents in himself the expense of our society's division. Christmas tries to reject both roles, the white and the Negro, but is unable to formulate that rejection and must release it through violence against the most neutral features of his environment. He is the most alienated figure in the Yoknapatawpha world and one of the most alienated in all modern literature: "there was something definitely rootless about him, as though no town nor city was his, no street, no walls, no square of earth his home. And . . . he carried his knowledge with him always as though it were a banner, with a quality ruthless, lonely and almost proud."

"All I wanted was peace," he tells himself in his manhood. At times he wants "to passively commit suicide," to relive the humiliations that have come to him since childhood: his infancy in a frightening orphan asylum, his adolescence as the ward of a brutal and loveless religious fanatic, his young manhood, wandering through cities, unable to live either as Negro or as white. He remains forever an orphan, his world a chaotic enlargement of the asylum of his childhood. But in his dull brooding way he knows that there is something to be done and toward which to aspire. Considering marriage with Joanna Burden, the Northern white woman who has kept him for several years, he recognizes that it would mean *"ease, security for the rest of your life. You would never have to move again."* But he cuts himself short: "No. If I give in now, I will deny all the thirty years that I have lived to make me what I chose to be." To be categorized as either white or black is, for Christmas, to "give in," and he has chosen to be something else, nothing less than a man. In his wretched and brutal way Christmas, as few other characters in Faulkner, tries to determine his identity and break through to his freedom. Even his most evil act, the murder of Joanna Burden, arises from this desire. Since she, more than anyone else, has given him something of the manhood he desired, she must now pay most heavily for failing him. In bed with Christmas she demands that their love be a pantomime of violation ("Negro, Negro, Negro," she gasps in her corrupted hunger)—she will not give him that final measure of acceptance, the sheer indifference to the shade of skin, for which he yearns.

After the murder, only death; and Christmas meets it with sardonic ecstasy. He forces the deputies to a chase not because he intends to escape or hopes to, but simply because he wishes once more to act out his defiance. In his last extremity, when he emerges from the swamps hungry and ragged, he makes that seemingly gratuitous human gesture which for Faulkner is the ultimate redemption of man's life: "Can you tell me what day this is?" he asks a woman. "I just want to know what day this is." During his flight he tells himself, *"Yes I would say Here I am I am tired I am tired of running of having to carry my life like a basket of eggs."* With awed pain he sees that the Negroes "were afraid . . . of their brother afraid." And after his death the whites know what it was about him that "made folks so mad." It was that "he never acted like either a nigger or a white man."

The Faulkner to whom the Looshes and Caspeys and even Dilsey had seemed so accessible now emphasizes that for the whites

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the Negro often exists not as a distinct person but as a specter or phantasm. In *Light in August* a lynch mob "believed aloud that it was an anonymous negro crime committed not by a negro but by Negro . . . and some of them with pistols already in pockets began to canvass about for someone to crucify." The phrase "not by a negro but by Negro" reflects a deepened understanding of the power which prejudice commands in modern life; the reference to man canvassing "for someone to crucify" suggests that Faulkner has been thinking hard about the role of frustration in shaping white behavior. In Percy Grimm, the small-town boy who has absorbed sadism from the very air, Faulkner concretizes his pained awareness that a society of inequality can result only in abuse of status and arbitrary violence. This idea is expressed more abstractly in *The Wild Palms* when Faulkner describes the "indelible mark of ten thousand Southern deputy sheriffs, urban and suburban—the snapped hatbrim, the sadist's eyes, the slightly and unmistakably bulged coat, the air not swaggering exactly but of a formally pre-absolved brutality." Precise in each detail, this description flares to brilliance in the final phrase, "a formally pre-absolved brutality"—a phrase which epitomizes a vision of society.

THAT the white man has been calloused by status and the fear and guilt inevitable to status is hardly a novel insight; but to a writer wrestling with the pieties of the Southern tradition the price of such knowledge can hardly come low. For it is not, after all, the "South," that convenient abstraction of geography or history, about which Faulkner sees this: it is his own immediate cut of land, the place where he will spend his remaining time and die. Consider, then, the significance of the scene in *Light in August* where a sheriff, preparing to sweat some information out of a Negro, tells his deputy, "Get me a nigger"—*Get me a nigger,* no matter which, they are indistinguishable, duplicable, objects for manipulation.

We witness in Faulkner's novels a quick and steep ascent: from benevolence to recognition of injustice, from amusement over idiosyncracies to a principled concern with status, from cozy familiarity to a discovery of the alienation of the races. Realizing that despite their physical nearness Negroes must coil large parts of themselves beyond the sight of white society, Faulkner remarks in the story "The Old People" upon "that impenetrable wall of ready and easy mirth which negroes sustain between themselves and white men." Rather than easily reached, the Negro now seems locked behind suspicion; and while he may be, as Quentin Compson has said, "not a person so much as a form of behavior . . . [an] obverse reflection of the white people he lives among," he is also and more importantly something else: a human being whom the whites can seldom know. (One of Faulkner's later stories, "Pantaloon in Black," dramatizes this idea: after the death of his wife, a Negro runs berserk with grief while the whites, blind to the way he expresses it, sneer at his apparent insensitivity.) As Faulkner discovers the difficulty of approaching Negroes, he also develops an admirable sense of reserve, a blend of shyness and respect; trusting few of his preconceptions, he must look at everything afresh.

A curious result of this growth in perception is that he tends to portray Negroes in somewhat abstract terms: if the mob in *Light in August* looks upon black men as "Negro" in order to brutalize them, Faulkner sometimes looks upon them as "Negro" in order to release his anguished sympathy. To be sure, Joe Christmas and Charles Bon are sharply individualized characters, but there also hangs over them, beyond the needs of their portrayal, a racial aura, a halo of cursed blackness. In an early story, "Dry September," this tendency toward the abstraction of character is still clearer: like a paradigm of all lynching stories, it is populated not with men but with Murderer and Victim.

Nor is it accidental that those Negroes whom Faulkner most readily imagines in the posture of the victim should be mulattoes. Trapped between the demarcated races, the mulatto is a natural candidate for the role of victim. Charles Bon is a man adrift: the Negroes "thought he was a white man and believed it only the more strongly when he denied it," while the whites, "when he said he was a negro, believed that he lied in order to save his skin." Joe Christmas is cursed by "that stain on his white blood or his black blood, whichever you will." Whether Christmas actually has Negro blood is never clear; this uncertainty points a finger of irony at

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the arbitrariness of the whole racial scheme.

Such symbolic uses of the mulatto do not exhaust the reasons for his appearance in the forefront of Yoknapatawpha. Mulattoes are living agents of the "threat" of miscegenation, a "threat" which seems to disturb Faulkner whenever he is most sympathetic toward the Negro. All rationalizations for prejudice having crumbled, there remains only an inherited fear of blood mixture, a fierce emotional resistance against the requirements of the mind. In the two novels where the prospect of miscegenation figures most prominently, *Light in August* and *Absalom, Absalom,* it arouses a painfully mixed response: it releases the phobias of the white unconscious and, as Faulkner himself will hint in a later book, it suggests an ultimate solution to the racial dilemma. Even as it provides a last irrational defense for a shaken dogma of superiority, the thought of miscegenation opens a vision of a distant time when distinctions of blood and barriers of caste will be removed. And because of this ambivalent response, the mulatto occasions some of Faulkner's most intense, involuted, and in a few instances hysterical writing. As a victim the mulatto must be shown in all his suffering, and as a reminder of the ancestral phobia must once or twice be made to suffer extravagantly. Since, however, Faulkner is struggling to free himself from both phobia and the social values it bolsters, the mulatto also excites in him his greatest pity. On the mulatto's frail being descends the whole crushing weight of Faulkner's world.

FAULKNER commits himself, in *Intruder in the Dust,* to an explicit position on the "Negro problem." As with other matters, he is not nearly so impressive in the direct expression of ideas as in the creative development of a vision of life.

When Gavin Stevens, Faulkner's spokesman in the novel, launches his lectures in behalf of Southern separatism and "homogeneity" (a term happily left undefined), he becomes one of the more tedious figures in the Yoknapatawpha world. Stevens does recognize the Negro's claim to justice: "Someday Lucas Beauchamp . . . will vote anywhen and anywhere a white man can and send his children to the same schools anywhere the white man's children go. . . ." He insists that the South do the job alone: "We must expiate [the injustice] and abolish it ourselves, alone and without help or even (with thanks) advice." Only—and here Faulkner crowds upon Southern apologetics—this injustice cannot be "abolished overnight by the police." He urges the Negro to be patient, and suggests that when the South has given him full justice, "together we would dominate the United States." For what end? To oppose those citizens whom Faulkner, in an uncharacteristic descent to meanness, calls the "coastal spew of Europe"? Perhaps he intends to say that the Southern whites and Negroes could together resist the evils of Northern capitalism, its "frantic greed for money" and its reduction of men to adjuncts of machines. Then he must reflect on the irony that it is the industrialization (the "Northifying") of the South which is destroying the traditional patterns of its life, including many of the Negro-white relations he would want to see destroyed. Once the South ceased to be a predominantly agrarian society and alleviated the injustice suffered by the Negro, what claim could it then make to separateness?

Far more impressive than Faulkner's experiment in ideology is the leading figure of *Intruder in the Dust,* Lucas Beauchamp. With the appearance of Lucas, most of Faulkner's previous attitudes toward the Negro are transcended.

Lucas is neither at home in the South, like Dilsey, nor homeless, like Joe Christmas; he exists in himself. He is well enough aware of white society and he knows exactly what it is; in the story "The Fire and the Hearth," where he is seen in weak foreshadow, he does not hesitate to unloose his bitterness toward it. But as he looms into sight in *Intruder in the Dust,* powerful and complete, he is entirely on his own: he has put society behind him. Lucas carries a quantum of white blood but belongs neither to the whites nor the blacks as the two cohere into polar groups; he rejects white society but does not rebel against it; he neither cringes nor defies; he rather gives white society its ultimate due: he ignores it. His contempt for those who have falsely accused him is so great that he is ready to be lynched in silence rather than beg for pity; his confidence in their power to discern the truth so small that he will not even deal with the liberal lawyer Stevens. Too proud to acqui-

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esce in submission, too self-contained to be either outcast or rebel, Lucas has transformed the condition of alienation into a stance of dignity and assurance. The gain is high, so too the price; for Lucas is friendless, and his grandeur is a crotchety grandeur. Apparently meant by Faulkner as a tribute to the strength and endurance of the Negroes, Lucas is something better still: a member of an oppressed group who is presented not as a catalogue of disabilities but as a human being. He is not a form of behavior but a person, not Negro but a Negro.

Occasionally, Faulkner lets Lucas slip into the "stubborn old nigger" who grumbles and bumbles his way to domination over the helpless whites. This may, however, be a justifiable device, for to an extent which cannot be precisely determined the "stubborn old nigger" is Lucas's social mask—the mask, as Faulkner realizes, which many Negroes must employ in white society. And because he is so aware that they can seldom risk spontaneity in the company of whites, Faulkner, like the boy Chick Mallison, circles about Lucas with humor and a shy respect, never daring to come too close lest the old Negro growl at him. He feels about Lucas somewhat as Chick and Stevens do, sharing the boy's irritated awe and the man's uneasy admiration. Toward no other character in any of his books does Faulkner show quite the same uncomfortable deference, of none other can it be said that Faulkner looks up to him with so boyish and pleading an air. We are likely to admire men who have insulated themselves against the world not through weakness but through strength: and Lucas is such a man.

By indirection, Lucas challenges a good many of the notions Faulkner has previously expressed about the Negroes. In the final scene of *Intruder in the Dust* he shows himself unyielding and unforgiving: he insists upon taking the white man's gesture of equality as if it came from condescension—and who will flatly contradict him? In an earlier scene Lucas stares up at Stevens from his jail cell, refusing to speak to him openly because he sees that the white lawyer believes him guilty. Completely dramatized and without any oracular intrusions, this scene suggests the relatively startling insight that even the best of the whites are full of ambiguous feelings toward the Negroes and hence not wholly to be trusted by them.

This insight gained, it is necessary to call into question one of Faulkner's recurrent attitudes toward the Negro. Throughout his writing one finds an emphasis on the Negro's patience and "endurance." In the appendix to *The Sound and the Fury* Dilsey and her family are honored with the bare sentence, "They endured." In the famous colloquy between Isaac McCaslin and his cousin midway through "The Bear" the Negroes are declared to be "better than we" because "they will endure." Such sentiments are fondly quoted by "traditionalist" critics; but if, as Faulkner strongly suggests, they are meant not merely as statements about the past but as prediction or prescription, they invite a certain amount of soul-searching and doubt.

How the Negroes "really" feel about Southern society is extremely difficult for any white man to say, though we all know, of course, how they should feel. Preconceptions aside, it is still doubtful that they are quite as ready to endure as Faulkner suggests. Even if we ignore the considerable evidence of Negro restiveness, we must suppose that any human beings long subjected to humiliation will impatiently resent it, no matter how deeply circumstances may force them to bury their intimate feelings. The patience and readiness to endure which Faulkner admires among Negroes may, in part, be another of the masks they assume to survive in an inhospitable society.

Though he has given us a wider range and taken a deeper measure of Negro character than any other American novelist, Faulkner has yet to present a Negro who will speak for his people as Gavin Stevens speaks for the whites. That such a Negro may not be within Faulkner's personal knowledge is of very slight importance—unless, of course, one accepts the naive assumption that fictional characters must always be based on a writer's direct experience. The inner logic of Faulkner's own work, his marvelous honesty, his continuous moral growth—all require that he confront the kind of Negro who is in serious if covert rebellion against the entire Southern structure and whose worth cannot be impugned by easy references to Northern "uplift societies."

To present such a character, Faulkner

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might have to take a very considerable imaginative risk: he might have to view Negro consciousness from within rather than as it is seen or imagined by white characters. By way of objection, it may be said here that precisely Faulkner's awareness of the distance between the races and of the Negro's ultimate inaccessibility makes him hesitate before the use of a Negro as his center of consciousness. This seems a persuasive argument, but ultimately it will not do. For great writers are always coming up with characters whom "they do not know"—and this must be part of what we mean when we say they are using their imagination. To portray Negro consciousness from the inside would surely be hazardous for Faulkner, but the need for such an attempt rises from his own achievement, and no other American writer has shown a greater readiness or better equipment for taking chances.

In any case, Faulkner's most recent books indicate that the Negro continues to play an almost obsessive part in his imaginative life. *Requiem for a Nun* casts a Negro prostitute and dope addict, Nancy, as scourge and savior of white society. Her murder of a white child is traced back to the earlier guilt of the child's parents; and even as she prepares to die she becomes a nemesis chastising the corrupted whites and a voice of faith calling them back to moral duty. In assigning this symbolic role to Nancy, Faulkner seems to be placing too heavy a weight on the Negroes, and she consequently figures more as an abstract agent than a human being; lacking the rich particularity of a Lucas Beauchamp, she is Negro rather than *a* Negro. The novel, however, suggests the possibility that as Faulkner continues to brood over the Negroes some of the problems raised here may be worked out in his books.

THE shift of response toward the Negro forms a moral history, a record of growth from early work to last. It would be a grave distortion, however, to suppose that this history is entirely reckoned when one has traced opinions and attitudes and even underlying themes—these are only the raw materials from which literature is made or, perhaps more accurately, the abstractions which critics like to extract from literature. Despite the ideological passages in *Intruder in the Dust,* Faulkner is not, and should not be considered, a systematic thinker; he has no strictly formulated political position on the "Negro question," and as a novelist he is under no obligation to have one. His books suggest that in the more than two decades of his literary career he has come a long way —a journey of painful self-education, beginning with an almost uncritical acceptance of the more benevolent of the conventional Southern notions and ending with a brooding sympathy and humane respect for the Negroes. His recent books indicate that no other social problem troubles him so greatly, and that his mind is constantly driven to confront it. What counts in his work is not the occasional splinter of program that can be scratched out of it—whoever wants a clear and definite platform or a coherent sociology for the Negroes will have to look elsewhere. Faulkner's triumph is of another kind, a novelist's triumph: a body of dramatic actions, a group of realized characters. No other American novelist has watched the Negroes so carefully and patiently; none other has listened with such fidelity to the nuances of their speech and recorded them with such skill; none other has exposed his imagination so freely to discover, at whatever discomfort to himself, their meaning for American life.

In the end, one need only hear and see. There is the sermon ("I got de ricklickshun of de blood en de Lamb") delivered by the visiting St. Louis preacher in the Negro church at the end of *The Sound and the Fury,* as magnificent in its way as the sermons of Father Mapple in *Moby Dick,* Dinah Morris in *Adam Bede,* and the Jesuit father in *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man.* Since the St. Louis preacher speaks at great length, listen instead to the shorter movement of dialogue, the subtle ripples of accent and meaning, as Jason Compson, in *The Sound and the Fury,* reports an exchange with a Negro.

"And then a Yankee will talk your head off about niggers getting ahead. Get them ahead, what I say. Get them so far ahead you cant find one south of Louisville with a blood hound. Because when I told him about how they'd pick up Saturday night, and carry off at least a thousand dollars out of the country, he says,

"I dont begrudge um. I kin sho afford my two bits."

"Two bits hell," I says. "That dont begin it.

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How about the dime or fifteen cents you'll spend for a damn two cent box of candy or something. How about the time you're wasting right now, listening to that band."

"Dat's de troof," he says. "Well, ef I lives twell night hit's gwine to be two bits mo dey takin out of town, dat's sho."

"Then you're a fool," I says.

"Well," he says, "I don't spute dat neither. Ef dat uz a crime, all chain-gangs wouldn't be black."

And finally the cadences of the passages in "Red Leaves" where the Negro slave who has run away is captured by his Indian masters; a passage which forms an elegy for all human effort, all human defeat:

Two Indians entered the swamp, their movements noisy. Before they reached the Negro they stopped, because he began to sing. They could see him, naked and mud-caked, sitting on a log, singing. They squatted silently a short distance away, until he finished. He was chanting something in his own language, his face lifted to the rising sun. His voice was clear, full, with a quality wild and sad. "Let him have time," the Indians said, squatting, patient, waiting. He ceased and they approached. He looked back and up at them through the cracked mud mask. His eyes were bloodshot, his lips cracked upon his square short teeth. The mask of mud appeared to be loose on his face, as if he might have lost flesh since he put it there; he held his left arm close to his breast. From the elbow down it was caked and shapeless with black mud. They could smell him, a rank smell. He watched them quietly until one touched him on the arm. "Come," the Indian said. "You ran well. Do not be ashamed."

DEATH OF A DOG

BABETTE DEUTSCH

The loping in the darkness, here, now there,
As the wild scents whispered, the roadside beckoned, while
Things without heads roared past, their smell not vile
But meaningless—and the loping on, to where
A richer odor sang out like a snare.

Across the road it sang again, too strong
To leave, although a small monster was hooting
Behind, spoiling the scent, and suddenly shooting
Ahead, in a heavy stench, a wrench, a wrong
Noise of everything where it could not belong.

He got free, though, and with a limping leap
Found the high grass and panted there, his eyes
Twin frightened fires. He did not try to rise.
One leg was smutched, with oil, for the blood, deep
In the unscarred body, crept, then poured, toward sleep.

He would have voided the strangeness, could not; strained
His neck toward some loosening of agony,
But could not reach it; grinning dreadfully,
Would have turned from the hand that stroked him and refrained,
But could not: could not stir. The hurt remained.

The hurt remained, the hurt, and the amaze,
As the eyes waned, like pin-point stars gone out
When darkness clouds. And now there was no doubt:
The leaping, the listening, the kind queer scent-crammed days
Were done. A dog's death is a death men do not praise.

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FROM THE AMERICAN SCENE

UNCLE BEN OF UPPER BROADWAY

A Portrait

HAROLD DESSLER

I REMEMBER the night my uncle died. Of course he really didn't die; but for me he died just as wholly as if he had been buried from the Riverside Memorial Chapel, as was customary for the New York side of the family.

As a matter of fact, he had begun to die long before, but I didn't realize it. It began when I was around fourteen, and my father and my sister and I lived in West Orange in New Jersey. We had a house on Northfield Avenue halfway between the houses of the Edison plant workers in the valley and the houses of the upper-class New York commuters on Orange Mountain above Gregory Avenue.

We Jerseyites were considered black sheep by the New York side of the family, my mother having married a college professor who taught at Rutgers, from a family whose members were always buried from Apter's Funeral Parlor in Newark. We weren't rich or poor; we got by the depression years paying most of our bills after the collection company sent us a polite reminder. In the evening I'd read books on photography, sitting at my desk in my bedroom, a bold addition to the eighty-year-old house, flaunting its raw youth like a slap in the face, almost dragging the house down the naked cliff beneath my nine windows.

On a clear evening I could see Newark down in the valley, and beyond the meadows was the blazing New York skyline. In those days New York was where I went to visit Uncle Ben weekends.

LOOKING back now, I feel sorry for Uncle Ben because he was really a very lonely man. He and Aunt Lil never could have the one thing they wanted most in this world, a child of their own. How they loved children! They were good to all their nieces and nephews, but especially good to me, never forgetting a birthday, Christmas, Easter, even minor holidays, and inviting me to spend weekends at their apartment in the Beresford on Central Park West. During the hot summer months I went out to their home in Long Beach on the Island, and went swimming at their club.

The summer after my fourteenth birthday, Uncle Ben invited me on a trip out West. We traveled all over the country, stopping off to see "cloak and suit" buyers in the big cities, even crossing the border into Mexico, and wherever we went, I was introduced to his friends as "Sadie's son."

My mother had been the family favorite. When she died, her brothers, Ben among them, had promised to look after me. To the New York side of the family my father was only a teacher, a profession they frowned on.

Every Friday afternoon after school my father let me take the Lackawanna Railroad to the city, to spend the weekend at

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THE Uncle Bens of the world, at home on Central Park West and in the garment center, are more than men; they are a way of life, and among the things they know with certainty is what is required of lesser folk, be they from the New Jersey side of the family or elsewhere. Not that they mean badly. . . . HAROLD DESSLER is a graduate of Martha Foley's advanced writers' workshop at Columbia University. He was born in New York City in 1924. This is his first published story; he is at work on a novel.

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Uncle Ben's apartment. I slept on the living room sofa. Uncle Ben and Aunt Lil brought me back to our house on Sunday. They always bought cake from the Tip Toe Inn on Broadway at 86th Street to take back to Jersey. "Nobody knows how to bake cake in Jersey," Uncle Ben would say. "There's nothing like New York cake, and the best is Tip Toe Inn."

When I arrived on Friday afternoons, a game would always be in progress at Uncle Ben's apartment. Aunt Lil would be "having the girls over for a luncheon," sometimes to play mah-jongg afterwards, but usually to play gin rummy or poker. Poker was the favorite with the "girls." I'd leave my suitcase in the hall closet, taking a minute to say hello to Aunt Lil's friends. "The image of Sadie," they said. While they played cards, they complained. If the sun was shining, it was too hot, and if it was snowing, it was too cold. When the races began in January, they fled to the warm shores of Miami, and when summer came they took the commuters' express to the Jersey shore to play the horses at Kelly's in West End. They were always running away to find something better, but when there was a birth, a marriage, or a death, they rushed home to be close to things from which they could not escape.

I'd eat some fruit or have a slice of chocolate cake and milk, and then wander across the street to the Museum of Natural History to browse around, or, if the weather was pleasant, I'd walk around the lake in Central Park taking pictures with my camera.

Saturday afternoons Uncle Ben took me around to be shown off to his poker-playing friends who lived at the Bretton Hall Hotel on Broadway. The Bretton Hall crowd were comfortably living off their annuities, their life insurance, and a few stocks and bonds, weekending down the Jersey Shore in the summer, going to Kelly's to play the wheel and the horses, and in the winter following their wives to Miami.

The apartments at the Bretton Hall were old-fashioned, large, airy but dark, and there was always a green glass shade on the bright light over the dining room table. The card players wore green eyeshades to protect their eyes from the glare. Even though a big game was always in progress, the players would put aside their cards to say hello to Uncle Ben and me. "Eyes like Sadie," they always remarked.

"Sure!" Uncle Ben would say. "He's Sadie's son." Uncle Ben rarely played poker, preferring to sit and watch; Aunt Lil was the card player in the family. Whoever dropped out of a hand first would talk to Uncle Ben about tomorrow's daily double because Uncle Ben loved to play the horses.

Everybody at the Bretton Hall seemed to share the same memories. The talk among Uncle Ben and his friends was of Harlem where they had been brought up, and of going to PS 10; they had formed an alumni association to provide for their less fortunate schoolmates. Their wives' organizations ran rummage sales with goods donated by their husbands, raising money to send needy children to camp during the stifling New York summers. Some of the Bretton Hall crowd still took an active interest in their businesses. At business, the husbands were hard, often brutal, but they were softness itself about their families and they supported their parents and their wives' parents.

They never forgot Harlem, vaudeville at the Alhambra on a Saturday night, and the "cloak and suiters" who made good out on the Coast. Their sons went to the Walden School and the Ethical Culture School, and to the state universities down South or out West, and then went to work for their fathers or friends of their fathers, carrying on the line of one or the other of the tightly knit clans of first- and second-generation families that control much of the garment center.

The parents thought of themselves as sacrificing the greater part of their lives working and living for their children. At college, the children majored in English literature, psychology, acting—"Anything that isn't practical," so their families said—going on to graduate school where they studied for advanced degrees. Still, their parents proudly discussed their children over mah-jongg, gin rummy, and poker. Some of the children drifted away from Manhattan and Brooklyn, moving to the Coast. A few even became teachers. Their fathers put in longer hours at business to make more money to send them gifts of cars, clothing, food, trips

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to Paris and London. They bought their children's homes for them, paying off their mortgages. And they boasted to their friends about their grandchildren, showing the pictures they carried in their wallets. How proud they were of their children's children! The grandmothers in their mink coats would fly out to the Coast for the holidays, taking a cheese cake from Lindy's, "specially wrapped." It was a happy and contented circle—that is, if you could keep making a lot of money.

Uncle Ben and Aunt Lil were alone. They'd listen to their friends, look at their pictures. Then they talked about "Sadie's son." "He's on the honor roll at high school," Uncle Ben would say.

I REMEMBER when Uncle Ben took me to a wholesale house for the first time to get me a coat. Uncle Ben walked past the switchboard operator and into the crowded showroom. A salesman recognized him, stopped talking to his customer and walked over to him, grinned and shook his hand. Everybody in the garment industry, even in boys' wear, knew Uncle Ben, or so it seemed.

"You wait a few minutes, Ben," the salesman said. "I want to attend to you personally."

He returned to his customer. "The buyer from Marshall Field's," Uncle Ben said with respect, nudging me.

We sat quietly in an empty booth. I watched the salesmen flip the coats off the racks and handle them in their slick way, spreading them neatly and quickly before the buyers on the little tables in the booths, tossing the rejected garments back onto the empty racks, and all the time carrying on a glib conversation to divert the buyers' minds, so they shouldn't begin to feel worried over the size of their orders. "Take your time," I overheard the salesman say to the Marshall Field buyer, "here you should feel at home." Candy was passed around, the same salesman coming to our booth and offering us some. "On the house," he said. "Blum's. Flown in from the coast." I took two pieces, Uncle Ben none. The salesman went back to the Marshall Field account.

"Remember," Uncle Ben said to me in a low voice, "you watch and don't be afraid to ask questions. Maybe you'll become a buyer." He glanced in the direction of the buyer from Marshall Field, who was recording his orders. "A smart buyer writes his own orders. That way no dogs slip in," Uncle Ben said. "You gotta be shrewd and alert, remember."

Compared to a "cloak and suit" house, this showroom was easy, Uncle Ben told me. "Nothing but grays and browns here. Less headache. Why worry about styles? You go into boys' wear. It's a clean line."

But I felt out of place, and I didn't like the way everybody was working at impressing everybody else. I hoped the salesman would hurry up with the buyer and wait on us, so I could take in an early show at the Music Hall.

The chief sewing woman, whom Uncle Ben called a "chairlady," was called out of the factory to replace a button on a garment. The pattern maker came forward to explain the cut of a jacket to the Marshall Field buyer. The salesman nodded eagerly, then came over to our booth. "Troubles I've got," he told Uncle Ben, and wiped the perspiration from his brow. He returned to the buyer.

"A handful of buyers like that can make or break this house," Uncle Ben said. I looked closely at the buyer. He was no taller than Uncle Ben. "Power!—he's on top," Uncle Ben told me, taking out a pack of cigarettes and lighting one.

Out of all the samples on the racks in the showcase, I wanted the camel's-hair coat: the color matched my camera case. Uncle Ben got up and walked over to the racks to finger the coat, running his hands gently over the cloth. The salesman shook hands with the buyer from Marshall Field's, leading him to the elevator. "Delivered as promised," the buyer demanded.

"Me you can trust," the salesman replied.

WHEN the salesman came back, he said to Uncle Ben, "From him I've already got a headache." He and Uncle Ben talked about baseball and the races, about business in general, then clothing in particular, and finally they discussed the camel's-hair coat.

"You sure you like it?" Uncle Ben asked. "Remember this is wholesale. No exchanges."

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"I like it a lot, Uncle Ben, but—" Maybe the coat was too expensive.

"Nothing's too good for Sadie's son," he cut in. "You try it on." He helped me into the coat. It was a perfect fit.

"We'll have the old coat packed," Uncle Ben decided. When the salesman went to the wrapping room, Uncle Ben turned to me. "This coat is the best money can buy. You'll be showing those Jersey friends of yours a high-class garment."

"How much is it?" I asked.

"Never mind the price," he said roughly.

Then the owner himself came over to shake hands with Uncle Ben. "How are gray goods?" he asked.

"Lousy," Uncle Ben replied. "Not much raw rayon available."

The owner offered Uncle Ben a cigarette. They lit up. I returned to the booth and waited for the package, thinking that if there was time I'd take some pictures on Seventh Avenue with my camera before going to the Music Hall.

By now the showroom had emptied of buyers and special customers, who had all gone out to lunch. I was getting hungry. Our salesman, package in hand, walked over to me. "You sure have a good uncle buying you such a coat. You want to know something?" he said. "Only the Fifth Avenue stores can afford to carry this line. On you this coat fits like a prince."

"You're wonderful to Sadie's kid," the owner remarked, coming toward me, his eyes darting from Uncle Ben to me. I reached out to hold Uncle Ben's hand.

Uncle Ben gazed at me with twinkling eyes. "He looks just like her," he said proudly.

I found myself wanting Uncle Ben to introduce me by my name. Finally I said aloud, "My name is David . . . David Brockman."

Uncle Ben dropped my hand. "He's Sadie's son," he said again.

"I belong to the Jersey side of the family," I said, persisting.

The owner smiled. "A Jerseyite, eh? How's your father? I remember him when he and your mother and your Uncle Ben and I would go to the Alhambra on a Saturday night. That's before your time."

I noticed Uncle Ben's face redden. The owner was being called over the loudspeaker system. He excused himself, and I was alone with Uncle Ben. There was a long silence.

"We better hurry," Uncle Ben finally said, "if you're going to catch an early train to Jersey."

Disappointed at not being able to go to the Music Hall, I picked up the package, balancing it under my arm, but it felt heavy as it knocked against my camera. "Remember, you can't exchange the coat," Uncle Ben repeated, sourly.

MY SISTER had married, settling down in a small Jersey town, and after I got my discharge from the army, Uncle Ben helped me through college. In all those years I never wrote Uncle Ben for money; I wanted to be independent. Going to college, I worked part time as a shoe salesman, a waiter, a dishwasher, a window washer. Yet Uncle Ben always knew when to send me an extra dollar. I received a bachelor's degree, went for a master's, and then I decided I was finished with my education. I came back to New York and rented a furnished room on 72nd Street, having some of my dinners at Uncle Ben's.

My first two years out of college were spent drifting from job to job, from assistant buyer in a resident buying office to publicity writer in a fund-raising outfit. At one time I was on unemployment relief. I had my heart set on breaking into photography, preferably as a staff photographer on a magazine. During lunch hours and between jobs, I made the rounds of magazine offices, carrying my pictures in a manila folder.

I tried to tell Uncle Ben about the people I knew: photographers, artists, writers, musicians. "Get wise," he said. "A friend is a person who can lend you a buck or land you a job."

I did the same thing most young newcomers to New York do: walking the streets at odd hours, hanging around bars, picking up strangers and talking to them. I did a lot of traveling in New York. People began to confide in me. When they left the bar, or when I got off the bus, they forgot they had ever known me. I wanted to tell Uncle Ben about those strangers. I tried, but he didn't understand. "You live a good, clean,

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healthy life," he said. "That's all I want you to do. Then I'll be happy."

I didn't tell Uncle Ben and Aunt Lil about the hangouts on Third Avenue, Lexington, the Bowery, the Village, and also uptown on the East Side. I had saved enough money to buy a second-hand Leica; and I weaved in and out of all the dark spots, trying to catch some of the hungry desperation with my camera. "There are such nice people your own age on Central Park West," Aunt Lil said. "Why don't you take their pictures instead?"

Uncle Ben offered to introduce me to his friends. I told him I was going to be a successful photographer. "You're floundering," he said, and once in a while, at dinner, he would show his resentment.

I GOT a job as salesman in the showroom of a high-priced boys'-wear house, knocking out seventy a week, banking forty. I wanted money for a trip to Europe. A year, and I'd have enough. For a while Uncle Ben was happy again, until he heard I was going to leave the showroom.

One afternoon he telephoned me at the showroom to buy some food and bring it up to have dinner with him at his apartment. I was leaving for Paris at the end of the month, and I wanted to see Uncle Ben before I left. Aunt Lil was out at Long Beach for the summer. He spent weekends there, and during the week he ate alone. I went to the Tip Toe Inn for cold cuts, careful to buy lean tongue and roast beef because of Uncle Ben's indigestion.

At six o'clock, when I arrived at his place, he was standing in his shorts at the door waiting for me. Aunt Lil and Uncle Ben never waited for the doorbell to ring. Since they knew in advance when company was expected (you telephoned first from the lobby) they would open the door when the elevator stopped at their floor. When his wife was away in the summer, Uncle Ben lived in his shorts in his apartment.

"Come in," Uncle Ben said. "What didja buy? I hope you used some sense this time. That's your trouble, you know, no sense."

I boiled water for instant coffee. I skinned the tomatoes, since Uncle Ben couldn't digest tomato skins, and I scrambled eggs for myself. Uncle Ben scrambled his own, not wanting to take any chances with my cooking. We began to eat.

"Humph!" Uncle Ben said. "Where didja get this crap? Jesus Christ, not only don't you have enough sense to hold a steady job, you can't even buy Grade A meat." He got up from his chair to pour boiling water over the instant coffee in his cup.

"I'll do that for you," I said.

"Never mind," he said. "You eat."

Later, after I washed the dishes and he dried them, we sat in the living room watching television. I was hoping he'd ask me about my photography, how it was coming along. I had been sending a lot of pictures to magazines and contests. I had even received honorable mention in a nationwide contest. If he would only wish me good luck on my trip to Europe. But he remained silent. He picked up the *World-Telegram*, looked at the stock market quotations, and put the paper aside. Then he lit a cigar—against the doctor's orders. Finally he said, "What's this nonsense about your going to Europe next month? I know a psychiatrist on 65th Street. I'll take you there tomorrow."

I didn't know what to say. I didn't want to hurt Uncle Ben's feelings.

"You're a dreamer, too, like your father, and you're following in his footsteps." He turned off the television. "You got to go to college to make seventy bucks a week—I don't know." Uncle Ben shook his head. "Neither of *us* have degrees."

I reached for a mint in the candy dish on the coffee table, stopped, decided against it.

"Go back to Jersey," he said. "New York won't do you any good." He was inhaling heavily on his cigar, and the smoke filled his corner of the room, blurring him before my eyes. "Get wise!" He went to the card table and picked up the cards, shuffling them slowly before laying them out for a game of solitaire. There were ten minutes of silence while he lost a game. "I never wanted to tell you this before," he said, "but you've turned out to be the biggest disappointment in our lives."

I got up to leave. "Wait for me," Uncle Ben said, putting away the cards. "I'll walk you to the corner." He went to his bedroom and dressed.

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We left his apartment and walked in silence down 81st Street to Broadway. "Take care of yourself," he said, leaving me standing alone at the corner. He was walking in the direction of the Bretton Hall Hotel. He hadn't asked me to walk with him. "Give me a call," was the last thing he said.

Uncle Ben would never be able to say to his friends at the Bretton Hall Hotel, "My nephew's down at Macy's now. Got some big job there."

"He owes it all to you," one of the PS 10 alumni would have said. "To him you were like a father." Uncle Ben would have smiled, watching the cards being dealt, and then arguing over how someone played the hand, kibitzing as usual.

I watched him walk up Broadway until he disappeared in the distance. I was hoping he'd glance back, but he didn't. I crossed the street and had a drink in the Tux Bar at the corner. Then I went out into the cool night air, walking slowly down 79th Street to Riverside Drive, past the clover-leaf entrance to the West Side Highway and down the 159 steps—I counted them—to the yacht basin. I walked past benches, peered into faces, listened to voices, heard baseball scores coming over the portable radios. Finally I reached the 72nd Street exit and climbed the steps up to Riverside Drive again. I walked up 72nd Street to Central Park West and back to Uncle Ben's apartment house. It was very dark outside, and I waited downstairs for a long time. Then I returned to my place. I spent some time fussing with my photography equipment before reaching for a last cigarette. When I took off my watch, I noticed the time. It was one o'clock when Uncle Ben died.

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CEDARS OF LEBANON

BETWEEN CIVILIZATION AND ETERNITY

An Ancient Debate, and an Allegorical Interpretation

ABRAHAM JOSHUA HESCHEL

ABRAHAM JOSHUA HESCHEL, associate professor of Jewish Ethics and Mysticism at the Jewish Theological Seminary in New York, is the author of *Maimonides, Die Prophetie, Studies in Ibn Gabirol's Metaphysics, The Quest for Certainty in Saadia's Philosophy, The Earth Is the Lord's,* and *Man Is Not Alone.* The passages below are taken from his latest book, *The Sabbath,* to be published soon by Farrar, Straus, and Young. They form an example of that art which the Jews have practiced for two thousand years above all others—commentary. Professor Heschel's text is from the Babylonian Talmud, Shabbat 33b; and the English version given here is from the *Maaseh Book,* translated by Moses Gaster. Rabbi Judah ben Ilai, Rabbi Jose, and Rabbi Shimeon ben Yohai were all Tannaim of the 2nd century of the Common Era; they were all three students of Rabbi Akiba; and their discussion, the account of which undoubtedly contains a kernel of historical truth as well as an admixture of legend, probably took place after 130 CE, following Bar Kochba's revolt, when the issue of what attitude to take to Rome and Roman civilization became vital.—ED.

The time: about the year 130.
The place: Palestine.
The people present: three leading scholars and one outsider. The place and the people under the dominion of the Roman Empire.

RABBI Judah ben Ilai, Rabbi Jose, and Rabbi Shimeon ben Yohai were sitting together, and with them was a man called Judah ben Gerim. Rabbi Judah opened the discussion and said:

"How fine are the works of this people [the Romans]! They have made roads and market places, they have built bridges, they have erected bathhouses."

Rabbi Jose was silent.

Then Rabbi Shimeon ben Yohai replied and said:

"All that they made they made for themselves. They made roads and market places to put harlots there; they built bridges to levy tolls for them; they erected bathhouses to delight their bodies."

Judah ben Gerim went home and related to his father and mother all that had been said. And the report of it spread until it reached the government. Decreed the government:

"Judah who exalted us shall be exalted; Jose who was silent shall go into exile; Shimeon who reviled our work shall be put to death."

WHEN Rabbi Shimeon heard of the decree, he took his son Rabbi Eleazar with him and hid in the House of Learning. And his wife came every day and brought him stealthily bread and a jug of water. When Rabbi Shimeon heard that men were searching for them and trying to capture them, he said to his son:

"We cannot rely upon a woman's discretion, for she can easily be talked over. Or perhaps she may be tortured until she discloses our place of concealment."

So they went together into the field and hid themselves in a cave, so that no man knew what had become of them. And a miracle happened: a carob tree grew up inside the cave and a well of water opened,

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so that they had enough to eat and enough to drink. They took off their clothes and sat up to their necks in sand. The whole day they studied Torah. And when the time for prayer came, they put their clothes on and prayed, and then they put them off and again dug themselves into the sand, so that their clothes should not wear away. In this way they spent twelve years in the cave.

When the twelve years had come to an end, Elijah the prophet came and, standing at the entrance of the cave, exclaimed:

"Who will inform the son of Yohai that the emperor is dead and his decree has been annulled?"

When they heard this, they emerged from the cave. Seeing the people plowing the fields and sowing the seed, they exclaimed:

"These people forsake eternal life and are engaged in temporary life!"

Whatever they looked upon was immediately consumed by the fire of their eyes.

Thereupon a voice from heaven called out:

"Have ye emerged to destroy My world? Return to your cave!"

So they returned and dwelled there another twelve months; for, they said, the punishment of the wicked in hell lasts only twelve months.

When the twelve months had come to an end, the voice was heard from heaven saying:

"Go forth from your cave!"

Thus they went out. Wherever Rabbi Eleazar hurt, Rabbi Shimeon healed. Said Rabbi Shimeon:

"My son, if only we two remain to study the Torah, that will be sufficient for the world."

It was the eve of the Sabbath when they left the cave, and as they came out they saw an old man carrying two bundles of myrtle in his hand, a sweet-smelling herb having the perfume of paradise.

"What are these for?" they asked him.

"They are in honor of the Sabbath," the old man replied.

Said Rabbi Shimeon to his son:

"Behold and see how dear God's commands are to Israel."

At that moment they both found tranquillity of soul.

THERE is a mass of cryptic meaning in this silent, solitary story of one who, outraged by the scandal of desecrated time, refused to celebrate the splendor of civilized space. It symbolically describes how Rabbi Shimeon ben Yohai and his son went from exasperation and disgust with this world, which resulted in their actually trying to destroy those who were engaged in worldly activities, to a final reconciliation with this world.

What stirred these men was not, as it is usually understood by historians, mere patriotic resentment against the power that had vanquished and persecuted the people of Judea. From the development of the story, it becomes obvious that from the outset the issue was not only Roman rule but also Roman civilization. After they had spent twelve years in the cave, the scope of the issue expanded even further. It was not any more a particular civilization but all civilization, the worth of worldly living that became the problem.

It was hard not to be impressed by the triumphs of that great Roman Empire and to disagree with the mild and gentle Rabbi Judah ben Ilai who acknowledged the boon it had brought to many lands. And yet, to Rabbi Shimeon ben Yohai these triumphs were shocking, hateful, and repulsive. He knew that all these splendid edifices and public institutions were not built by the Roman rulers to aid the people but to serve their own selfish designs:

"All that they made they made for themselves."

When Rabbi Shimeon ben Yohai abandoned the world of civilization to spend many years in a cave, sitting up to his neck in sand, he forfeited worldly life to attain "eternal life." Yet this was an attainment which was hardly meaningful to his persecutors. To most Romans eternity was almost a worldly concept. The survival of the soul consisted not in being carried away to a superterrestrial and blessed existence. Immortality meant either fame or the cleaving to one's home, to one's earthly abode, even after death. But Rabbi Shimeon abandoned home as well as the road to fame. He fled from the world where *eternity was the attribute of a city* and went to the cave where he found a way to endow life with a quality of eternity.

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To Rabbi Shimeon eternity was not attained by those who bartered time for space but by those who knew how to fill their time with spirit. To him the great problem was *time* rather than *space;* the task was how to convert time into eternity rather than how to fill space with buildings, bridges, and roads; and the solution of the problem lay in study and prayer rather than in geometry and engineering.

To this day, the idea of Torah being the source of eternity is proclaimed in our prayers. The world is transitory, but that by which the world was created—the word of God—is everlasting. Eternity is attained by dedicating one's life to the word of God, to the study of Torah. It is for the gift of perceiving the taste of eternity in dedication to the Torah that time and again we thank and say: "Blessed be Thou . . . who has given us the Torah . . . and has planted within us *eternal life.*" And when we go hence and rest in the world to come—what is the bliss that awaits the souls of righteous men? It is to begin to understand the deeper meaning of the Torah: "Things that are covered up from men in this world will become transparent as globes of crystal."

It was thus not the force of despair that bred Rabbi Shimeon's contempt for the affairs of this world. Behind his blunt repudiation of worldliness we discern a thirst for the treasures of eternity. In his boundless thirst, he saw no middle way, no ground for compromise in the pursuit of temporary life. The duty to study Torah—which was the way to attain eternity—had an exclusive claim on all of life: "*This book of the Torah shall not depart out of thy mouth but thou shalt meditate therein day and night*" [Josh. 1:8]. To abate, to relent even for an hour was to forfeit a part of eternal life, an act of partial suicide. Hence Rabbi Shimeon could not but regard any secular activity as iniquity.

An older contemporary of Rabbi Shimeon ben Yohai, the distinguished heretic Elisha ben Abuyah, had taken the opposite view. Charmed with the worldly culture of Hellenism, he would visit the schools and attempt to entice the students from the study of the Torah and urge them to dedicate their energies to some more practical occupation:

"Out with you, you lazy people, stop idling away your days. Begin a human work, you become a carpenter, and you a mason, you a tailor, and you a fisherman."

However, Rabbi Shimeon's renunciation of this world and Elisha's infatuation with this world represented an extremism which found little acclamation among their contemporaries. The saintly Rabbi Judah ben Ilai rejected Rabbi Shimeon's immoderate demands of man. Personally, Rabbi Judah was given to severe self-denial and austerity. "I do not wish to derive any pleasure from this world," he said. Yet his advice to others was that the ideal path lay midway. Life is likened unto two roads: one of fire and one of ice. "If you walk in the one, you will be burned, and if in the other, you will be frozen. What shall one do? Walk in the middle."

But Rabbi Shimeon rejected this outlook. "Scripture says: *And thou shalt gather in thy corn* [Deut. 11:14]—what has this teaching to tell us? Since it is written: *This book of the Torah shall not depart out of thy mouth but thou shalt meditate therein day and night* [Josh. 1:8], it is possible to think that these words are to be understood as they are written (namely, that no time be devoted to any other activity, such as earning a livelihood); therefore there is a teaching to say: *And thou shalt gather in thy corn,* that is, conduct at the same time a worldly occupation." These are the words of Rabbi Ishmael. Rabbi Shimeon ben Yohai says: "Is it possible for a man to plow at the time of plowing, sow at the time of sowing, harvest at the time of harvesting, thresh at the time of threshing, and winnow at the time of winnowing—what is to become of Torah?"

Rabbi Shimeon and his son appear in this story as the antipodes of Prometheus. When Zeus, in an act of revenge, withheld fire from men, Prometheus stole it from the deity in heaven and brought it down to men on earth, concealed in a hollow stalk, and taught them the use of the technical arts. For this he was honored by men as the founder of civilization, and for this he was punished by the gods and was chained to a rock where every day an eagle ate his liver, which was healed again at night. In contrast, Rabbi Shimeon tried, as it were, to take away fire from men, reproving them for pursuing the art of cultivating the

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ground. For this he was rebuked by a heavenly voice and punished by being placed in confinement in a cave for twelve months.

THE most baffling moment of the story comes at the end, in the epilogue. After spending twelve years in the cave in study and prayer, the two saints persisted in their condemnation of all worldly activities. Having been reproved by a heavenly voice, and having spent twelve more penitential months in the cave, the father was cured of his world-negation. The son, however, did not make peace with the world even then; not until both encountered the sight of "the old man" holding two bundles of myrtle in honor of the Sabbath, and that sight gave both of them tranquillity of spirit. What was the symbolic significance of that sight? What caused the change of mind?

It was the "old man"—symbolizing the people of Israel—who went out to meet the Sabbath with myrtles in his hand as if the Sabbath were *a bride*.

The myrtle was, in ancient times, the symbol of love, the plant of the bride. When going out to invite his friends to the wedding, the groom would carry myrtle sprigs in his hands. At the wedding ceremony it was customary in some places to recite the blessing over the myrtle. An overhead awning of myrtle was erected for the bride, while the groom wore a garland of roses or myrtles. It was customary to perform a dance with myrtle branches before the bride. Rabbi Judah ben Ilai, the colleague of Rabbi Shimeon ben Yohai, known to us from his part in the debate, was praised for his efforts in bringing joy to every bride. He would take myrtle twigs to a wedding, dance before the bride, and exclaim: "Beautiful and graceful bride!" The "old man" who was running at twilight to welcome the Sabbath, holding two bundles of myrtle in his hands, personified the idea of Israel welcoming the Sabbath as a bride.

This, then, is the answer to the tragic problem of civilization: not to flee from the realm of space; to work with things of space but to be in love with eternity. Things are our tools; eternity, the Sabbath, is our mate. Israel is engaged to eternity. Even if they dedicate six days of the week to worldly pursuits, their heart is claimed by the seventh day.

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ON THE HORIZON

A SON OF THE SOUTH, AND SOME DAUGHTERS

Carolina Episode with a Happy Ending

HARRY L. GOLDEN

FOR all his huge bulk, his diabetes, and his addiction to twelve black cigars a day, Judah P. Benjamin certainly got around. Born in the Virgin Islands, he emigrated to South Carolina, received his primary education in Fayetteville, North Carolina, and later attended Yale University. He practiced law in Louisiana, served two terms as Senator for that state, declined President Pierce's offer of a seat on the Supreme Court, and, on the day Abraham Lincoln was inaugurated, strode out of the Senate arm in arm with Senator Jefferson Davis. He served in the Confederate cabinet as Attorney General, Secretary of War, and Secretary of State. After Lee's surrender, he bade his chief farewell at Danville, Virginia, disguised himself as a Negro "mammy," slipped through the Union lines in the Carolinas, Georgia, and Florida, and escaped to British Honduras in an open boat. He arrived in England penniless, but was welcomed at the home of Alfred Tennyson. Already fifty-four, he enrolled in the Inns of Court along with lads of twenty. Within five years he was a leader of the British bar, and there was a move to elevate him to the High Court, but Palmerston feared it would offend the American government. If ever there was a "wandering Jew" it was old Judah P. Benjamin. Born a British subject, he achieved distinction in America, won new fame and honor in England, and died in France. In 1948, we dedicated a granite marker to his memory in Charlotte, North Carolina.

WHY 1948? And why in Charlotte? The North Carolina chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy had picked Charlotte for its convention city in 1948. The organization usually includes in this annual event the dedication of a historical marker. One year it marked "the spot where Jefferson Davis stood when he heard of Lee's surrender"; another year, "the site of the last meeting of the Confederate cabinet"; and so forth.

For the 1948 convention, the "historian" of the group, Mrs. J. A. Yarbrough, recommended to her committee that a marker be dedicated to the memory of Judah P. Benjamin. For background, she offered photostats of letters written by Mrs. Jefferson Davis indicating that Judah P. Benjamin had been an overnight guest at the home of Abram Weil, a Jewish merchant of Charlotte, who had given sanctuary to most of the Confederate leaders and their families. After the committee's approval, the matter was brought before the membership of the Stonewall Jackson Chapter in Charlotte, which was to be the official host to the forthcoming convention. Mrs. Yarbrough's resolution was passed unanimously; the chapter would gladly "accept a gift of a granite marker, in memory of Judah P. Benjamin, and sponsor its dedication" as a climax to its 1948 convention.

THE Lost Cause still lives on in Southern hearts, but occasionally a rather nasty modern note is liable to show up in the observances that keep its memory alive; HARRY L. GOLDEN tells here of one such instance, when an effort was made to read Judah P. Benjamin out of the Southern hall of fame. Mr. Golden, editor of the *Carolina Israelite*, a newspaper published in Charlotte, North Carolina, is the author of about fifty pamphlets on Jewish life in the South.

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Mrs. Yarbrough mailed us a copy of the resolution at the office of the *Carolina Israelite*, and we assured her there would be no difficulty in securing the marker for her organization. We brought the matter to the attention of the two Charlotte temples, the Conservative Temple Israel and the Reform Temple Beth El, and the trustees voted the necessary funds without hesitation. Mrs. Yarbrough and I then applied to the City Council for permission to place the marker on city property. Permission was granted without debate, and we ordered a stone with the following inscription:

JUDAH P. BENJAMIN
ATTORNEY-GENERAL, SECRETARY OF WAR,
AND SECRETARY OF STATE OF THE
CONFEDERATE GOVERNMENT,
WAS THE GUEST, APRIL 26, 1865,
OF ABRAM WEIL, WHOSE HOME STOOD
ON THIS SITE.

THIS MONUMENT IN HIS HONOR
WAS PLACED BY
TEMPLE ISRAEL AND TEMPLE BETH EL,
THE JEWISH CONGREGATIONS
OF CHARLOTTE, N. C., AS A GIFT TO THE
STONEWALL JACKSON CHAPTER
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY
OCTOBER 1, 1948

A month before the event, all arrangements had been completed. The police department agreed to close the street to traffic during the ceremony; Dr. Hunter B. Blakely, president of the local women's college, agreed to deliver the dedicatory address; and the story was released to the press.

AT THIS point, however, Mr. Arnold Smith, a banker in New York, sent a letter to his mother-in-law in Charlotte. The mother-in-law, a member of the Stonewall Jackson Chapter, had the following portions of the letter mimeographed and a copy sent to every member of the Confederate Daughters in North Carolina:

". . . My pleasure in scanning the pages of my home-town [Charlotte] newspaper was interrupted this morning when I saw and read the enclosed article relative to a memorial to Judah P. Benjamin. This leaves no doubt in my mind that the United Daughters of the Confederacy have been completely 'taken in' by the editor of this 'Jewish [sic] Carolina Israelite' and, unless they withdraw their support of this project, will be made an unwitting tool in another scheme which is nothing else but propaganda for the Jewish race. It is a well-known fact that a powerful effort, well financed here [New York], and country-wide in scope, is being made to identify the Jewish race with things American. The underlying idea is to counteract the increasing resentment on the part of right-minded people toward the manner in which the Jews conduct themselves. The indictment against them is far too long to submit here, for it would fill many pages. Perhaps the most flagrant recent example was the pressure exerted by organized Jewry on the American government to gamble away the security of the U.S. Navy by antagonizing the Arabs. The U.D.C. might also find food for thought in the fact that nearly all the Communists in America are Jews, and that most of the funds and agitators used in stirring up your Southern Negroes are Jewish in origin.

"The argument may be used by some of your members that 'our local Jews' are 'good Jews.' This old cliché is used time and again as a cover-up. But be not deceived—the so-called 'good Jews' are 'good' only because they are as yet unrevealed, and even the 'good' ones work hand in hand with the most objectionable of their race. The effrontery of this propaganda attempt will become more apparent if one examines the role which this Judah P. Benjamin played in Confederate history. He was nothing more than a communistic Jewish politician from the North, who was born in a foreign land, and who played an ignominious role in the history of our South. In fact, the 'visit' in Charlotte, which has been made the flimsy excuse for these proceedings, probably was made while Benjamin was in flight while your fighting men of the South from whom you 'Daughters' descend, stayed on and faced the consequences of defeat. . . ."

TWO days after the distribution of this reprint, the Stonewall Jackson Chapter held a special meeting. Mrs. Yarbrough presented her case well. Aside from the morality involved, she pointed out that the two Jewish temples did not initiate the project, but had generously responded to solicitation for a "gift" to the Confederate Daughters. It was

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all to no avail. The chapter voted to rescind its sponsorship, and the secretary was instructed to notify us officially that the name of their organization "must not appear on any Benjamin marker." The vote fell two short of being unanimous, Mrs. Yarbrough and the lone Jewish member of the organization being the only dissenters.

Mrs. Yarbrough immediately made known her intention of carrying the issue to the national headquarters of the U.D.C.

The trustees of the two temples, of course, were upset by this turn of events. Innocent bystanders, they now found themselves with a major controversy on their hands and an unwanted slab of stone. Those among them who felt that Jewish "security" was imperiled whenever the word "Jew" appeared in public print, were all for dropping the granite marker into the Catawba River and forgetting the whole thing as quickly as possible. One of the rabbis, representing this group, called on Mrs. Yarbrough and urged her to drop the matter, arguing: "We will have to go on living in this town with these people." Mrs. Yarbrough replied: "Rabbi, have you considered that you will have to go on living in this town with me, too?" At a joint meeting the next day, the temples voted unanimously to see her through.

That same night Mrs. Yarbrough made a trip to Little Rock, Arkansas, to the home of Mrs. John Wineman, President-General of the U.D.C. Mrs. Wineman pledged her immediate and wholehearted support. She, in turn, telephoned Mrs. A. L. Thompson, president of the North Carolina division of the organization, who immediately called a meeting of her board in Greensboro; they voted unanimously to accept the gift of the Benjamin marker on behalf of the state organization. We then ordered the stone-cutter to shave off two inches of the granite and replace the words "Stonewall Jackson Chapter" with "North Carolina Division."

THE Stonewall Jackson Chapter decided to resist to the bitter end. A group of their most prominent members appeared before the City Council to demand that the permit to erect the marker on city property be withdrawn. They were armed with affidavits to the effect that the marker would impede the movements of people getting on and off the city buses. After a long and heated discussion, the Council voted to let the permit stand as originally approved, Mayor H. H. Baxter pointing out that "the permit was granted in the first place on the application of two reputable religious organizations, and there is nothing before us to warrant its revocation."

The next day another crisis loomed. Dr. Blakely, the college president scheduled to deliver the dedicatory address, pulled out. In his message of regret, he said that he had not known that "Benjamin Judah [sic] was such a highly controversial person."

With only two days left before the dedication, we called on Dr. Warner L. Hall, minister of the Covenant Church, which is probably the largest Presbyterian congregation in America, bringing an official invitation signed by our two rabbis. Dr. Hall readily accepted. At first, we planned to withhold public announcement of Dr. Hall's scheduled appearance; Mrs. Yarbrough was afraid that the "anti-Semites" might scare him off (she always referred to the opposing group as "the anti-Semites"). We decided, however, that this would be unfair to Dr. Hall, since he was bound to meet criticism for having participated in the event and it might later appear as though we had "put one over" on him. We therefore sent his photograph to the morning paper with the story of his acceptance. The paper is delivered at 7:30 AM; at 8:00 AM a delegation from the Stonewall Jackson Chapter appeared at Dr. Hall's home. He told the group—most of them members of his own congregation—that "my Jewish colleagues have invited me to speak at one of their functions, I have accepted, and you have told me nothing that would justify my withdrawing."

The hour finally came, but when the rabbi opened the ceremony with the invocation there were very few "Daughters of the Confederacy" in sight. The Stonewall Jackson Chapter, as "host lodge" of the convention, controlled the program, and their leaders had called for a "special memorial prayer service" at the exact hour of the Benjamin dedication, thus keeping most of the delegates glued to their seats in the convention hall. But Mayor Baxter was there, and so was Mrs. Wineman, the President-General, and Mrs. Thompson, the State President, and Mrs. Yarbrough, and of course Dr. Hall, who delivered a prayer for brotherhood just as the memorial to old Judah was being firmly set into the concrete of a Charlotte sidewalk.

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THE STUDY OF MAN

HAIL, MEETERS! GREETERS, FAREWELL!

Getting Together the Group-Dynamic Way

REUEL DENNEY

IN EVERY American decade we say goodbye to a landmark or a character we had grown used to. A generation ago we said goodbye to the five-cent stein and the Uncle Tom Negro. Today we seem to be seeing the decline of the Greeter. The Greeter was a man masculine who always came to the Chicago conventions in a back-slapping mood. His literary portrait, by Sinclair Lewis, was completed while he was beginning to become extinct. What ever happened to the Greeters? Many died, some retired, and the rest are becoming Meeters.

Take my old friend George R. Waffletree, now in his fifties. When I saw him recently, after a lapse of years, I realized immediately that he had changed in many ways. He did not slap me on the back or shake my hand roughly, as in the past. This was not chilliness on his part; it was the sign of a general alteration in this once jolly Vice President in Charge of Rebates. I later learned that it was a new kind of warmth, the "group-participative" kind, that he was aiming for.

George was always a good mixer in high school days, and he was a pretty good golfer too. From the beginning of his career in business he rightly guessed that these gifts promised him a good future. He worked hard, he played hard, and he mixed hard, and all these activities were as inextricably blended together as the stuff in his tackle box. His idea of business was to get in there and make money and be friendly to anyone who would play fair. His idea of a good time was to spend his money mostly in the ways his neighbors and the people in the advertisements did. One of the liveliest events of his business year was the industry's convention in Chicago. Yet this is where his transformation began.

George tells me that he drifted into Chicago on the Zephyr, back in '47, feeling as good as ever. He had been with his firm long enough to feel quite at home at these big meetings. There were responsibilities, of course. He had to attend some meetings of his own company, including at least one at which some members of his board would be present. These prospects were nothing to fret about; ever since joining the firm, George had followed the lead of Tal Adams, who was a director as well as president. It was all routine. The fun consisted of standing in the lobby and comparing your kid's college with those of other men's kids. If any

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As DE TOCQUEVILLE pointed out long ago, America is a land of organizations, and therefore of meetings. But, readers of REUEL DENNEY's tale will discover, we may be on the verge of a new epoch—one in which all our conferences and conventions, with their impediments and frustrations to democratic discussion and decision, will flower and bear fruit under the benign rule of science. So various research studies and handbooks recently published seem to promise; from now on, whether it's the executive committee of the Pioneer Social and Athletic Club or the Security Council, we have only to follow this new know-how to attain the same high level of "group dynamics" that has made the professional conferences of social scientists a light to the nations. Mr. Denney here describes one earnest citizen's education in the new techniques. Born in 1913 in New York City, Mr. Denney teaches social sciences in the College of the University of Chicago, has published poetry and short stories in various literary journals, and was one of David Riesman's collaborators in the writing of *The Lonely Crowd.*

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real problems came up, they were solved in small gatherings at the bar, out on Clark Street in a late conference in a honky-tonk, or up in Adams' room.

Early in the convention, George turned up at a meeting with a few drinks under his belt and slept through it with his eyes open. Toward the end of the meeting there was a vote about something, but George paid no attention to it. He figured that the basic decision had already been made up in Adams' room. After the meeting, Adams took George by the arm and asked him why he hadn't said anything, and why he hadn't voted. George protested that he never bothered to do anything of the kind in meetings on that level and asked Adams if everything was all right? Adams told him that a new expense account system for the salesmen had been voted in. "I thought you had that all cooked up before the meeting," said George. "Not at all," said Adams. "That would be autocratic—we discuss things out in the open now. And remember—participate."

GEORGE was simply paying up for his lack of acquaintance with the work of Kurt Lewin. Lewin, as he learned later, was a German émigré psychologist who came to America in 1932, did much of his work at Iowa State, and was head of the Research Center for Group Dynamics at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology when he died in 1947. Lewin, experimenting with groups of children at Iowa State, had learned that groups with more or less permissive and democratic forms of organization were both happier and more self-sustaining than other kinds. The other kinds of groups he studied were those with autocratic leadship, and those with little leadership at all.* Lewin, sometimes called the "father of topological psychology," was especially interested in the idea that people in groups occupied something like magnetic fields in relation to each other. Feelings of attraction and repulsion, dominance and submission, could be charted like physical forces and barriers to forces. In summer sessions in Bethel, Maine, the group dynamists also discovered a number of ways to improve meetings.

George told me rather breathlessly that Lewin's student Bavelas† had extended Lewin's methods in order to study business and other executive groups. One of the things he did was to set up screened desks in two different patterns. In one pattern, call it the "circle" pattern, everybody could communicate with everyone else, while seeing no one. In the other pattern, call it the "line" pattern, each person could communicate only with a person "above" or "below" him, while seeing no one. Bavelas gave the people sitting at the two kinds of screened desks the same kind of a task to do—something like sorting out order slips. The "line" group, in which the orders came from the "top" and went "down," got the job done faster; but the individual members didn't feel so good about the whole thing. "Just cogs," said George.

The "circle" group, in which everyone had to deal with everyone else until they figured out a scheme to unscramble themselves, got the sorting done very slowly, as you might expect. But they felt pretty good about their work together. The big test came when Bavelas gave the line group and the circle group an entirely new task to solve. This time, the circle group, having established a flexible group identity, swung into the new task very efficiently. The line group bungled around for a long time trapped in its order-taking habits. "Just like me, see?" said George.

This was not all. A month or so before the convention, George had called in Thompson the personnel man and asked him to look around in his magazines to see if he could find any good gimmicks for a sales meeting. Thompson came back with the suggestion that he be allowed to run a little demonstration about "Reality and Salesmanship." It sounded good to George, and he told him to go ahead.

WELL, after George, as chairman of the meeting, made his speech, "Purchasing Power Isn't Enough," Thompson put on his demonstration. He brought in some models from one of the advertising agencies and the idea of the demonstration skit was that these models were receptionists in Hades, and the salesmen were supposed to be trying to get to see the Devil and make a sale to him. In the first skit the receptionist, who was dressed in red flames, got the drop on the salesman. She acted as if to

*George read *Resolving Social Conflicts*, by Kurt Lewin, and *Training in Community Relations* by Ronald Lippitt.

†George made the mistake of trying to read Bavelas's "A Mathematical Model for Group Structures," in *Applied Anthropology* (1948). He later shifted to simpler works by Bavelas and others.

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say: "What are *you* doing here?" The salesman got off into a long explanation of why he was in Hades and not at St. Peter's—forgetting all the time that the receptionist and the Devil might be proud of their own business locations! Of course, he didn't get in.

In the second skit, the salesman went out of his way to talk about the weather Down There, and what good night clubs they had. The receptionist agreed and made a date with him. But he didn't get in to see the Boss, either.

In the third skit, the salesman acted as if it was a matter of course to be selling in Hades, and he took the attitude that if the Boss was good enough for the receptionist to work for, then he was good enough to be sold. He got in.

George may have simplified all this in telling it to me, and I rather suspect that he did. But anyone listening to George would understand why he did so, after hearing the final chapter in this experience of his. As he tells it, he was sitting on the platform after the demonstration thinking that it was all over and done with, when Thompson asked for the privilege of saying another word. George gave Thompson the floor. The first thing that Thompson had to say was that he thought that perhaps George himself might like to play the part of the salesman in a re-enactment of the Hades scene. Thompson genially explained his suggestion by pointing out that this would give George a chance to directly experience the demonstration technique. It would also play down George's status as Vice President in Charge of Rebates, and make a wonderful climax of participation in the meeting.

George is a pretty fast thinker. The first thing he realized was that nobody was telling him whether the receptionist was going to treat him well or not. In other words, he was really going to have to sell her. George thought fast and remembered a girl in the Pittston Iron Works who looked like the model, and decided to walk through it the way he treated her. He walked over and asked the receptionist how her friend in the navy was doing, and the girl gave him a funny look and smile, and handed him a picture out of a locket. It turned out she did have a correspondent in the navy. They got talking in such a friendly way that the sales audience yelled "Louder," and from that minute, George's demonstration of the first step in the sales interview was a success. George says that was just luck.

AFTERWARDS, he learned that he had been "role-playing." It seems that an Austrian psychologist, J. L. Moreno, came to this country in the 1920's with a method he called "psychodrama."* The main idea is to ask people who are having emotional difficulties to "act out" their troubles. If they are children, you can have them dramatize the lives and deeds of dolls. They don't always realize until later that they have been making the dolls act out situations they themselves are worried about. With adults, as in the case of a man who loses all his confidence because he has been given a metal desk instead of a mahogany one, you can apply similar "psychodramatic" methods. George told me that the case of the man with the desk is real, by the way; it is reported in an article in *Fortune*.†

In a popularization of group methods, George read:

"Groups which are used in role-playing come to recognize, almost automatically, those moments when its use is indicated; others learn very soon, by trying it. If a problem, a decision, a situation touches or will touch the feelings and emotions of people, role-playing will provide a better answer than discussion. How can you judge this, however, the first time?

"Again we use the core of suggestions worked out by the National Training Laboratory Clinic group.

"1. The scene should reveal or deal with a valid problem in human relations.

"2. The problem should be clear, single, and specific; it should never include related problems.

"3. It should be one the group is capable of acting out; i.e., one in which the players can understand how the characters might feel.

"4. It must mean something not only to the people who are doing the role-playing, but to the people who are watching it. It should, if possible, mean approximately the same thing to all of them." (*New Ways to Better Meetings* by Bert and Frances Strauss.)

These two experiences, of course, convinced George that something was going on; during the next few days he asked Thompson to tell him a little about the new atmosphere of the convention. Thompson began by explaining that group action in the United States was not all that it could be. Certain students of meet-

*The scary title of Dr. Moreno's main work is *Who Shall Survive?*

†"Problem for the Front Office," May 1951.

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ings, for example, had discovered that in a two-hour meeting, the active members of the average group participate between thirty and forty times each.* However, most of them don't realize that they have; and most of them haven't participated effectively; and when the meeting is over, many inefficiencies have occurred. The result, they told George, was frustration. Frustration is interference with a goal (Jimmy asks for an ice cream cone, but isn't given one) and frustration leads to aggression (Jimmy kicks mother) or displacement of aggression (Jimmy kicks little brother). When George protested that much of this came out of Sigmund Freud† and that he had heard of it before, they said, yes, perhaps some of it did. But they wanted him to hear more about the science of meetings.

After that, George learned all he could about meetings, groups, and group leadership. Thompson told him about Frederick Taylor,‡ the efficiency expert who died with a stopwatch in his hand, and how Taylor had invented scientific management. He pointed out the bad old disregard of the employee's feelings in Taylor's work, and then reviewed the Western Electric experiments reported by Elton Mayo. His tutor told him the famous story about how they raised the lights in the General Electric wiring room, and got more work out of the girls; then how they lowered the lights in the wiring room—and got more work out of the girls. That impressed George. He was quick to see that this study showed that mere physical working conditions were not the sole factors in morale and productivity. The attitude of management was important, too. The girls worked well despite experimentally *decreased* illumination because they knew they were an experimental group; and this meant to them that an interest was being taken in them.

George learned a great deal about the new science of human relations in the next few months, and he was soon convinced that the democratic team-work approach could produce much more for his firm than the old-fashioned back-stage maneuvers. He was impressed by the possibility that these new methods might even throw new light on international relations. One of the popularizations remarked that:

". . . listing all possible items of agreement between two belligerents sometimes helps to narrow the conflict. It is not improbable that most Americans and most Russians would subscribe to the following list. . . ."

The list itself, besides including public health, conservation, decent living standards, and other items as commonly agreed upon goals in both countries, also noted that:

"Both want the narcotic trade controlled.

"Both peoples welcome an exchange of non-political art, music, literature, films. . . .

"Both enjoy the Olympic games and other international sporting events. The Russians are particularly keen on chess tournaments. . . ." (*Roads to Agreement* by Stuart and Marian Tyler Chase.)

BY THIS time George had become sufficiently well acquainted with the field to be able to develop a rather impressive after-dinner talk employing the Boston Tea Party as an illustration of certain group principles at work. George usually began his talk by recollecting that he had recently read in a periodical an article entitled "Don't Let Them Push You Around." The article emphasized a "how to" approach to the problem of avoiding coercion by parliamentary procedures in a meeting—it didn't say anything directly about the emotions of meetings. George contrasted with this approach the one he had found in the Strausses' helpful new digest he had been reading. This digest didn't concern itself with the rules of order, either in new forms, or in the form they acquired when Roberts, a British engineer, first codified them. In fact, it bowed to Roberts only to suggest that his followers were the fools of order, as out of date as the 1925 edition of Emily Post. It suggested that parliamentary rules scare the voices out of more people than the microphone, and that many a garden club§ has almost perished because of them. It favored the informal approach rather than the formal, parliamentary approach.

To show why he agreed, he went on to argue that the heroes of the Boston Tea Party

*By now George found that he could drop *Applied Anthropology* and get some of his material from an excellent popularization of "group science" entitled *Roads to Agreement,* by Stuart Chase, in collaboration with Marian Tyler Chase.

†George had been forced by his college-age daughter to read the case of "Little Hans."

‡George had not heard of Taylor's *Scientific Management.* He had once sat in on a talk by Efficiency Engineer Frank Gilbreth and his wife Lillian, and he liked the movie about them called *Cheaper by the Dozen.*

§On club parliamenteers, George had forgotten that he had ever read the famous study by group-observer Robert Benchley, in *The Treasurer's Report.*

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undoubtedly used the informal approach. As George imagined it, following the general scheme laid down in his favored digest, the heroes of the Tea Party:

(1) Agreed that the average of group judgment is superior to most individual judgment —especially the individual judgment of one George Hanover of Buckingham Palace.

(2) Agreed to agree that a group is more likely to accept good suggestions than to reject them—for example, Revere's suggestion: "One if by land, two if by sea."

At the same time, George argued, the meeting at the Boston tavern in which much of the Tea Party was planned must have undertaken a "problem census." They may even have used a blackboard, if there were any blackboards in the taverns. Their problem census probably went as follows:

(*a*) What do you think is the reason for this group's existence? (Shouts: "The Stamp Tax!")

(*b*) What do you think the big problems are likely to be? (Shouts: "Finding Indian suits. Slugging first mate on British merchantmen. Getting permission from the wife to stay out all night.")

(*c*) How do you think we should go about solving them? (Shouts: "Committees!")

(*d*) What difficulties do you think we'll run into? (General laughter.)

George was especially vivid in his description of the whole American Revolution in terms of the discussion-blocking types of meeters described in his favorite manual. Was the Revolution slowed up for a while by "legalists" who said it was against the law? Of course—by the Tories. Were the colonists fortunate enough to have an "Explorer Type"? Sure, Paul Revere. Did they have to contend with a "Wise-cracking Talker"? Aaron Burr. With a "Fence Sitter"? Benedict Arnold. Then who were the "Expediters"? Madison and Washington. And "Resource Persons"? John Adams and Ben Franklin, no doubt. And so the job that the colonists faced got done. In the events known as the Tea Party, role-playing, too, played its part.

DURING the course of these studies, George changed. He lost some of his old color and back-slapping; he learned to participate in meetings; and when he went to meetings, he *went* to them. The change was not all for the best, for it turned George into a rather quiet and even troubled person who was constantly preoccupied with "mood." "How is the mood of the meeting?" he was often heard to say.

Meanwhile, some literary friends of George produced some confusion in his mind by arguing that psychodrama had been invented by a Norwegian named Henrik Ibsen, who wrote plays. In one of his works, a lady named Mrs. Alving spends a good deal of her time "playing out" roles with a pastor named Manders. In fact, this is about all that happens in the play, except toward the end, when a lot of things that happened twenty years before turn up again. Most of the people on the stage, especially Mrs. Alving and her friend the minister, affected the audiences of the time as if they were seeing themselves. Then there is another play of Ibsen's about a bitch that acts out being a bitch—name of Hedda.

Indeed, they even dispute the claims of the Norwegian as an inventor of psychodrama by pointing to the *commedia dell' arte*. This Italian form of drama provided merely a set of characters, defined in advance by their traits and costume. The businessman Polcinello, Columbine and Harlequin, and others were the products of this drama,* which resembled group dynamics in its scriptlessness. Others told George that some of the *commedia dell' arte* idea turned up again in the Moscow Art Theater, when Stanislavski used the scriptless "situation" as a method of teaching the histrionic art. George stood back from this revelation for a while and then decided that even if the artistic entertainers had made a contribution, this meant that students of groups knew where to go for good ideas. And if some role-playing experiments in business and club life left things exactly where they were before, so did some dramas he had been subjected to.

Other friends were skeptical and forced him to think over his own experience in these new terms. He wondered whether he had learned as much as he thought he had. For example, if the Tea Party used advanced psychological methods without knowing that it had, would its members have been better off if they had known? Still other friends pointed out to George that these new techniques seemed to be concentrated only in certain kinds of meetings. Many corporations remained uninterested

*George somehow or other did not find time to read *Der Unterbau des Dramas* by K. T. Preuss, in "Kulturwissenschaftliche Bibliothek Warburg," Hamburg.

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in them—the Brooklyn Dodgers Corporation, for example—and were nevertheless successful. When George thought this over he realized that he had never seen a Norman Rockwell magazine cover of a town meeting with a group-dynamic selectman in it, either.

By this time, however, George was no longer a Greeter. To be a Greeter smacked of unreal warmth, coercion, apathy, lots of other bad things. Above all it was not participative, in the real sense. George had become a Meeter. There was no going back to the old style.

GEORGE's most recent reflections, however, reveal a certain amount of residual puzzlement. He reminded me a month or two ago that he had gone through the whole 1947 convention watchful for the "private power group" that decided everything. He never found one. Everything was being decided in the open participative meetings. Last year, however, George went to a pre-convention conference with a group of people interested in groups. They had a meeting about the meetings that were to come up later in the day.

"Those fellows, I suddenly realized," said George, "were deciding a lot of things. Not that they knew it. But they were, for instance, planning a strategy to prevent the bright and talkative salesmen from intimidating the others at the convention; they were going to get participation even if they, in a nice way of course, had to slug somebody, and the role of slugger —not just a role-playing role, either—was assigned in advance. When I said, Let the bright group talk, I was told I was being undemocratic —and if that isn't a slug-word what is? Most surprising of all, the experts on meetings seemed to be running this meeting, with Adams taking a back seat as if he didn't quite know how he got there." Then George leaned over and said, "It occurred to me—don't get me wrong, please—that what I was in looked very much like a smoke-filled room."

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LETTERS FROM READERS

The Rejection of Marxism

To the Editor of Commentary:

A prevalent tendency among intellectuals these days is the rejection of Marxism. The reasons for this rejection, which are many and complex, and the validity of it I do not propose to discuss here—though it would be disingenuous of me to deny that I have little sympathy or respect for most of its manifestations.

I do, however, ask to say a word about the *quality* of some of the anti-Marxism that has been filling the pages of Commentary: its indiscriminate and unscholarly zealousness, its air of rude certainty, its readiness to indulge in the most sweeping generalizations without reaching for those modulations which the present historical moment requires from any serious political opinion. I do not refer to everything that has appeared in Commentary. Franz Borkenau's review of Isaac Deutscher's *Stalin* [January 1950] seems to me a serious piece of work, though I disagree with some of his conclusions. But let me cite a few examples:

In a discussion of Russian psychiatry ["The Mind of Man: Soviet View," May 1951], Robert Gorham Davis concludes with several disparaging sentences about the Marxist view of man. It seems to me that a writer so habitually serious as Robert Davis is obliged to raise the question: what connection, *if any,* is there between the psychiatry sponsored by Stalin and Malenkov and the view of human nature held by Marx and Engels? Is Davis willing to accede without ado or discussion to the one proposition the Stalinists cherish most: that they are the legitimate intellectual descendants of Marx? To give an objective—I do not say, uncritical—account of Marx's view of human nature, would he not have to do more than offer a few sentences from an early and immature book, *The German Ideology?*

In his review [April 1951] of Arthur Koestler's *The Age of Longing,* Alfred Kazin accuses Koestler of accepting the "fatal Bolshevik premise that individuals are not *interesting* in themselves." I think that anyone who took the trouble to read, say, Trotsky's *History of the Russian Revolution* would conclude that this statement is, at the least, a wild exaggeration—though such a reader need not agree with Trotsky's estimate of the role of individuals in history. But this point I shall not stress. I am interested in another of Kazin's sentences, the one in which he says that Koestler's "characters talk at each other with all the *sodden brilliance* of old-style Bolsheviks at a party conference." (My emphasis.) Now I submit that anyone reading Koestler's novel will see that his characters talk neither like Bolsheviks nor non-Bolsheviks, but only like Koestler's characters, which is unlike anything ever heard on heaven or earth. But Kazin implies that he, Kazin, knows something about the speech habits of "old-style Bolsheviks" at their conferences. The Russian Bolsheviks neither he nor I have ever heard, but what must, willy-nilly, pass for their American facsimiles—the various Trotskyist and anti-Stalinist left-wing groups—I know something about. Most of the speeches at such conferences are, I submit, neither startlingly brilliant nor startlingly sodden; nor anything resembling a blend of the two, whatever *that* may be. I wonder whether Kazin's remark is another case of a literary man talking authoritatively about something he knows little about. After all, has Kazin attended very many Bolshevik conferences?

In his review [June 1951] of Norman Mailer's novel *Barbary Shore,* William Barrett describes Trotsky's *History of the Russian Revolution* as a "romance and a falsification of the Russian Revolution." Barrett has the right to believe, if he wishes, that the Bolshevik revolution was nothing more than a *coup* sprung by a handful of tough Leninists while Kerensky's democracy was dozing; he has the right to believe that Trotsky's *History,* which, agree with it or not, is surely one of the great works of our time, is a "romance." But *falsification?* That is a very serious charge. The dictionary defines falsification as "to make false or incorrect, especially so as to deceive . . . to alter fraudulently"—that is, to distort evidence knowingly. Now in his preface to the *History* Trotsky challenges historians to dispute the facts adduced in his book; he admits that there can be numerous intellectual disagreements but insists that his book is based on solid research and scrupulous documentation. Thus far, no serious historian has taken up that challenge, though many have, of course, disputed Trotsky's interpretation. On what evi-

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dence, then, does Barrett charge Trotsky with "altering fraudulently . . . especially so as to deceive" the materials of his book?

Finally, Mr. William Grampp, in an article ["The Facts About 'Capitalist Inequality,'" June 1951] declaiming over the splendors of American capitalism—an opinion he has every right to hold—ends by suggesting that for certain economic ends it may be necessary to institute "a program of eugenic control, which would require at least the elimination of the family." This "desperate remedy," he says, has not been advocated by many, but there have been a few, "like Plato and Marx." No doubt Plato will have his defenders, but I must say that the reference to Marx as a believer in eugenic control or "at least the elimination of the family" is the hoariest piece of nonsense. This is one of the most vulgar charges ever brought against Marx—all that is missing is the reference to "free love"; and it was answered, as it deserved to be, exactly one hundred and two years ago in the *Communist Manifesto*.

I repeat: I am not complaining about serious criticism of Marxism, little of that though there has been. Nor am I demanding anything as unlikely as the possibility that COMMENTARY might resist the current intellectual trend. And I do not rise as a defender of the true faith prepared to fight for every jot and tittle—whoever cares about such matters knows that I consider Marxism in a state of acute intellectual crisis and that I am myself subject to this crisis. I raise only one question, less to the editors of COMMENTARY than to some of its contributors, among whom are men I count as my friends and whose work I respect: would it not be the most ironic and crushing comment on American intellectual life to discover, a decade or two from now, that precisely the new zeal, the intolerance, the fatal inability to make distinctions and discriminations, and the huffy impatience which characterized so much of our home-bred Marxism in the 1930's has carried over entire to the anti-Marxism of the 1950's?

IRVING HOWE

Princeton, New Jersey

Some Answers

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

It is not necessary to have been a Bolshevik, or to have attended Bolshevik party conferences, in order to know how Bolsheviks write, orate, and how arrogantly and ignorantly they consign their opponents to what Trotsky called "the dustbin of history." Mr. Howe's complaint that I cannot form an opinion of Bolshevik rhetoric because I have not been to Bolshevik party congresses is just silly. There is of course an enormous documentation of the subject in polemics, reports of party congresses, testimony from the public trials, memoirs, histories, and in the conversation of our friends. Ex-Communists like Koestler, however one may respect them for their courage and honesty, *do* tend to reflect their training in the Leninist-Stalinist schools, *do* tend, even in their present disenchantment, to use cheap and easy historical epigrams. I quoted such epigrams in my review of *The Age of Longing*. Mr. Howe can find counterparts to them in Trotsky on Stalin's "stupidity" and in Vishinsky on Bukharin's "corruption."

The second point is more important. When I said in my review that Bolsheviks do not find their opponents "*interesting* in themselves," I meant: (a) not interesting from a historical point of view, as possibly determining factors in history and as the ultimate conscience of history, and (b) not interesting as individual human beings who deserve respect and attention simply because they are individual human beings, each with his own sanctity, whether they differ from us or not. Of course Trotsky was enormously interested in the character of the last czarina, or Kerensky. Trotsky was a historian, a good deal of an intellectual snob, and a strategist of revolution. So may a general be "interested" in the character of an opposing general; so may a Marxist historian be "interested" in Franklin D. Roosevelt, for what he "reveals" of a particular "tendency."

But this is not what I mean by being interested in the life and fate of a particular human being—which is the kind of interest that a thoroughly good writer should have in the people he writes about, that any free human being not *sentimentally* bound to doctrine can have in the individuals around him. Not to have it can be fatal—to the development of thought, of art, to the most elementary claims of human solidarity.

It would no doubt be useful, in our present intellectual climate, for someone to put up a serious case for Marxism. I cannot believe from Mr. Howe's outraged tone that he is the person. He does not seem to be sure what he himself thinks of Leninism; he simply demands on what *authority* I criticize it.

ALFRED KAZIN

New York City

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Mr. Howe raises the dictionary as an issue. The Oxford Dictionary lists "misrepresentation" as one of the meanings of "falsification." The question, then, is simply whether Trotsky, for whatever motives, gives a false picture of the Russian Revolution. On this subject the evidence is abundant and accessible; if Mr. Howe has missed it, he must have been dozing.

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It is interesting to learn that Mr. Howe considers himself subject to an intellectual crisis.

WILLIAM BARRETT

New York City

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

The whole of my article on Soviet psychiatry was intended as a criticism of the Marxian view of man, for it seemed to me, as I said in the article itself, that the principles of psychiatry "sponsored by Stalin and Malenkov" are not only consistent with, but almost necessarily follow from, the philosophic principles of Marx and Engels, their Hegelian definition of freedom as the recognition of necessity, and their "reflection" theory of the human mind. Lenin thought this reflection theory so essential politically that he devoted nearly a year of his time in 1908 and the three hundred pages of *Materialism and Empirio-Criticism* to a defense of it in strictly philosophic terms. *The German Ideology,* written two years before the *Communist Manifesto,* was not an immature work. In it Marx and Engels finally settled their accounts with post-Hegelian philosophy and with their own philosophic consciences (see Engels' preface to *Ludwig Feuerbach*). They did not return to a discussion of directly philosophic questions for forty years. Bukharin said, "The most remarkable explanation of the theory of historical materialism, with the exception of the brilliant and monumental introduction to *The Critique of Political Economy,* is undoubtedly *The German Ideology. . . .*"

The difficulty in answering Irving Howe is in knowing what kind of Marxist he is, or where he thinks seriousness about Marxism begins or ends. If it is a question of our conceptual indebtedness to Marx, if we can be Marxists and at the same time Freudians, Deweyans, Dostoevskians, Henry Jamesians, then there is no problem. But surely the term "Marxism" in 1951 implies a more definite and limiting commitment than that. In what sense has the crisis Mr. Howe speaks of occurred *within* Marxism? Has there been a dialectical development within Marxism which has permitted it to grow intellectually and absorb new ideas?

Marxism, we know, is not a matter of interpreting the world but of changing it. Those like Lenin, Stalin, and Mao Tse-tung who have most consequentially changed the world as Marxists have stuck most rigidly to Marxist philosophic orthodoxy. What we find humanly intolerable in their regimes is directly related to the inadequacies of that orthodoxy, philosophically and psychologically. This is as much a matter of Marxism as of Stalinism, which is what Mr. Howe is apparently not ready to believe. I felt that the documents in the Wortis book made the relationship much clearer, which is why I, very "seriously," after refreshing my memory of the relevant passages in Marx and Engels, wrote my article.

I think the fight for a libertarian and democratic political economy requires a radical—but intellectually appreciative—criticism of Marxism. Obviously we don't want this to be reactionary and philistine, to be all the undesirable things Mr. Howe mentions in his last sentence. But I judge from Mr. Howe's first paragraph, and from what he says about the "intellectual trend," that quality is not what chiefly bothers him. I am sorry, since I have the greatest admiration for Mr. Howe's literary and political perceptiveness, that he did not choose to raise this question in a more positive way.

ROBERT GORHAM DAVIS

Northampton, Massachusetts

The Washington Heights "Y"

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Because I have been a resident and a worker in this community for over twenty years, I am concerned with Ernest Stock's failure, in his article on the German Jewish community of Washington Heights [June 1951], to mention the part played by the Washington Heights YM and YWHA in the integration of newcomers.

The "Y," which is sponsored by the Federation of Jewish Philanthropies, is the only Jewish communal agency outside of the synagogues. We provided hundreds of young people with meeting space for their clubs; the histories of the Alteo and the LEF Clubs are outstanding examples. We helped in the process of substituting the English language for German, in developing democratic procedure at meetings, in encouraging the selection of leaders with American background.

We organized a discussion group and a bridge club; we arranged concerts and lectures, in particular a series of lectures on "Our City" consisting of thirteen talks by the heads of the various city departments. We organized special English classes and facilitated securing citizenship papers. We had several meetings with the leaders of adult groups, including rabbis, in an effort to interpret to them what the "Y" had to offer. We set up a special class for those who had speech difficulties, with emphasis on the social aspect of good speech. We assisted cantors by providing rooms with pianos for practice purposes in preparation for their High Holy Day assignments. An adult singing society, organized quite a few years ago, still meets at the "Y." Quite a few newcomers found a welcome in our Symphony Orchestra.

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Over the years children of newcomers have come to the "Y" for their leisure-time activities. These children attend the nursery school, day camp, crafts shop—they participate in every activity without being set off as different from American-born children. The Golden Age Club, of oldsters, contains a large number of these European-born men and women who enjoy the hospitality of the "Y."

Had Mr. Stock familiarized himself with the work done at the Washington Heights "Y," he would have found that we have done and are doing a great deal toward helping the newcomers and their children in their adjustment to American life.

SAMUEL S. SOLENDER
Executive Director
Washington Heights YM and YWHA
New York City

The Soviet View of Man

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

You praise me more than I deserve by calling my *Soviet Psychiatry* authoritative. This attempt of mine to piece together a picture of Soviet psychiatry from a study of its literature must surely contain some errors, but Professor Davis ("The Mind of Man: Soviet View," in COMMENTARY, May 1951) quite rashly assumes that it "says nothing that would not be acceptable in Russia." In spite of this, Mr. Davis leans on the book to make a number of bold statements that people might mistakenly suppose were derived from my source material. Allow me to correct a few examples:

(1) Davis: "Rubinshtein was thoroughly exposed as a rotten compromiser with bourgeois psychology."

Wortis (p. 241): "Russian scientists have a relatively high tolerance for sharp criticism, especially when it is backed by a sizeable number of their colleagues and conducted on a principled scientific level. Mutual criticism is now regarded in the Soviet Union as a normal, necessary and important feature of their mode of life. . . . Rubinshtein retains all his previous official positions."

(2) Davis: "A man's own notions of why he behaves as he does are bound to be wrong unless he is a scientific socialist. . . ."

Wortis (p. 10): "Pavlov . . . was sponsored by Lenin at a time when he openly opposed the government because Lenin believed that his basic scientific activities were materialistic, scientifically valid, and socially useful. Self-proclaimed Marxists . . . are not infrequently discredited because the substance of their work is regarded as unscientific and hence unsound."

(3) Davis: "It is bourgeois idealism to assume that illness is psychogenetic or that responses to past circumstances continue to exert a dynamic role after the circumstances which they reflect no longer exist."

Wortis (p. 8): "Hangovers and residues of thought and tradition may affect and infect the experience of social groups and individuals. Leading Marxists do not mechanically disregard psychological factors in dealing with human problems." A case of hysteria from Giliarovski's textbook in psychiatry is presented (p. 95) with the author's concluding statement: "It is characteristic of all psychogenic disorders that the psychic trauma is both a precipitating and determining factor in the clinical picture. This is especially true in hysteria, which is the diagnosis of our patient's condition."

(4) Davis: ". . . since the Soviet state has advanced by a revolutionary leap so far beyond capitalist society, Soviet psychologists can learn nothing from bourgeois ones."

Wortis (p. 194): "There is no doubt that Soviet psychiatrists are far better informed of American psychiatric developments than we are of theirs."

(5) Davis: "The whole weight of this logic is obviously directed against any concepts of individuality or personality. Such concepts simply cannot exist in a Marxian society."

Wortis (p. 26): "Soviet psychology aims to study three main problems in the field of personality: the problem of human abilities, the problem of the development of personal interests, needs, goals and other drives, and the problem of character." . . .

(6) Davis: "No interest whatsoever is shown in the worker's own sense of the realities of his situation or in the history of his psychological development."

Wortis, quoting a leading Soviet text (p. 130): "For the establishment of diagnosis, prognosis, and method of treatment it is necessary to make a thorough study of the patient's personality from the social, neuropsychiatric, and somatic point of view. . . . In order to study a mental disorder it is necessary to go far beyond the limits of the specific disorder. . . . For this purpose it is necessary to draw both upon the patient's account and on objective information supplied by others. In most cases, both are necessary to appraise the facts."

Davis also remarks that "sexual and political deviants alike are sent to cut down trees in Siberia." My book has no information on the vicissitudes of political deviation in the Soviet Union, but it does state that there is a law against homosexuality in the USSR—much less stringent by the way than the law against sodomy in New York State. If Davis has some in-

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formation on how this law is administered in the USSR, let us have it—until then there is no reason to believe that the Russians are so stupid as to treat ordinary homosexuality by hard labor in Siberia.

I could say more, but this should be enough. People nowadays have all sorts of opinions about the USSR. How good it would be if we all agreed to base our opinions on ascertainable facts. . . .

JOSEPH WORTIS, M.D.
Bellevue Hospital
New York City

Mr. Davis Replies

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

The statements in my article to which Dr. Wortis takes exception were based on his text or his sources, and in many cases were an almost verbatim reproduction of the original. . . . I can establish my accuracy only by a point-by-point rejoinder.

(1) Davis: "Rubinshtein was thoroughly exposed. . . ." I am amazed that Wortis questions this, since he devoted thirty-four pages of his book to quoted attacks on Rubinshtein in which Rubinshtein's work is described as "useless," "a complete separation from Soviet reality," "gibberish," "vulgar[ly] materialistic," etc. The assertion that Rubinshtein made a "rotten compromise" with "idealist theories of bourgeois psychology" appears on p. 263, and is followed by such remarks as, "It is no accident that S. L. Rubinshtein in discussing problems of heredity in his book does not criticize the reactionary theory of the Weismann-Morganists, and that he does not, moreover, try to divorce himself from it." If Rubinshtein professionally survived such an attack, he is luckier than most. . . .

(2) Davis: "A man's own notions. . . ." This was part of my perfectly conventional explanation of the subjective reflection of class ideology as it is treated in the *Theses on Feuerbach* and the *German Ideology*, which Wortis gives as sources for his discussion of Marxism and psychiatry. It had nothing to do directly with Pavlov, who is safely dead, and whose work is now being turned to strange purposes in Russia, as my article showed. What happened with Pavlov years ago tells nothing of the present situation of scientists in the Soviet Union.

(3) Davis: "It is bourgeois idealism. . . ." Wortis quotes any number of recent statements like this, from the Pavlov centennial in 1949: "The idealist conceptions of Freud on the mechanisms of neuroses which he believes result from conflicts of sexual and often unconscious drives, which began in early childhood as a result of repression—this conception is a piece of vulgar biologism compounded with subjective idealism, and completely ignores the social essence of the psychic life of the individual" (p. 101). When Wortis refers to "Hangovers and residues of thought and tradition . . ." he is thinking primarily of social ideas, of ideology, for he illustrates with a remark by Lenin on the mentality of the peasant! Obviously, as I said in my article, if there were not a lag in social ideas, there would be no way of explaining the failings of someone like Rubinshtein. Wortis's present citations from Giliarovski and "a leading Soviet text" (this latter in connection with Dr. Wortis's sixth point, largely parallel to points 2 and 3) are from works written before the period inaugurated by the attack on Rubinshtein, before the warning about the "perversity of a functional analysis of the psyche," and the demand that Soviet psychology free itself of all harmful foreign influences. A footnote to the passage quoted from p. 130 says, "It should be added that this leading textbook was criticized for many of its features at a conference of the Presidium of the Academy of Medical Sciences in Sept. 1948. . . ."

(4) Davis: ". . . since the Soviet state. . . ." Both Rubinshtein and a colleague, A. N. Leontiev, are attacked for "objectivity" or "servility" toward bourgeois psychology of the West which is constantly being denounced as serving the purposes of imperialism or racism. Their ideas are often refuted simply by showing that they parallel the ideas of Freud or Lewin or James or some other non-Marxist. I was able to discover in all of Wortis's book no favorable references to any European or American psychologists. Wortis himself treats the development of Russian psychology, including that of the 19th century, as entirely free and independent of foreign influences, except for some harmful ones during the 1920's which it was able later to cast off.

Wortis (p. 194): "There is no doubt. . . ." To be informed of is not the same as to accept or to learn from. But the extent of the information seems doubtful. Wortis says (p. 102), "I could not even find the works of Fromm, Horney, Sullivan, and other modern analysts mentioned in the Soviet literature."

(5) My point was that the "normal" individual is seen in Soviet psychology as a direct reflection of the Communist "ideal" reality—and thus there is no room for the concept of individuality or personality as representing any legitimate deviation from the official norm.

ROBERT GORHAM DAVIS
Northampton, Massachusetts

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

Religion as Mood

MAN AND GOD: PASSAGES CHOSEN AND ARRANGED TO EXPRESS A MOOD ABOUT THE HUMAN AND DIVINE. By VICTOR GOLLANCZ. Houghton Mifflin. 576 pp. $3.75.

Reviewed by JUDAH GOLDIN

IT IS noteworthy, it seems to me, that the spirit of the heralded modern's return to religion continues to be cast in the keys of tentativeness and nostalgia. There is a craving for myths and pieties in which "tradition" was presumably much richer than our time is—a craving, incidentally, for the very idiom and behavior which during the 20's and most of the 30's we enjoyed either caricaturing or ignoring. But there is little sign of readiness, indeed an extreme reluctance, to commit oneself to any pattern of conduct, let alone belief.

We have come to fear total commitment because of our experiences in the past two to three decades. Like Uliva in Silone's *Bread and Wine,* our latter-day modern discovered that the regenerating passion driving him to revolt against tyranny became in its turn "an ideology, a network of fixed ideas," and that "every new idea invariably ends by becoming fixed . . . and reactionary"; like Spina in the same novel, he began to suspect that in rebelling against tradition he had "escaped from the opportunism of a decadent Church only to fall into bondage to the opportunism of a party."

There must therefore be no *whole*hearted identification of self with any movement or teaching (is the feeling); on the other hand, a revival of curiosity and sympathy has been taking place, a desire for the vocabulary and charm, and even for the grotesque, of the religion which one cannot personally accept. Consider, for example, Isaac Rosenfeld's reflections in the *Partisan Review* symposium on "Religion and the Intellectuals"; he writes, "The reason I cannot accept any of the current religious philosophies is that they are all crazy in . . . their denial of nature and attempt to push man out of nature. . . . I call this crazy. . . . One might as well say of fish that their real life lies in a realm outside water." This reason, however, in no way prevents him from confessing, ". . . though I stated at the outset that I find all such separations of man from nature repugnant, at times I am myself drawn to this view" (see indeed the remainder of his essay, or his short story "Bazaar of the Senses"). If the word ambivalent hadn't been worked almost to death, it might perhaps serve to characterize the response reflected here. But on second thought, even that word will not quite do: for, if we look at much of the writing of our contemporary intellectuals, the paradox experienced seems to be not merely the result of conflicting ideas, or conflicting emotions, or a conflict of some idea with some emotion. This it may be. But it is also the result of active and cultivated recollection of having been once betrayed; and along with that, deliberate though convalescent exploration of an earlier world whose real nature is often hardly remembered and whose imperatives have become more interesting again but still remain optional.

Now, Victor Gollancz's conception of religion is anything but Isaac Rosenfeld's; yet *Man and God,* the Gollancz anthology, belongs to the spiritual climate of our time, and in some features may even be prototypical. In the first place, note carefully the *two* major terms of the title—but especially their order. While it is true that no uniformity of view prevails in all the passages in the volume (in his foreword Gollancz tells us to expect contradictions), yet the following quotation from Crescas is a fair statement of the editor's emphasis on man (or is it Man?) over transcendent God, and the divine in relation to this-worldly action: "Salvation is attained not by subscription to metaphysical dogmas, but solely by love of God that fulfils itself in action. This is a cardinal truth in Judaism." See also the charming story quoted from Chuang Tzu on page 292 which is too long to reproduce. Or again, this quotation from Goethe: "This preoccupation with immortality is for people of

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rank, and especially ladies, who have nothing to do. But an able man, who has something regular to do here, and must toil and struggle to produce day by day, leaves the future world to itself, and is active and useful in this." Or finally this from a long passage by Erich Fromm: ". . . *positive freedom consists in the spontaneous activity of the total, integrated personality.*"

In no way do I wish to imply that Mr. Gollancz is under obligation to represent every variety of religious expression. He did not undertake to compile an anthology of religions; he wanted to draw up a religious anthology; and, as he himself informs us, this work is meant to be a polemic against the current "anti-religious humanism and anti-humanistic religion." Since he hopes that his anthology will be used for more than pleasure, will be used, that is, as a source of courage and hopeful living, he is not called upon to quote from Calvin, let us say, or Barth or Freud or writers with an uncharitable estimate of man, or from scriptures which do not lend themselves as easily to psychological allegorizing as do those included in the anthology. But we must not fail to recognize what *is* being underscored; and the title of the work therefore may be taken not only as a description of its contents but as a declaration of its emphasis: not system but man must we cherish; religion is not religion if it demands the secession of man from nature. Mr. Gollancz is surely speaking here not only for himself or a small circle—even Isaac Rosenfeld is somewhere in the neighborhood.

In the second place, there is significance in the subtitle, which reads: "Passages chosen and arranged to express a mood about the human and divine." Moreover, Gollancz, fearing lest his subtitle be overlooked or treated casually, insists upon calling attention to its content, and then re-emphasizing it, to make clear beyond all doubt that he is expressing a "mood, not doctrine." An age in terror of the doctrinaire is bound to be uncomfortable with doctrine; and perhaps mood is about the most we dare create.

Yet one wonders whether mood can be sufficient to our needs; whether mood alone could have produced the many striking passages the editor was able to assemble for his anthology; whether mood alone does not ultimately defeat the effect it hopes for. What can be the impact of the following selections, cascading one upon another?

"He who gives a penny to a poor man receives six blessings: he who shows his sympathy with the poor man receives eleven blessings."

"An opponent of Rabbi Shmelke wished to shame him in public. He sent him a flask of very old and strong wine on the day before the Day of Atonement in the hope that he would become drunk from it. The Rabbi tasted a little and perceived the sender's intention. When he was reciting Psalms after the Services, he repeated several times the verse: 'By this I know that Thou delightest in me, that mine enemy does not triumph over me,' and translated it thus: 'By this I shall know that Thou art pleased with me, that those who wished to disgrace me receive no harm because of me.'"

"A father complained to the Baalshem that his son had forsaken God. 'What, Rabbi, shall I do?' 'Love him more than ever,' was the Baalshem's reply."

"To sin against a fellow-man is worse than to sin against the Creator. The man you harmed may have gone to an unknown place, and you may lose the opportunity to beg his forgiveness. The Lord, however, is everywhere and you can always find Him when you seek Him."

"Rabbi Shmelke once had no money to give a beggar. He ransacked his wife's drawer, took from it a ring and gave it to the destitute man. His wife returned, saw that the drawer was open and that her ring was missing. She raised a hue and cry, and when her husband explained his action she asked him to run after the beggar, since the ring was worth fifty thalers.

"The Rabbi ran swiftly in pursuit, and catching up with the begger, said: 'I have just learned that the ring is worth fifty thalers. Let no one cheat you by giving you less than its value.'"

By this time, one begins to feel sorry for the wife.

The danger of reliance on mood threatens not only Mr. Gollancz; none of us can escape it so long as we are unable to accept a *halachah*, law, —as I should like to put it—which would give substance to our life of *aggadah*, legendary wisdom. That is why, like Victor Gollancz, all of us take refuge in eclecticism which we identify with universalism: we *quote* many sources, familiar and unfamiliar; our ancestors, on the other hand, frequently *incorporated* what came from other cultures into their own active lives, for the most part even remaining unaware of the origin of such teachings and practices. That is why we may read on and on for more than five hundred pages and seldom feel that we have

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progressed beyond parable and the hortatory to specific injunction, some commandment requiring and deserving faithful consent.

WITHAL, despite being too long, despite the silliness of an occasional (actually very rare) passage, this volume is a work of independent judgment and genuine reflection, which in no small measure explains why its contents help make vivid the relevance of the insights of saints to our dilemmas and desires. No collection of literary scavenging could have achieved this —as is evident, by the way, in the few selections our editor derived from mediocre anthologies.

Perhaps, as Mr. Gollancz believes, the mood of his volume is unfashionable. My own hunch is that while the particular mood Gollancz wishes to encourage and fortify may not be as forcefully—and profoundly—represented as he feels it should be (I think he is overestimating the influence of certain theologians, and is reading more than is there out of the literary tributes of our intellectuals to the past or to the picturesque), it is not so rare as he imagines. In the way he has sought to recall the dignity of man, to appropriate what *many* religions and literatures have to say of man's divine affiliation; in the way he has sought to avoid indoctrination, welcome traditional concepts and reinterpret them in psychological and figurative terms, he may yet prove to be expressing, along with his own protest, the sentiments and operative (if unacknowledged) principles of our times, under the newest dispensation.

One final word. The bulkiness of this volume is probably due to Mr. Gollancz's eagerness to defend man's soul by all the literature at his command. By quoting so much I think he weakened his case, because he sounds as though he were protesting too much. But one must respect him enormously for that ambition and undertaking.

Confounding the Experts

MY MISSION IN ISRAEL. By JAMES G. McDONALD. Simon and Schuster. 296 pp. $3.50.

Reviewed by GEORGE LICHTHEIM

AT THE height of the struggle around Palestine, in 1947-49, it was a constant marvel to the more clear-headed observers how the British officials, with all the cards in their hands and all the relevant information at their disposal, consistently misread the situation, while relative newcomers and amateurs such as Mr. Crossman and Mr. Crum correctly predicted the outcome. Granted Mr. James McDonald's amateur standing is not quite simon pure, considering his long service as chairman of the Foreign Policy Association from 1918 to 1933, and later as League High Commissioner for German Refugees, yet he himself is sufficiently modest to stress his inexperience so far as Middle Eastern affairs were concerned, when he was suddenly appointed United States Special Representative to Israel in June 1948, a title subsequently changed to that of ambassador when *de jure* recognition was extended to the new state early in 1949. He knew many of the Zionist leaders and sympathized with their aims. He was intimately familiar with the inner history of Jewish persecution in Germany and Europe after 1933, and with the working of national and international bureaucracies. He had served on the Anglo-American Committee of Inquiry in 1946, and visited Palestine again in the following year. Yet he would not describe himself as an expert on

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the Middle East. The remarkable thing is that throughout his tenure, and indeed before, he was usually right while the experts—American as well as British—were nearly always wrong. Not unnaturally, they took a dislike to him, of which he gives some entertaining instances.

REFERENCE having been made to the blindness of British official policy on Palestine, it is only fair to add that American policy, insofar as it was controlled by the State Department technicians, was equally bereft of insight. Indeed the moral of this book is the importance of not letting the technician get on top. President Truman, who appointed Mr. McDonald over the heads of the State Department hierarchy—and thereby provoked a bureaucratic feud which went on for years—intuitively understood the Palestine problem much better than the experts who had given a lifetime to the study of the region. It is only half the explanation to say that most of them were, on various grounds, pro-Arab. The real trouble was that they did not take account, in their professional capacity, of the moral factor. Even so good a judge of military affairs as Field Marshal Montgomery, who had no particular preferences, thought the Arab armies would make mincemeat of the Jews. As for the diplomats, the discrepancy between their expectations and the reality on the spot makes a very odd story indeed. As late as the autumn of 1948, after the decision in the field had already fallen, they still thought Israel could be induced to give up the Negev. Nor did they give sufficient weight to the basic irrationality of the Arab politicians, which produced such surprises as their voting, with Israel and the Soviet bloc, against the "Bernadotte Plan," thus defeating the careful schemes of British and American diplomacy.

The interest of this book, to the specialist reader, lies inevitably in its analysis of United States foreign policy. Its graphic description of Israel at war and in the throes of mass immigration, on the other hand, appeals to the public at large. A good many people will obtain from it their first glimpse of this new and puzzling reality. Mr. McDonald is meticulously fair and if anything inclined to be too charitable in his judgment of people he meets. One rarely encounters a harsh remark. It is an appealing trait, but one sees why the official experts were afraid he might prove too soft for the job. Yet his fundamental shrewdness and good sense stand out on every page. He realized, after a brief conversation, that Mr. Bevin's fundamental egotism would never allow him to admit a mistake, and that he spontaneously rearranged the past in his mind to fit in with his preconceptions. He had spent scarcely a month in Palestine, during the critical summer of 1948, when it became obvious to him that Count Bernadotte had no real grasp of the situation and that his paper plans could not possibly be made to work. Later, he had the same experience with the members of the Palestine Conciliation Commission. They were all looking for quick results, for a compromise—usually at Israel's expense—which would satisfy everyone and permit them to go back to their routine. It was a moral weakness as well as an intellectual one. Whenever one of the experts—Dr. Ralph Bunche is the most celebrated example—rose above these preconceptions to a grasp of the real situation, results were promptly secured. But for the most part, the outcome was left to the push and pull of events, and it was fortunate for the Israelis that they proved to be more competent on the battlefield.

IN A book of this kind, one does not look for unauthorized disclosures. Mr. McDonald is too discreet to permit himself anything of the kind, though by British standards he is startlingly indifferent to official secrets. Yet his discretion has not prevented him from lifting the veil here and there. His account of a conference of American representatives in the Middle East, in late November 1949, which he attended as a participant, contains at least two important hints: that Washington did not at that time favor a Middle Eastern regional alliance under non-American (i.e., British) control; and that the possibility of holding the oil-producing areas, in the event of a general war, was regarded with something more than skepticism. These indications are of considerable interest, as is his account of a conversation with Mr. John Foster Dulles in November 1948, in the course of which Mr. Dulles developed some very interesting theses on the situation. Mr. McDonald lists them as follows:

(1) The UN partition the year previous had been a gamble. It was not then known whether the Arab threat to drive the Jews into the sea, or the latter's assurance that they could hold their own, would prove correct. (2) The past twelve months had clearly disclosed where the balance of power lay. (3) The maintenance of the new state is dependent on the willingness of its people to sacrifice their lives. (4) We must take into account the comparative strength of

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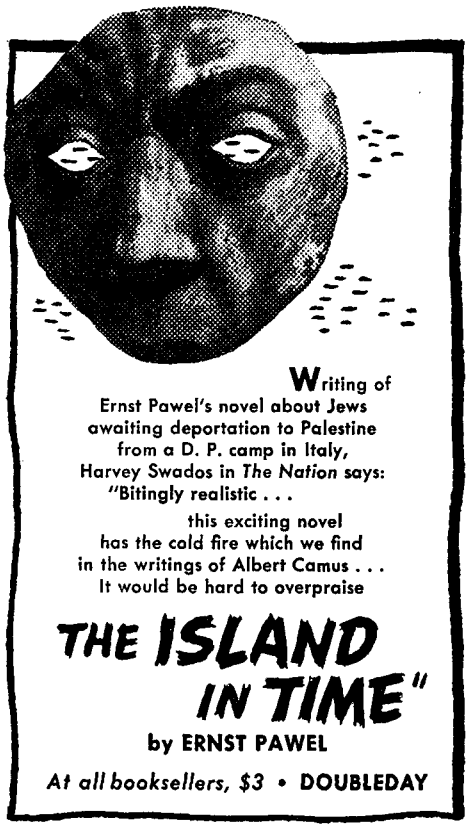
Israel and its Arab neighbors. (5) Britain has been an unreliable guide in the Middle East because its forecasts have so frequently proved incorrect. (6) We should strive to maintain Anglo-American unity, but the United States should be the senior partner.

These observations—particularly points 5 and 6—tell one a great deal more about the background of recent Anglo-American differences over the Middle East than reams of official documents. The Palestine conflict was in fact, among other things, an important stage in the evolution of an American policy based on independent assessments of the situation. Mr. McDonald, who describes himself as "somewhat surprised but delighted" at Mr. Dulles's summary, can lay claim to having played a role in this development.

A CONSIDERABLE part of these reminiscences is given over to an account of what is clearly the subject closest to Mr. McDonald's heart: the land and the people of Israel, the leaders of Zionism and the problems with which they are struggling. It is a moving story, written in a heart-warming tone which will confirm the professionals in their judgment that they were right to distrust the author. It will also make British and European readers marvel once again at the informality with which some Americans at any rate conduct their official business. Yet this is not just the story of a good-will mission, nor is Mr. McDonald merely concerned to tell his own fellow countrymen something about these curious people. The first United States Ambassador to Israel was concerned to lay the basis of a permanent relationship between American democracy and the democracy of Israel—there, the fatal word is out. Democracy in fact was the force that brought the new state into being and insured its victory on the battlefield and in the council chamber. And since 1948 it has produced a steady revulsion from the Soviet orbit and a growing orientation toward the Western powers, while most of the Arab states have evolved in the opposite direction. How were the professionals to allow for this factor? As students of *Realpolitik* they had presumably been taught to ignore these irrelevancies, just as they had trained themselves not to sympathize unduly with persecuted peoples. For of course we all know that sentiment is one thing and policy another. Or do we? It is the merit of Mr. McDonald's book that it not only raises such questions but helps to answer them.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Unvictimized—for a Change

THE GUESTS OF SUMMER. By HILDA ABEL. Bobbs-Merrill. 271 pp. $3.00.

THE PEDLOCKS. By STEPHEN LONGSTREET. Simon and Schuster. 433 pp. $3.50.

Reviewed by ISA KAPP

IN THE last decade, apart from sentimental writing, we have come to expect stories about Jews to be stories of victims, or, by inverse logic, of opportunists. It is a new thought to place Jewish characters, as Hilda Abel and Stephen Longstreet have done, in active and domineering roles, so that they not only feel but are felt in the alien surroundings. For once, also, their situation is not centrally one of crisis, and the writers have had to minimize dramatic inclinations in favor of a solid account of the chronic, prosaic experiences that constitute cultural interplay. Both novelists were apparently greatly stimulated by the mere notion of Jewish American mixture, and their books have a strong aroma of the language, jokes, and manners that

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were brewed during the Americanization of specific Jewish types.

The Guests of Summer manages to combine a pained narcissistic account of feminine adolescence finding itself with a very precise intellectual history of a group of Jewish immigrants up to August 1939. By then they have all to a certain extent shaken free of ghettos, sweatshops, and tenement rooms, and have in some way repudiated their Jewishness. Miss Abel introduces them in the complicated moment when, under the strain of the Nazi-Soviet pact and the provocation of a European's presence in their mountain resort, they try to reclaim their first immigrant quality. The samovar is perpetually steaming, and the guests are brought to life and to a sense of solidarity by reminiscences of anti-Semitic incidents.

The Communist sympathizer, who is called "Tomorrow," and has made a fortune in dental supplies, proudly recalls his quip to the neighbor who never answered his good-morning: "Anyway my apartment is more desirable than yours. Do I live next door to a Jew?" Mrs. Dreyfuss, a non-practicing physician who has converted the struggle for a living into a religious principle, tells of the woman on a train who believed that the "chosen people" all waddled like ducks. Miss Abel's point is that the summer guests are expiating in these self-deprecating jokes their distance from the ghetto and the concentration camp. In the same spirit they hover around and lionize Friedrich, who has come from the Wilno Institute in Poland to bring valued books for preservation in America, and is going back to Europe to share the Polish fate. Friedrich gives the young heroine a book of ghetto pictures, and bestows on the others what they have been implicitly demanding, the gift of identity with other Jews.

The embarrassment of being in a comfortable American summer resort just before the occupation of Poland is one of the many helpless, impersonal kinds of guilt (always matters of class, or age, or, at any rate, accident) by which all the relations in the novel are troubled. Mrs. Dreyfuss is ashamed of having better clothes than the local farmwife; Mrs. Schmidt, the German landlady, winces for the barbarities of her countrymen; Julie Dreyfuss determines to become a poet, so that her impulse toward pleasure will be useful in the eyes of her mother. *The Guests of Summer* is, beyond its concern with questions of the Jewish past and Jewish identity, a modern political morality of middle-class intelligentsia vis-à-vis country bumpkins and of rationalists versus instinctivists. Read in these terms, it is intelligent but stiff, and a little ingenuous in its stark symbolisms (mountain storms for the charged political atmosphere of Europe, a barn burning for the outbreak of war) and its heady love of simplistic extremes (Julie remembers that the blond shining giants at fraternity dances were always attracted to girls of her coloring, while the odd dark boys with whom she felt at ease boasted of the lasciviousness of the milky gold girls). *The Guests of Summer* is most original on the non-symbolic and non-lyrical level. There is the incident, for example, of the blond, athletic Roger's surprising appreciation for the beauty of a Semitic face in the book of ghetto pictures; and the episode of Friedrich's scrape over a girl in the village which is obsessively and mistakenly interpreted by the guests as a racial insult. It is as unusual to come across so exact and unstereotyped a treatment of the relations between Gentile and Jew as it is to read a novel that has been conceived rather than simply plotted.

IN *The Pedlocks*, a generously *plotted* family chronicle that sweeps across most of the major events and ideas of the past century, we have the kind of novel that reveres the parade of history but treats the days of its characters' lives as inconsequential. What is striking is that it casts the Jew in the unconventional roles of frontiersman and settler of the West—the Pedlocks leave Philadelphia to develop copper lands in Michigan, then plunge westward to mine silver in Montana. It is true that even the bare subject of a Jewish family living so traditional an American life and sharing such rooted American sentiments possesses intrinsic interest. But Mr. Longstreet has been a Hollywood script writer, and Hollywood roars through on muddy boots, cursing and telling tales of evil monopolists.

One Pedlock tames the West, another grows rich in the garment industry, a third shares the American expatriate experience of the 20's: lending his villa in Florence to Gide or Debussy, having pictures taken with the Russian Ballet. Mr. Longstreet encompasses most of the subjects that make up the serious content of 20th-century writing: capitalist depression, the mass audience and experimental art, the debilitating power of the family, the need to realize a connection with the past, the political responsibilities of the artist. He also covers most po-

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lemical Jewish issues, and constructs an ardent defense of holding the fort against anti-Semitism in America rather than in Palestine. In fact, *The Pedlocks* is a regular march of culture, with personal appearances by Theodor Herzl, J. P. Morgan, and Henry James.

Mr. Longstreet is a writer of immense energy, an apparently indefatigable researcher and pedagogue. But he feels that any seriousness must be periodically apologized for, and is always tagging on lame jocularities so that no one will think him dull. When young Joey, part Gentile, nobly withdraws from a school election in favor of a Jewish boy, he explains, "Sol Kramer is a better man than I am. Deep thinker. Has all the facts and a sense of humor. A real hep guy." When the expatriate Egon, fount of Pedlock erudition, hears that a nephew has some sympathy with Jewish problems, he says to himself: "The kid was going to be all right." And after a marvelously pointless parody of the Jamesian style, we see a bored Egon leaving his friend, Henry James, with a final dampening glimpse of James saying to a waiter: "Tepid is not hot—neither is it warm, rather. . . ."

The author is a well-stocked reporter of the more material aspects of Jewish life—the atmosphere of a family dinner, the operation of a small sweatshop. But he evidently envisions himself as a public relations man mediating among highbrow, lowbrow, and middlebrow readers. In the service of this mission, he has turned *The Pedlocks* into a shopping list of ideas, an encyclopedia of *Kitsch*.

A Catholic Vision of America

THE MILLS OF THE KAVANAUGHS. By ROBERT LOWELL. Harcourt, Brace. 55 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by ALLEN MANDELBAUM

THE tribe of visionary-poets, especially in English, where imagination must often work against a prudential language, is small. America offers four such poets in Poe, Whitman, Dickinson, and Crane; and of these, only Whitman and Crane have fused the private landscape of biography, its images intense and intimate, with the public landscape of a society, a history. Now Robert Lowell promises a like achievement.

Though more closely linked to the prodigal spirit of Crane than to the bottled anguish or facetiousness of his contemporaries, it is significant that, unlike the earlier American, Lowell has sought religious ribs and struts to moor his work. His secular frame may have been recalcitrant and sometimes inadequate, but Crane never deserted it for anything more sanctified. It is true that modern piety, on its side, has little need of poetry, which is an early and not a late child of the Church. The canon and the liturgy once fixed, the "collective lyric" established, the offspring, abandoned or runaway, is on its own, perhaps patronized, condescended to, even perhaps accepted—as in the case of Hopkins—if recognition has first been found elsewhere. Yet, though not cherished by the Church, modern poetry, outside of America, has sought religion on its own, unwilling to endure a neutral freedom.

But what can poetry seek out in American religion? American Protestantism is, except fitfully, institutional or nominal. Today, Niebuhr, for what he has to serve, draws from the Last Supper of Christian Existentialism in Europe; should sustenance be sought before him, Emerson presents the typical American Protestant spiritual wrestle, a spectacle heart-warming but diffused, and ending too often in *Weltschmerz* and platitude. And the cultural barrenness of American Catholicism is not at all the result of any question by the Church, "To what serves mortal glory?" American Catholicism is political-devotional, so that the loyal Irish-American Catholic, for instance, has forsworn—or suppressed—the complex intensity of James Connolly for the dourness of De Valera, and the Irish heretic in New York, Chicago, or South Boston has not matched the wrath, the pity of Joyce, who found in Catholicism a significant Satan or a Lucifer, fallen.

But it seems nevertheless that Catholicism, as a religion not dominant in America, shored up in the urban traps and not yet de-plebeianized, can still yield the off-center insight, the creative achievement. Oddly enough, the laud and the damnation have not been sung by South Boston, but by Beacon Hill; for, with the double-sight of the convert, Robert Lowell has seized upon the Catholic anguish in an America that non-Catholics have largely made—or unmade ("Monsieur de Montcalm, on Abraham's / Bosom, asleep, perceives our world that shams / His New World, lost. . . ."), and has attempted to Americanize Catholicism ("In eighteen hundred, when our farmers saw / John Adams bring their Romish church a bell, / Cast—so the records claim—by Paul Revere").

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Both these elements, often contradictory, mark Lowell's present volume, which is more specifically Catholic than his Pulitzer Prize work, *Lord Weary's Castle* (1946).

The title—and longest—poem, "The Mills of the Kavanaughs," like most of Lowell's poems, chiefly involves domestic experience. The sweat and stress is familial; the family is the Kavanaughs, Catholics who "came to Maine in the 17th century." Their spokesman, "in 1943," is Ann Kavanaugh who, as the program notes inform us, was first adopted by the Kavanaughs, then married to their son, Harry. The poem itself is memorial and summative, a revery by Ann, now widowed, "of her childhood and marriage." "Addressed to her dead husband . . . a naval officer who was retired after Pearl Harbor," it is an ambitious attempt to sacramentalize, through intense and integral—not random—symbolism, Ann's and the Kavanaughs' experience. Though the theme of this, and most of the poems in this volume, is elegiac, there is no quiescence and no weariness. The agony is legitimate, the resolution with memory and death absolutely convincing. Lowell never fakes. The image of Persephone, whose statue stands near the home of the Kavanaughs, is not invoked pedantically. Persephone's balance between life and death, her knowledge of the violence that waits, apocalyptically, beneath the living and the dying *is* Ann's; the diction and the detail packed within the whip-lash declamation and the staccato commentary of the lines establish a completely dramatic achievement. And though the drama of each scene is "staged" for us by the poet, and given an explicit décor, Lowell is probably our only poet (except Auden?), who can write description with the best of the novelists. The scenes: Ann's adoption, her marriage, the return of the broken sailor ("to the ungarnished ruin of your mind / Came the persona of the murderous Saul / in dirty armor"), his death, and the total poem, attempting to redeem, through reconciliation, the going-underground in memory, the "futile dead"—are as solid, as turbulent, as the earth's crust.

There is only one difficulty here. Lowell tries to weight the domestic, to give it historical density with Ann's, "Harry, not a thing / Was missing: we were children of a king. / Our people had kept up their herring weirs, / Their rum and logging grants two hundred years, / When Cousin Franklin Pierce was President. . . ."; or later, "He [Harry] died outside the Church / Like Harry Tudor. . . ." The genealogy and the analogy are not phony, or puffed-up, but they seem to patricianize and "Americanize" Ann's experience arbitrarily. This may only be my personal difficulty (or just non-Mayflower impatience), but I believe it does reflect some of the indigestion of elements in the title poem, for the same block did not present itself in the second poem, "Falling Asleep Over the Aeneid." "An old man in Concord . . . falls asleep, while reading Vergil, and dreams that he is Aeneas at the funeral of Pallas. . . ." After the evocation of the Virgilian scene, he awakes to recall his uncle's Civil War death. Such present-past

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juxtaposition usually serves as the rack on which the closer present is roasted (Eliot) or as a heraldic cross to dignify us with ancestral blessings (Yeats). This poem, however, uses its time planes less conventionally. Nowhere in it do the wheels of recurrence move mechanically. The plains where Aeneas slaughtered are here torn even more by the frightful lies and fitful triumph of war than is the quiet and transfigured coffin scene in which "My Uncle Charles appears / . . . and aunt, / Hearing his colored volunteers parade / Through Concord, laughs, and tells her English maid / To clip his yellow nostril hairs, and fold / His colors on him. . . ."

Impressive as this poem and the title poem are, even more realized, for this reader, was "Thanksgiving's Over." The allusionary background is wholly Catholic, un-New England and unhistorical; the *mise en scène,* Third Avenue, is the least encumbered of any in this volume. The rapture of St. Francis confronts the world in the mind of a mad German-American Catholic girl. And after her death, her "absurd garblings" rattle through her husband's head in a dream. The agony, however, of this poem, of the title poem, and of "Mother Marie-Therese" (a wonderfully ironic memorial of an abbess drowned at sea) but confirms our question: is it the Catholic vision that measures this New World scene as zero—so that, at least, in the wings, Lowell's Catholic celebration waits—or is that vision, too, unredeemable? For it is autumn's hectic that glows within these pages, though so fiercely that the poems are their own redemption.

If he does stand independent of, though not unmoved by, what he describes, Lowell may yet succeed at that point where Whitman and Crane "failed." Neither Whitman nor Crane was a squared-off self, neither was inhibited from honesty by self-consciousness, but in stretching for the larger scene they did not always succeed, as did Blake, in "setting an other" before them. They were hell-bent for the ego's epic and not the objectively dramatic. Lowell, on the other hand, has grown more public and intelligible as his language, always colloquial in impact if not in diction, has been subserved to concrete human presences. His technical concern for structure and tight surface has heightened, not blanketed, the specific experience within.

Is that a Catholic experience? Or, rather, is that Catholic experience an adequate or, at least, significant look-out on the American scene? Historically, the quest for an American, and especially a New England, Grail seems a little artificial. Hopkins, for instance, lived in a country where the trauma of Henry the Eighth still lingered; his wrath against the "infidels" was, in some oblique way, natural; and his fellow Catholics had a continuous tradition. But between the Kavanaughs and Third Avenue lie worlds of discontinuity: potato famines, immigration, class—a zealous search for community seems somewhat antiquarian. What Lowell has articulated is superb, immediate poetry. But it exists most vitally, I feel, at its points of tension, in its uprooting, rather than its anchorage. Hopkins, after all, was not only a convert but a "heretic" Scotist among Thomists. Nonconformity is uncongenial socially, but it does keep the eye sharp, unsentimental, and unself-indulgent. Lowell, too, seems most vital when his Catholicism grates against America, and his Catholics against Catholicism ("I . . . wound my cowhorn beads from Dublin on my thumbs, / And ground them. *Miserere?* Not a sound").

Karl Mannheim's Thought

FREEDOM, POWER, AND DEMOCRATIC PLANNING. By KARL MANNHEIM. Oxford. 384 pp. $5.00.

Reviewed by KURT H. WOLFF

KARL MANNHEIM, the Hungarian-born sociologist who became famous in Germany and who died in England in 1947, held in fascination a wide intellectual circle ever since the appearance of his *Ideology and Utopia* (in German, 1929; in English, 1936). This fascination appears to be the result of his having personified the sociological *Weltanschauung* and, indeed, to such a degree that he came to exemplify sociology as a way of life. Throughout his life, Mannheim exhibited a pure devotion to the understanding of society, to the creation, articulation, application, and promotion of sociology. Moreover, the practice of sociology was always synonymous for him with the comprehension of our time. It never occurred to him to make this identification explicit, much less to inquire into it, and his passion was doubtless facilitated by the absence of any concern with examining this identification.

Yet despite his single-mindedness, the character of his life work did undergo a change from a more philosophical to a more active

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orientation. The focus of Mannheim's attention during his brilliant years at the universities of Heidelberg and Frankfort was upon the "sociology of knowledge," upon the effort to understand intellectual behavior sociologically, with reference to its social, or cultural, or historical setting. To view our intellectual heritage from a sociological rather than moral or metaphysical viewpoint was, and still is, an exciting venture; it is a further step in the secularization which characterizes the modern age, and it was one that was congenial to the skepticism and intellectual ferment that composed the climate of the Weimar Republic. The annihilation of that climate coincided with Mannheim's emigration to England and with his entering there into the second phase of his work, which was cut short by his death.

This second phase stands under the sign of "planning," more precisely "planning for freedom" or the "Third Way"—between traditional liberalism and totalitarianism. The present work, the first of several posthumous volumes, excellently edited and introduced by two former students of Mannheim's, Ernest K. Bramsted and Hans Gerth, with the assistance of Mannheim's friend, Adolph Lowe, clearly belongs in this second phase. Sociology now is understood, as it had been since *Man and Society in an Age of Reconstruction* (1940) and *Diagnosis of Our Time* (1943), as our guide that can avert disaster and reconstruct society and ourselves as individuals.

The book under review begins, characteristically, with a "diagnosis" of our crisis: of the social techniques which make it possible for small minorities to exercise unprecedented power; of the small-group and cooperative controls which have disintegrated; and of the value systems, secular and religious, which have lost vitality. A review of the totalitarian responses to the crisis—the pessimistic answer of fascism and the utopian answer of Communism—leads Mannheim to his own answer, democratic planning.

The central task of the volume is the elaboration of this answer as it applies to society (Part II) and to the individual (Part III). Part II opens with a chapter on power, and deals with such topics as the ruling class in totalitarian and democratic societies; the necessary democratic controls of the social structure, the economy, the military and civil services, communication, and government. Part III, entitled "New Man—New Values," discusses the potentialities of "the new science of human behavior" with its partial replacement of custom, introduces the important concept of "integrative behavior," and analyzes the type of personality congenial to democratic society and the measures that might develop this type, with special attention to education. The book closes with an inquiry into the possible integration of the social order through religion, an inquiry which supplements an essay in *Diagnosis of Our Time*.

This skeletal report will suggest to those acquainted with Mannheim's previous writings that *Freedom, Power, and Democratic Planning* is similar to his *Man and Society;* it is, however, more clearly written, more explicitly addressed to a lay audience, and is better worked out (though Mannheim, in this book too, attracts heterogeneous bits of intellectual material like a magnet). If one wishes a comprehensive introduction to Mannheim's thought, the volume under review is easily one's best choice.

Two passages will illustrate certain difficulties that accompanied Mannheim's shift from an emphasis on analysis and understanding to an emphasis on the practical problems of making democracy work. The first occurs in the chapter

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on the "reformation of politics." There, Mannheim points out that propaganda is misconceived if it is understood merely as "the fine art of spreading lies and arousing dangerous emotions." Rather, propaganda "can be fully appreciated only if one recognizes its most significant function, namely, the determination of the *reality level* on which people are going to discuss and act . . . every society develops a mental climate in which certain facts . . . are considered basic and called 'real,' whereas other ideas fall below the level of 'reasonably acceptable' statements and are called fantastic, utopian, or unrealistic."

It is interesting to consider this passage in the light of Mannheim's earlier concern, as in *Ideology and Utopia,* with reconciling sociological relativism and objective truth. Mannheim was then interested in the question of the social origins of ideology as a means of solving the problem of an objective truth unrelated to social origins; despite the final ambiguity of his conclusions, he was deeply concerned with this question. In his later work, however, he no longer inquires into the implications of his conception of propaganda as "determining" the "reality level," although the reader is bound to worry over the fate of "truth" attendant on such a conception. Does Mannheim really mean to say that "reality" can be defined by propaganda? Is the victorious propaganda necessarily closer to the truth? In his zeal for the practical, Mannheim seems to ignore the far-reaching and dangerous inferences that can be drawn from his approach.

In a second passage, Mannheim tries to clarify the meaning of "integrative behavior" by contrasting it with "compromise": "The essence of democracy is the integration of purposes and not mere compromise," which is a mere "rational adjustment between two or more opposing views." Here Mannheim is dealing with one of his lifelong preoccupations: how to guarantee truth, how to find a common element in conflicting views. One of his earlier answers was contained in the idea of the *"freischwebende Intelligenz,"* of the intelligentsia that is (or rather, perhaps, should be) above blind partisanship. The objection that was raised to this answer is just as applicable to the later formula of "integrative behavior": to be practicable, both formulas presuppose a *will* to integration, which, in effect, means the absence of radical conflict. However, the problem of integration only becomes crucial because there is radical conflict and an unwillingness to accommodate opposing views to begin with. In other words, the question is begged rather than answered by the new conception of "integrative behavior." The problem of how to reconcile basic social conflicts still remains—which side shall be called "reality," who and what determines this, and how.

Mannheim, in the course of his life, moved from analysis toward commitment. While his talents remained as fresh as ever, he tended to disregard important problems which were posed by his ideas. Perhaps this is because, in his development, he came to find in the religious point of view answers that sociology could not give. Though he had thought of sociology as "the most secularized approach to the problems of human life" and was fascinated by the secular penetration of hitherto sacred matters, in the end he seemed to feel that the secular realm was involved in contradictions which it could not solve on its own. But he never articulated his position clearly. Did he feel that while values arise from specific social situations, the sociologist needs extra-sociological sanctions if he wishes to claim a superiority for his own set of values? Albert Salomon has summed up most sharply the point towards which Mannheim seemed to be moving at the time of his death. "There is no sociology of knowledge, but of error; there is no sociology of aesthetics, but of fashions and tastes. . . . [A contrary assumption is not] capable of motivating the principles of freedom and human dignity which remain the goal of Mannheim's sociological theory of planning. Neither sociological nor psychological techniques of planning are of any avail if they do not create a frame of reference in which living and dying have some meaning." (*Social Research,* September 1947.)

From Coxey to Wallace

MIDWESTERN PROGRESSIVE POLITICS. By RUSSELL B. NYE. Michigan State College Press. 422 pp. $5.00.

Reviewed by EDWARD N. SAVETH

JUST a few months ago Jacob Coxey died at the ripe age of ninety-seven. Coxey, in the depression days of 1895, led the Army of the Commonweal, composed of the unemployed and vagrant, from its headquarters in Massilon, Ohio, to Washington where a "petition in

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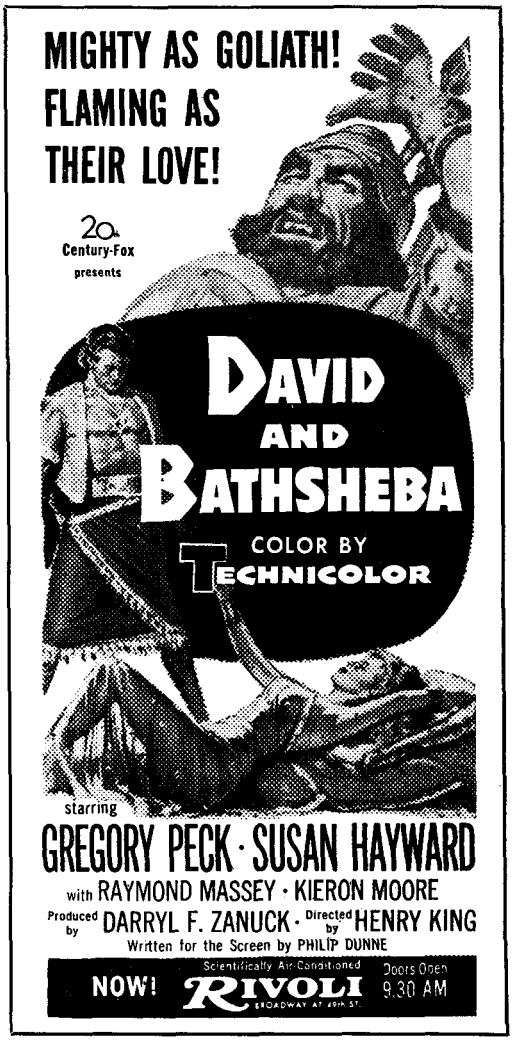
boots" was to have been presented to Congress. But Coxey and his chief lieutenant, Carl Browne, were arrested for walking on the grass in the capital city, his tatterdemalion following was dispersed, and the petition was never presented.

Coxey and the movement he led were typical of the pattern of Midwestern radicalism. Coxey and his followers wanted Congress to print paper money and pay it out to the unemployed who would be put to work building roads. Browne called himself the reincarnated "Cerebellum of Christ"; Coxey "the Cerebrum of Christ"; and the movement "the Commonweal of Christ." Coxey, like Bryan and other Midwestern agrarian leaders, aroused tremendous enthusiasm; and while his movement spread like a prairie fire, it burned itself out just as fast—and that is the status of Midwestern progressivism today, as dead as old Coxey.

If Midwestern progressivism is dead, then what killed it? Professor Nye believes that its demise came about because of the regional character of the movement—the fact that it never broadened to include the problems of the last three decades, especially those of industry and labor. The Midwestern revolt was based mainly on the effort of the farmer to better his lot economically; its radicalism was little more than an attempt to find some method, generally through state action, to remedy the farmer's most pressing grievances; under the impact of high agricultural prices and subsidies for farm products, its fighting ardor vanished.

Midwestern progressivism was an expression of cultural provincialism that was distrustful alike of Europe and of the city. For this reason the movement could not become reconciled to the issues of our own day, which are primarily international and urban. Gladly, the progressive Middle West would have put the clock back. It would have liked nothing better than to have avoided "entangling alliances" with any place in the world, and it thought of America only in terms of the community of likemindedness that stretched unbroken from the day of the farmers of Shays' Rebellion to that of Sockless Jerry Simpson, Ignatius Donnelly, William Jennings Bryan, and old Bob La Follette. Theirs was the spirit that raised more hell than corn in Kansas in the 80's, dumped milk in Iowa in the 1930's, fought monopolies, trusts, corrupt government, and everything else that frustrated the old Jeffersonian-frontier ideal of a self-reliant individual living in an agrarian commonwealth—an ideal which progressivism adopted as its own. But what Midwestern radicalism did not appreciate was the fact that the trust is here to stay; that "busting" it was no more of a solution than burying one's head in the sands of isolationism was a way of stopping Hitler; that the tendency in America was toward the triumph of Hamiltonian centralization rather than of Jeffersonian localism.

The New Deal and the Welfare State were further responsible for the decline of the progressive movement. New Dealism stole a great deal of the progressive thunder, even though there were important differences between the two movements. The New Deal was a nationalized program in the Hamiltonian tradition and was rarely concerned with local prerogatives. The Wisconsin idea of "the new individualism" did not include within its scope the vision of a leviathan state and a program of



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continuous federal assistance; nor did it encompass Rooseveltian federalization and what, to progressive eyes, looked like regimentation. Indeed, it was because of these differences that Philip La Follette launched a new third party which was critical of the New Deal. But the Midwest, feeling the benefits of the Roosevelt farm program, was apparently not the place it used to be. La Follette's failure marked the petering out of progressivism as an organized political force.

PROFESSOR NYE'S account of Midwestern progressivism and its eclipse is, on the whole, a very satisfactory performance. Without offering much in the way of new information or fresh insight, his is a valuable synthesis based on a large bibliography of scattered materials. Nye's delineation of the differences between Midwestern progressivism, New Dealism, Marxian socialism, and the Wallace movement of 1948 is particularly effective. But while sensitive to the relationship of progressivism to left-of-center ideologies and movements, he ignores its bearing upon the political right.

Professor Nye does not explain why in 1936 the veteran progressive William Lemke cast in his lot with Charles E. Coughlin and was presidential candidate of the National Union for Social Justice. What is the relationship of the ideological content of progressivism to certain non-progressive episodes in the careers of Senators Langer, Wheeler, and Nye? Why did so many of the progressives wind up in the America First camp in the company of some of the country's most dangerous political elements? Has the heritage of Coxeyism any bearing upon the fact that the Middle West in recent years has been a breeding ground for demagogic and crackpot ideas dangerous to democratic government? Did this come about because of or in spite of the progressive tradition? If the Middle West has proved receptive to anti-Semitism, to what extent did portrayal in progressive propaganda of the international banker, of Wall Street, and of the city-dweller lay the groundwork for the stereotype of the Jew served up in the present-day hate sheet?

Fear of making his book overlong may have prevented Professor Nye from exploring and possibly explaining these interesting aberrations. I think that it would have added to the worth of what is already a good book if he had pursued some of the lines of thought suggested, for example, by Professor Handlin in the June issue of COMMENTARY, in his article "How U. S. Anti-Semitism Really Began." Although the body of old man Coxey lies moldering in the grave, his spirit might some day march forth under strange banners.

BOOK REVIEWERS IN THIS ISSUE

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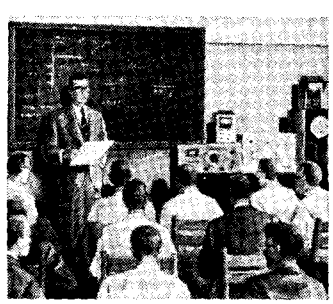

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